July 27, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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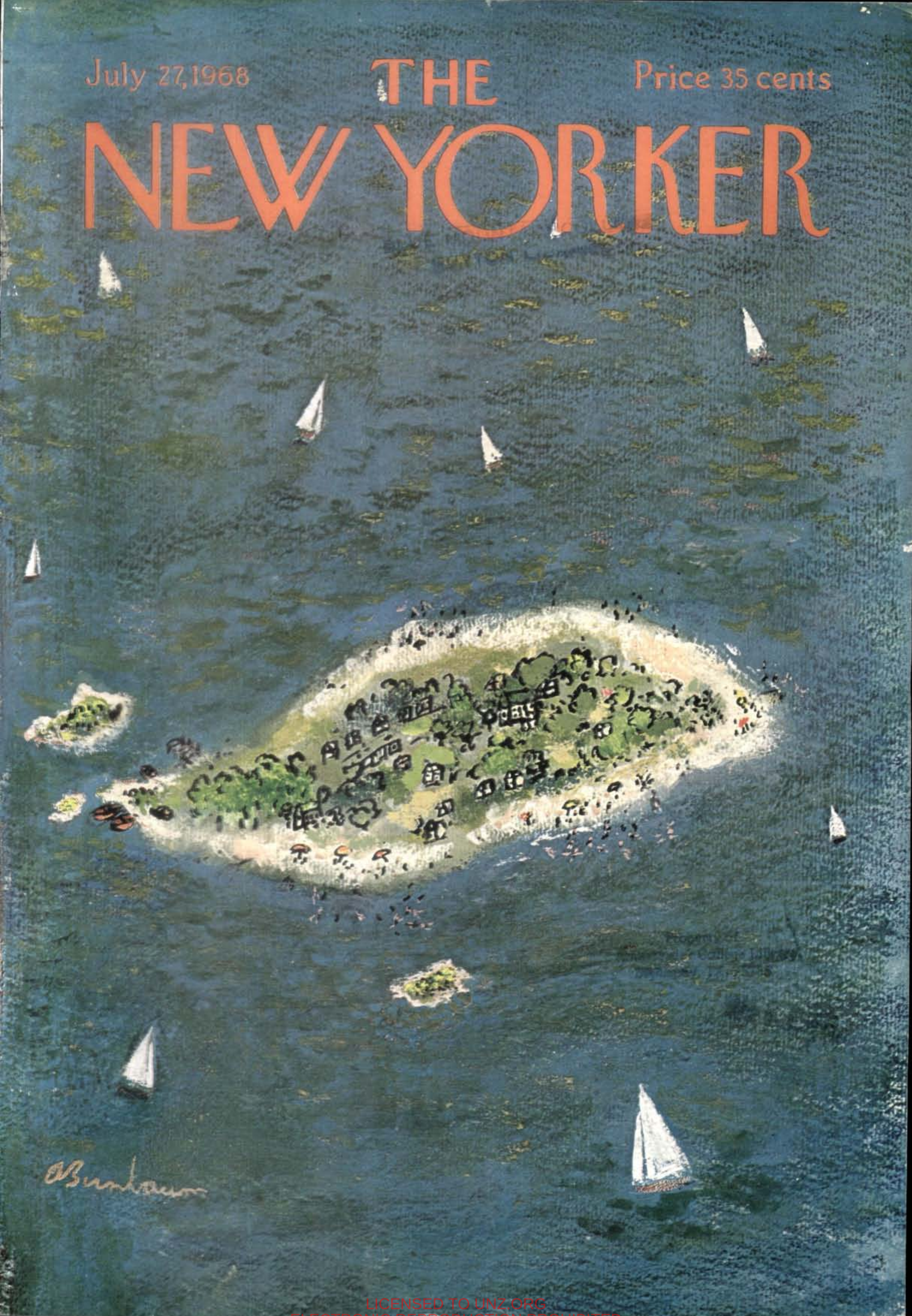

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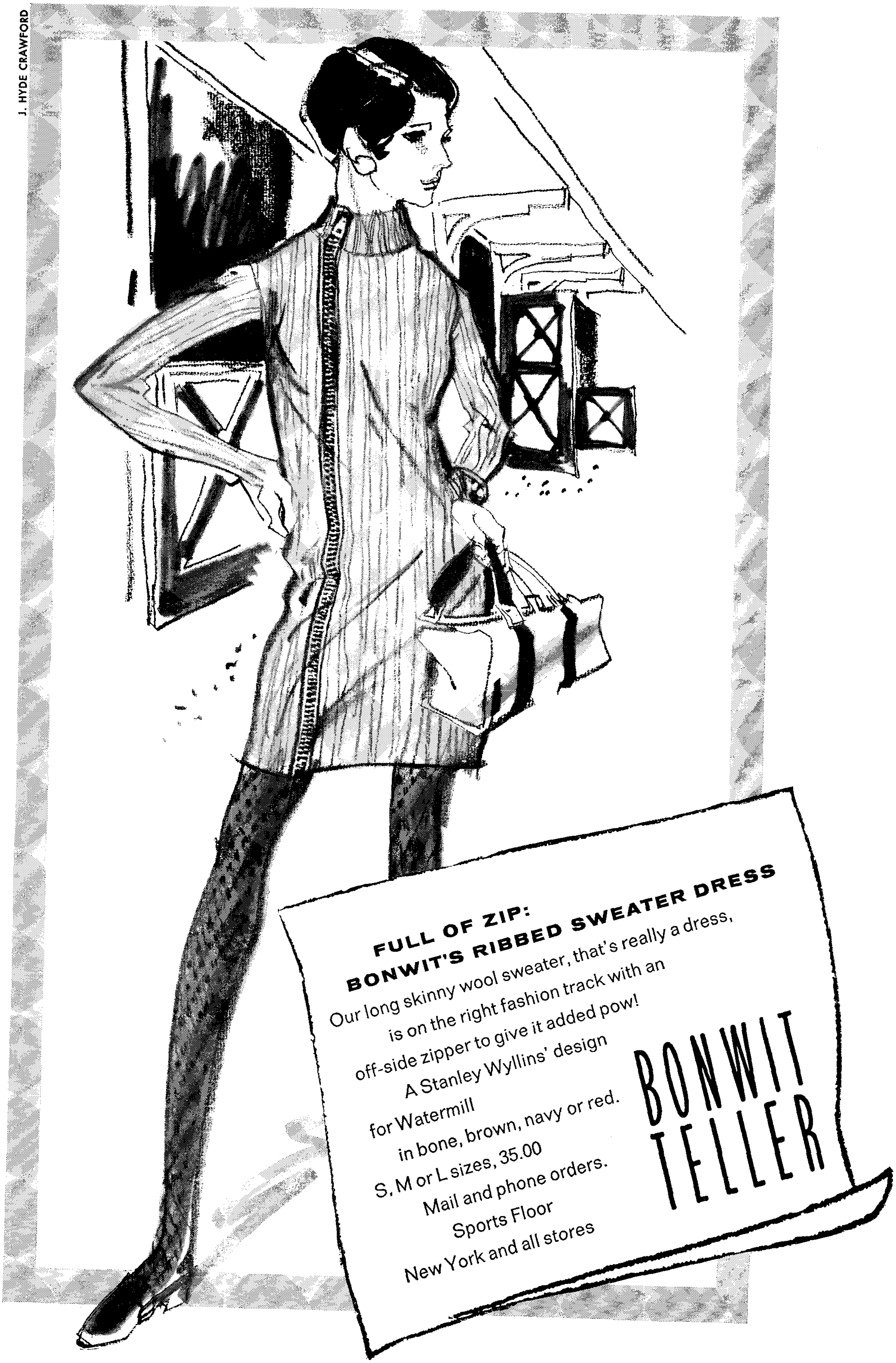

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this much larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Lovers—Art Carney heads the cast of Brian Friel's two-part play, imported from Dublin. Directed by Hilton Edwards. Opens Thursday, July 25. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Peter Weiss's **SONG OF THE LUSITANIAN BOGEY**, translated by Lee Baxandall, will be given through Sunday, July 28. . . . ¶ Richard Wright's adaptation of Louis Sapin's **DADDY GOODNESS** will reopen on Tuesday, July 30, and run through Sunday, Aug. 4, after which the two plays will alternate weekly through Sunday, Sept. 1. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Plaza Suite—Three determinedly funny skits by Neil Simon, guaranteeing a laugh a minute. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, directed in broad, knockabout fashion by Mike Nichols. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Kate Reid, and David Burns carry on a long, sometimes funny but mostly lacerating conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. It is good to have the playwright, Arthur Miller, mixing a few jokes in with his usual grim family flayings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Zoe Caldwell in a marvellous comic study by Jay Allen of a half-mad Scottish schoolteacher and her adoring pupils. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD:** Tom Stoppard's account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on R. & G. instead of on Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP:** A farce about a middle-aged lecher (Laurence Hugo) entrapped by a nineteen-year-old girl swinger. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. Butterfly McQueen has joined the cast. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

George M!—A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas—a preposterous subject, redeemed in part by many bouncy girls and fancy stage effects. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St. W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happy Time—A labored, not very tuneful telling of the old tale about how difficult it is to return to the scenes of one's childhood. Robert Goulet and David Wayne perform gallantly against crushing odds. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. In addition to the show, there are songs by Mr. Carmines, played and sung by him. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:15; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **WEST SIDE STORY**, with Barbara Luna, Kurt Peterson, and Victoria Mallory. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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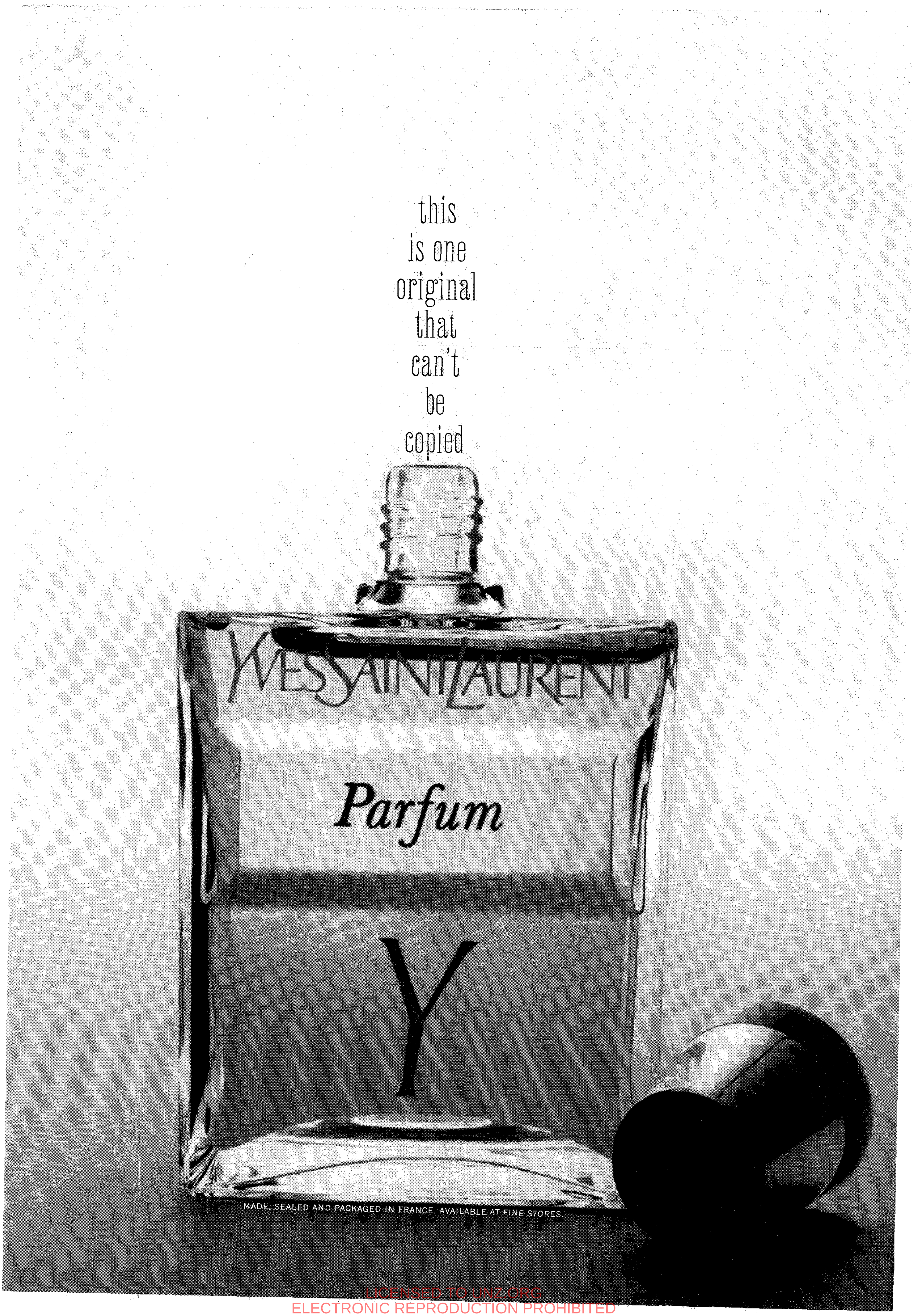
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merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—CABARET: Germany just before the Nazis took control. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Piec sazni, o tam. Na piec sazni w glab twego ojca skryl prad. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, July 27, no performances until Monday, Aug. 12.)... **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Janis Paige is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Hal Holbrook plays the title role. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, July 25: "Harbinger," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes."... ¶ Friday evening, July 26: "Las Hermanas," "Undertow," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Helen of Troy."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 27: "Concerto" and "Giselle."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, July 28: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 799-4420. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30.)

OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **HENRY IV, PART I**, with James Ray, Sam Waterston, Stacy Keach, Charlotte Rae, and Penny Fuller, are being given on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. **HENRY IV, PART II**, with the same cast, is presented on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630. Final performance Saturday, Aug 3.)

THRILL CIRCUS—Helicopter-trapeze stunts, a hundred-foot dive, swaypole acts, four human cannonballs, leopards, panthers, Siberian tigers, aerialists, and trick automobiles. No waltzing mice, however. (Shea Stadium. Friday, Aug. 2, through Sunday, Aug. 11. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1 and 5. For information about tickets, call 594-6600.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Jerome Hines and Kathleen Nolan. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment—comprising singers, instrumentalists, and comics—sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

CAFÉ AU GO GO, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530)—A singer named John Lee Hooker and the Albert Ayler quartet are the principal acts in this dim, congenial coffeehouse. On Friday and Saturday, July 26-27, Blood, Sweat & Tears (rock, with horns) will also be there. On Tuesday, July 30, new groups will arrive. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. The bandstand is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor. The Jake Hanna quintet plays a fluid, relaxed kind of jazz that should suit summer evenings. Some Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

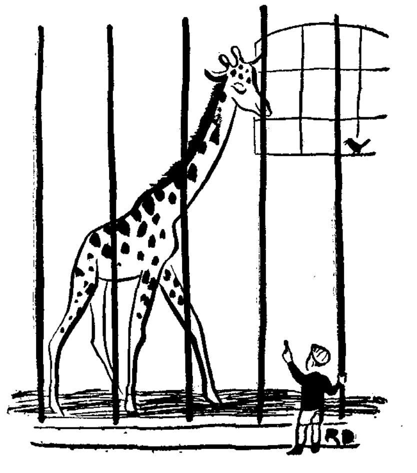
JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—Freddy Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangement of Petula Clark's latest. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

THE SCENE, 301 W. 46th St. (JU 2-5760)—Downstairs and unimposing; notable for its entertainment. The Eire Apparent is playing hard rock, and a five-man outfit called the Raven is playing blues. Further developments: Monday through Thursday, July 29-Aug. 1, the Buddy Guy blues band (together with the Raven most nights). Starting Thursday, Aug. 1, the John Hammond trio (together with Buddy Guy for one night and then with the Raven). After two-thirty, visiting artists often turn up for jam sessions. Dancing is encouraged.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Keep walking—you'll get there eventually. It's a dark and elemental hole whose clientele knows pretty much where it's at. Roland Kirk, a phenomenon on reeds, plays with his quartet nightly. On Tuesday, July 30, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers will move in. On Saturday, July 27, from five to nine, the Jazz Samaritans will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, July 28, from five to nine, the Substructure, a five-tuba ensemble that includes Howard Johnson, will do the same. Monday, July 29, from nine to three, will be turned over to singer Mel Dancy.



VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, where grilled dishes are served, Billy Taylor, whose piano work sounds effortless, leads his trio, alternating with Toshiko's solo piano. On Mondays, those people are off, and new talent is auditioned. ... ¶ Downstairs: Dizzy Gillespie's quintet takes turns with the Miles Davis quintet. Starting Tuesday, July 30, the performers will be Hugh Masekela's quintet and the Jimmy Smith trio. Mondays are set aside for special events.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box in which music stays near the van. Its current occupants are the Freddie Hubbard quintet and the Coleman Hawkins quartet. After Saturday, July 27, another group will replace the Hubbard quintet. Monday, July 29, is reserved for the loud and sometimes startling sounds of the big Mel Lewis-Thad Jones band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu, and sawdust is on the floor. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass: Nat Jones and John Latham play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. When the musicians take a break, you can go to the jukebox and play "Down in the Boondocks."

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, the fun runs from four-thirty to closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to rampant live sounds. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

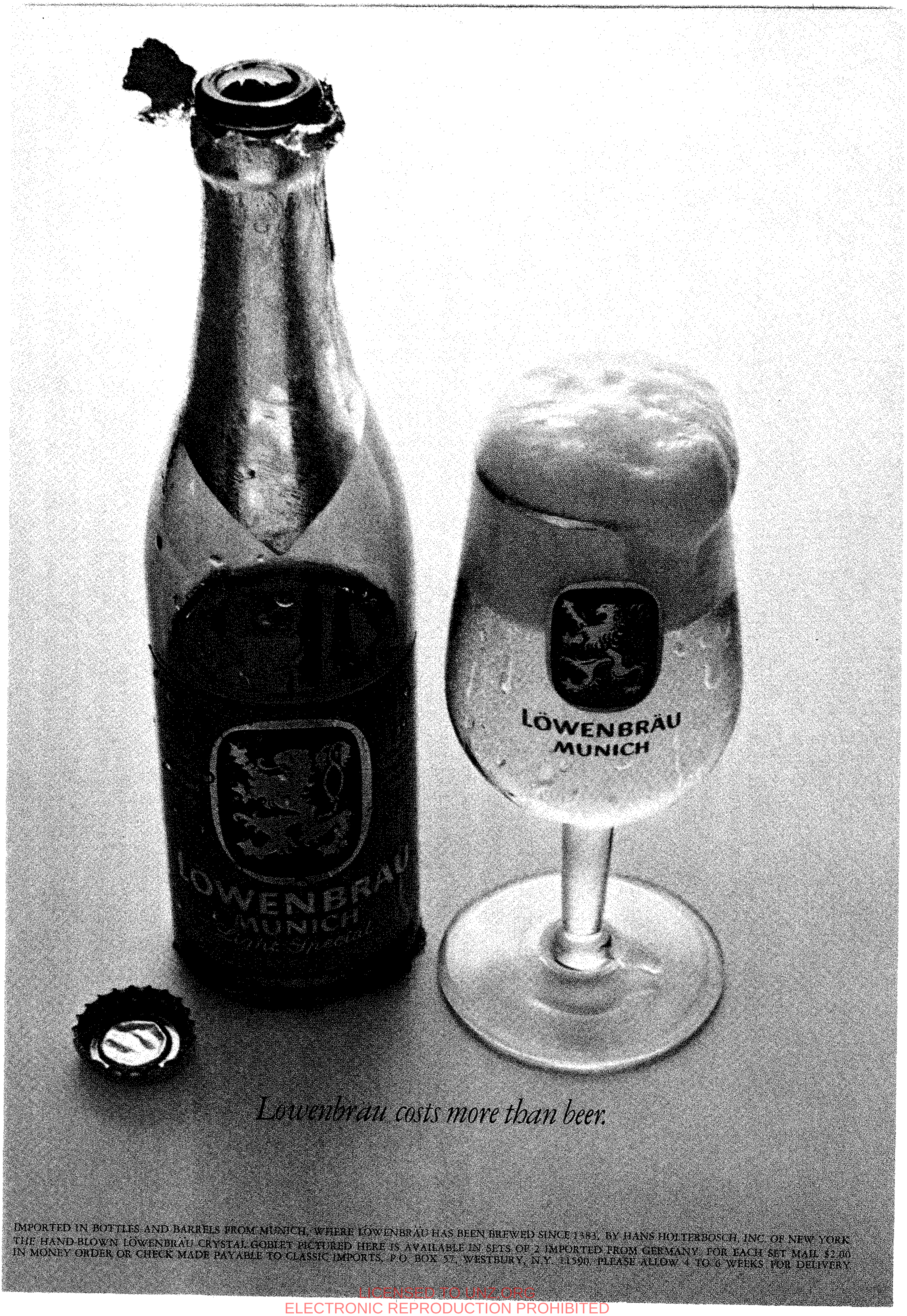
AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, Teutonic chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the customers groove on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. Live musicians alternate with records over a potent system. On Monday, July 29, at eight-thirty, the Circus will present another in its Electric Ear series. This one will involve tape and multi-projector film devised by Salvatore Martirano, as well as a narrator narrating through a gas mask. The regular show will follow at about ten. Alcohol is out; no wonder.

FRAMMIS, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—Kind of a cool place. Dancers swing expertly on the parquet floor, and the records stay up. Recorded music from nine to three or four through the week and from eight on Fridays. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Closed Mondays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy place with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on week-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ends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

SALVATION, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—It's steep getting in, and it may be even steeper getting out. You descend to the lower depths, where the stylishly dressed—hoping to be seen by others stylishly dressed—cavort to records played over a sound system whose components may be made of Britannia metal. Things run from ten till closing except on Fridays and Saturdays, when things start at eight-thirty. No one is saved.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, the Bobby Hackett quartet lets its energies float toward the smooth and serene. On Monday, July 29, the Hackett foursome will give way to singer Ada Cavallo and the Mark Donald trio. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. The live sound of the Elephant's Memory alternates with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. On Tuesday, July 30, another group will start alternating. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty, with reservations a good idea on weekends, when standees wait patiently at the door. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): Some of the jests neatly tossed off by Flip Wilson, artist in residence on this rooftop, need not be taken with a grain of salt, for they are salty enough already, but he is a funny man all the same. Phil Wayne's crew manufactures the dance tunes, from seven until two; Mr. Wilson appears during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **ST. REGIS-SHERATON,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): The Roof, being ninety-nine-and-forty-four-hundredths pure escapism, floats, and grandly, well above smog level, while the orchestras of Quintero and Joseph Sudy trade places on the podium from seven-thirty until two. All quiet, however, Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Here every bracket is upper, and up, too, is the music of the spheres—the social ones, of course—that goes on every single night in the Café Pierre. Johnny Mince's band is the purveyor each Monday and Tuesday; the rest of the week belongs to Stanley Worth's outfit. The Worthies are spelled, between sets, by the songs and piano of Ellen Harwicke, who knows what she's about. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The restaurant is paved with good intentions, such as a take-your-time menu, a workable expanse of parquet, and the resolute beat of the little band run by Ernie Warren, who has spent a night-lifetime at this sort of music. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Even in this weather, traces of *les neiges d'antan* are still visible around the old curiosity shop. Music suitable to the occasion is proffered from eight until three by Lester Lanin's orchestra. No go Sundays, though. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (889-5100): One power play after another. The band run by Eddy McGinnis moves in at six, and, beginning at seven-thirty, it takes turns with Bobby Sherwood's orchestra. But no blowing on Sunday nights. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): A preservation society fond of such old American virtues as the fox trot and the two-step offers acreage, simplistically ornamented, in which they are revived, every night but Monday, unhampered by practitioners of the new, disassociational dances. Seven-thirty until one, mostly, but Sundays begin at 3:30 P.M., Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. The dietary laws are thinning indeed. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200): Summer camp for adults, and without camp councillors, so it is possible, on the outdoor terrace, for diners who dance to improvise their own special athletics. The music commences at seven-thirty every night, and runs on until after midnight.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Aliza Kashi, who can look and sound splendid even on television, is now coming over live in the Royal Box, which is a far piece from her native Israel. Dinner and supper are her times of night; the estimable orchestra of Lee Evans is much more frequent. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—Spain in broad spectrum (a spectrum almost too broad for viewers in the back row, but nevertheless a tremendous panorama), what with Los Chavales de España, their easy-does-it new-form folklore, and a newly arrived ballet troupe, headed by Miguel Sandoval. The players' stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, life goes on, too, on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.

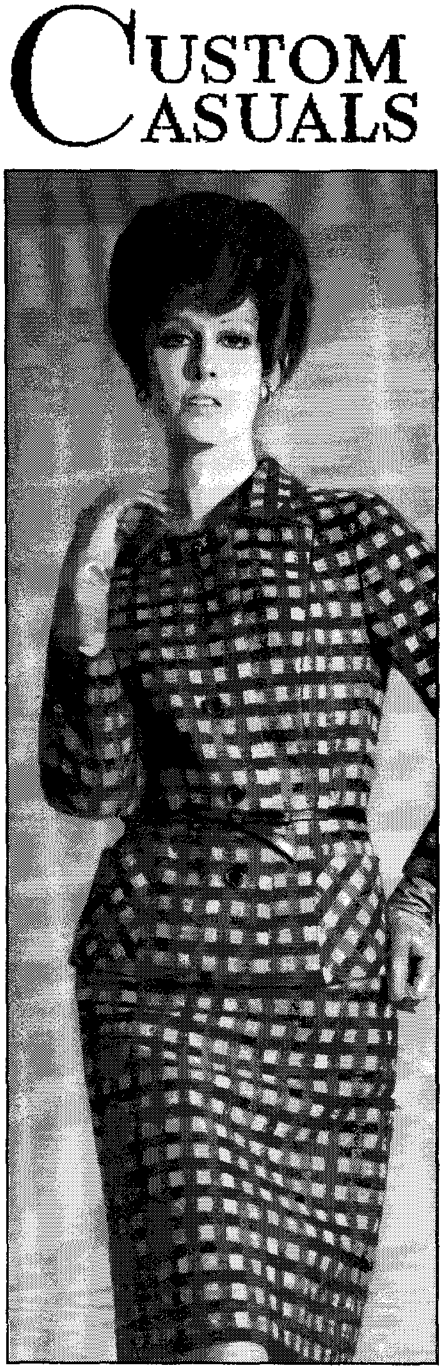
LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—The plentiful supply of statuary in the exhibit hall is all living, for it is made entirely of girl. This pleasant conceit leads to a great big formless, sometimes mindless revue, which is punctuated forthrightly by the volleyings of Theresa Brewer's chipper soprano. On Wednesday, July 31, she will be succeeded by Lynda Gloria, an admirable example of Parisian music-hall chanteuse and catalyst. Twice a night is the rule for the extravaganza, forever and a night.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The caroller in the Persian Room is Grace Markay, who indulges in spurts of real individuality whenever she forgets about her Svengali syndrome. She's in evidence at dinner every night, and at supper, too, Friday and Saturday, July 27, her final night of office. On Monday, July 29, she'll be replaced by Dana Valery, a new oriole who happens to be sister to Sergio Franchi. Her week's work will be on the same schedule. The bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will continue to proceed at their traditional brisk, bountiful, and blithe pace. All quiet on Sundays. . . . ¶ A piano-and-fiddle crew commences its career in the Palm Court, from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and then—every night but Friday and Saturday—moves on to the Edwardian Room. And the Palm Court, ever a thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when, at eight, a violin begins its wooing of the local muse. Through Saturday, July 27, the plyer of the instrument will be Gunnar Hansen, who now has academic tenure here. An acolyte will serve during his brief sabbatical. The music runs until one, but Sundays are silent.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' local *pied à terre* is on short rations (Monday through Thursday) during the summer, but the piano of Lynn Mullinax, which begins at eight, keeps the franchise going in the proper mood. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): No one sleeps aboard this West Indian cruise ship. Dining and listening to whoever is chanting those Basic English ditties of the region are the basic activities. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): There are times when it does seem, as one casts an eye about the happy premises, that the don't-trust-anyone-over-eighteen regiment is communing only with itself and the modish, modernist music of Chuck Wayne's triad, which is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the



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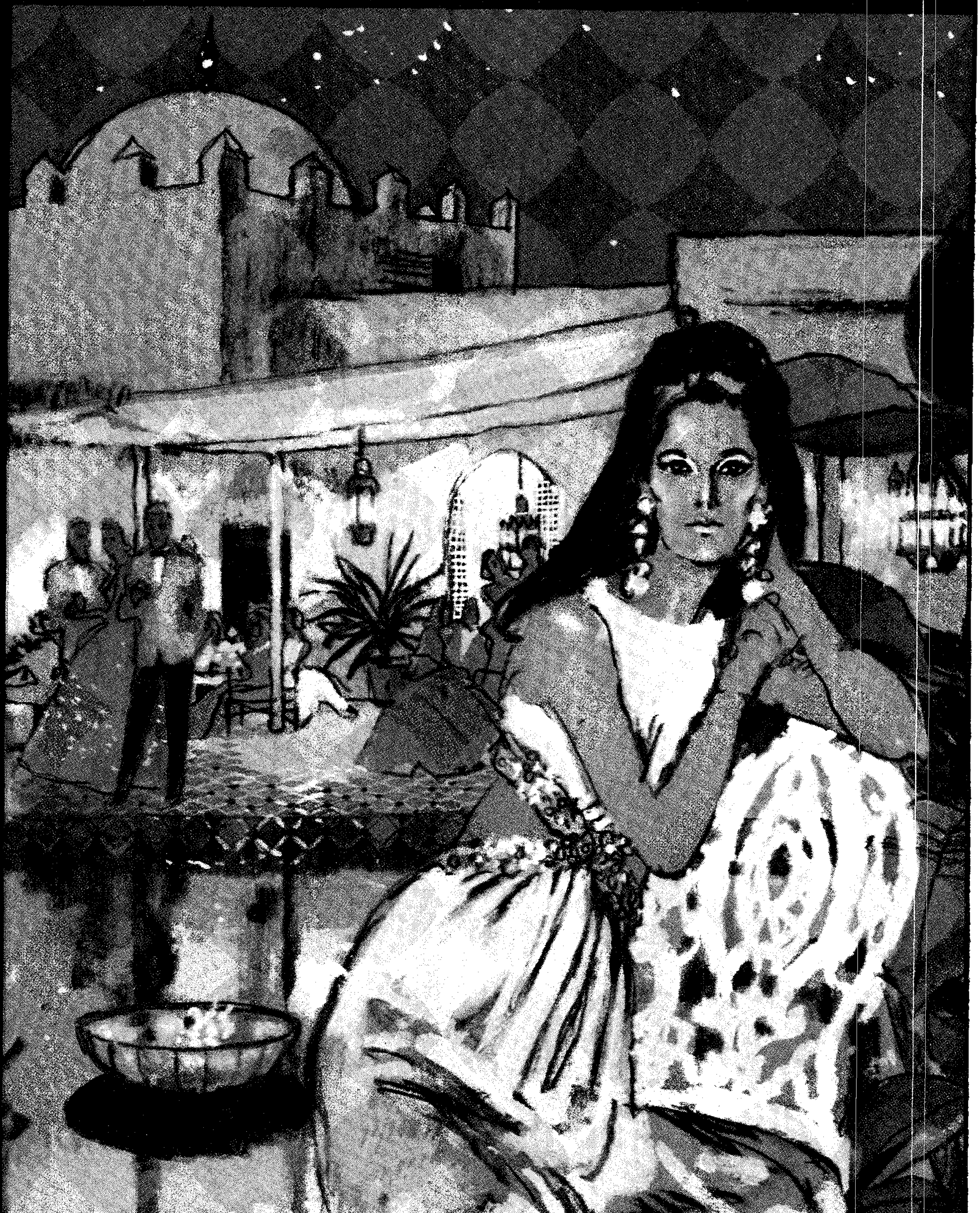

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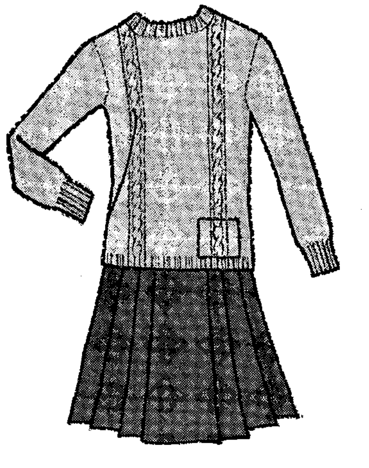

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small world so well exemplified by his locale. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Fear not the Greeks bearing guitars, the Armenians bearing ouds, the Israelis bearing banter, for they make common cause in this new republic on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. The major interests are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, the jokers; George Mgrdichian is the oudist, and Yasmine is a dancer who throws her *ventre* to the four *vents* with great grace and facility. One may dine as the Israelis do. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): "Glass—Handle with Care" should be the label on the beaded walls that divide this strivers' paradise into a thousand corners, none of them quiet, for Scott Reed's piano and voice are hard at it from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is hardly for everyone, nor is all of the amusement in this cranny ditto ditto, but the fact is that Charles De Forest's songs and piano cheer this den of propinquity, where he carries on to a late hour every evening but Sunday. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (PL 3-2960): The ornamentation says that Big Ben should be striking the hours, but it is Lynn Richards, a knowing night lark, whose soprano and piano takes place from nine until two. She shows every night but Sunday and Monday.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Allan Haig, viceroy for Cy Walter, who is now on sabbatical, occupies in seemly fashion the piano stool that serves as Mr. W.'s throne. Dinner until one is the schedule. Mr. W. returns on Wednesday, July 31. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not exactly a château on the Loire, but there *is* a drawbridge across a much smaller stream. At the inner end, violin and piano, as well as nourishment, await the weary traveller until late every night but Sunday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Three times around the walls of Rome, and every night but Sunday, marches the troupe of musicians in the charge of Herman Honigsberg and his reasonably magic violin, but so gently do they swing and sing that nary a stone is dislodged. Seven is starting time, well after the theatre is curfew. Shuts down for the summer on Saturday, July 27. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its townhouse days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is stroked from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Music quite literally in the round. The chair of applied piano is occupied by a professor—Ray Hartley is the name—from an institution of quite high learning. He works out from five-thirty until one, though never on Sunday or Monday. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Muriel Roberts, a girl keyboard operator with—wonder of wonders—a firm left hook as well as a solid right, does advanced cocktail and dinner music between Monday and Friday every week.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EDWIN DICKINSON—Paintings and drawings by one of America's grand old men, featured this year at the Venice Biennale; through Wednesday, July 31. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN GREETINGS GALLERY**, Vanderbilt Ave. at 44th St.: An exhibition of prints created in workshops of twenty American colleges; through Aug. 23. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: William Wiley, James McGarrell, Philip Pearlstein, Jack Beal, Peter Saul, and H. C. Westermann are among the artists exhibiting paintings and some sculptures here; through Wednesday, July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Guston, Hofmann, Marca-Relli, and Nadelman (to mention a few); through Aug. 16. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Fritz Glarner, Edwin Dickinson, and Frank Gallo; through Wednesday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LANDAU-ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Marcia Marcus, Jack Levine, Joe Brainard, and Jack Zajac are among the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Wednesday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, such as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Zoltan Sepeshy, William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and Doris Rosenthal; through Friday, Aug. 2.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Dubuffet, Klee, Masson, Picasso, and Kupka are several of the artists represented in a showing of oils and watercolors; through Aug. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: An exhibition by artists who specialize in flashing lights, reflections, and animated objects and images; through Friday, July 26.

FROM THE LANDS OF THE BIBLE: ART AND ARTIFACTS—Nearly five hundred statues and figurines, jewelry, pottery, vases, utensils, ceremonial weapons, and coins, produced from 6000 B.C. to 135 A.D. by Biblical peoples; through Wednesday, July 31. (America-Israel Culture House. 4 E. 54th St. Open Sundays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Approximately two hundred late-nineteenth-century and twentieth-century European and American paintings and sculptures, many never shown publicly before, from New York City and Long Island private collections; through Sept. 2. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.) . . . ¶ "Dutch Drawings and Prints Before 1800," a showing of works by Rembrandt, Lucas van Leyden, Bloemaert, and others less well known; through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

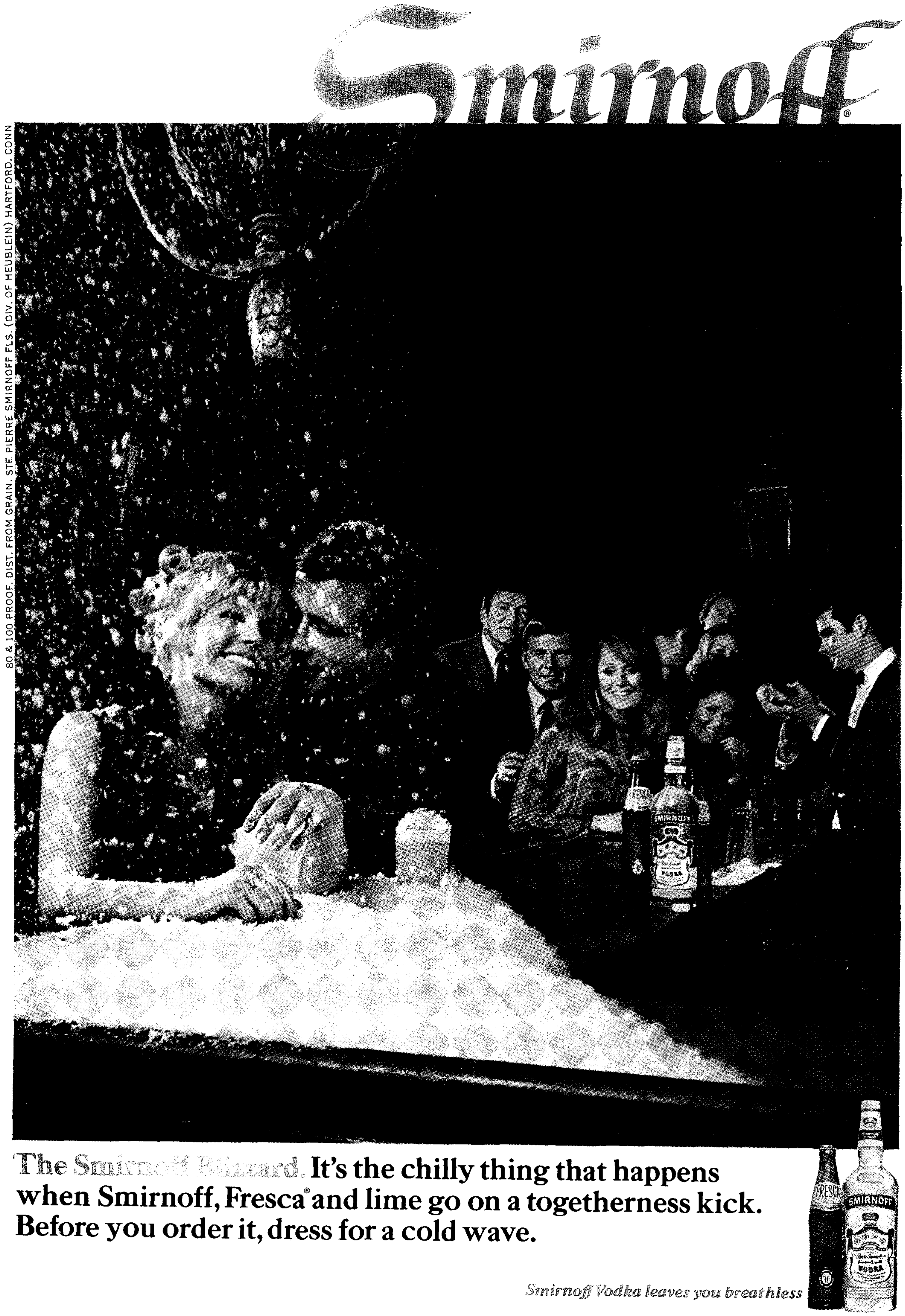
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifty-seven paintings, wall pieces, sculptures, and objects from the past twenty years by thirty-three artists, most of them "minimalists;" through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ About a hundred and fifty portrait and landscape photographs, mostly done during the past decade, by Cartier-Bresson; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit on the theme of fantasy, featuring Redon and Rousseau, and including Ensor, de Chirico, Chagall, Klee, Miró, Tanguy, and Dali; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An exhibition of works that use light and electronics by six individual artists (among them Dan Flavin, Stephen Antonakos, and Stanley Landsman) and a mixed-media group known as USCO; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Eighty-six works by twenty-four twentieth-century Americans, primarily of the older generation, from the Museum's permanent collection; through Aug. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central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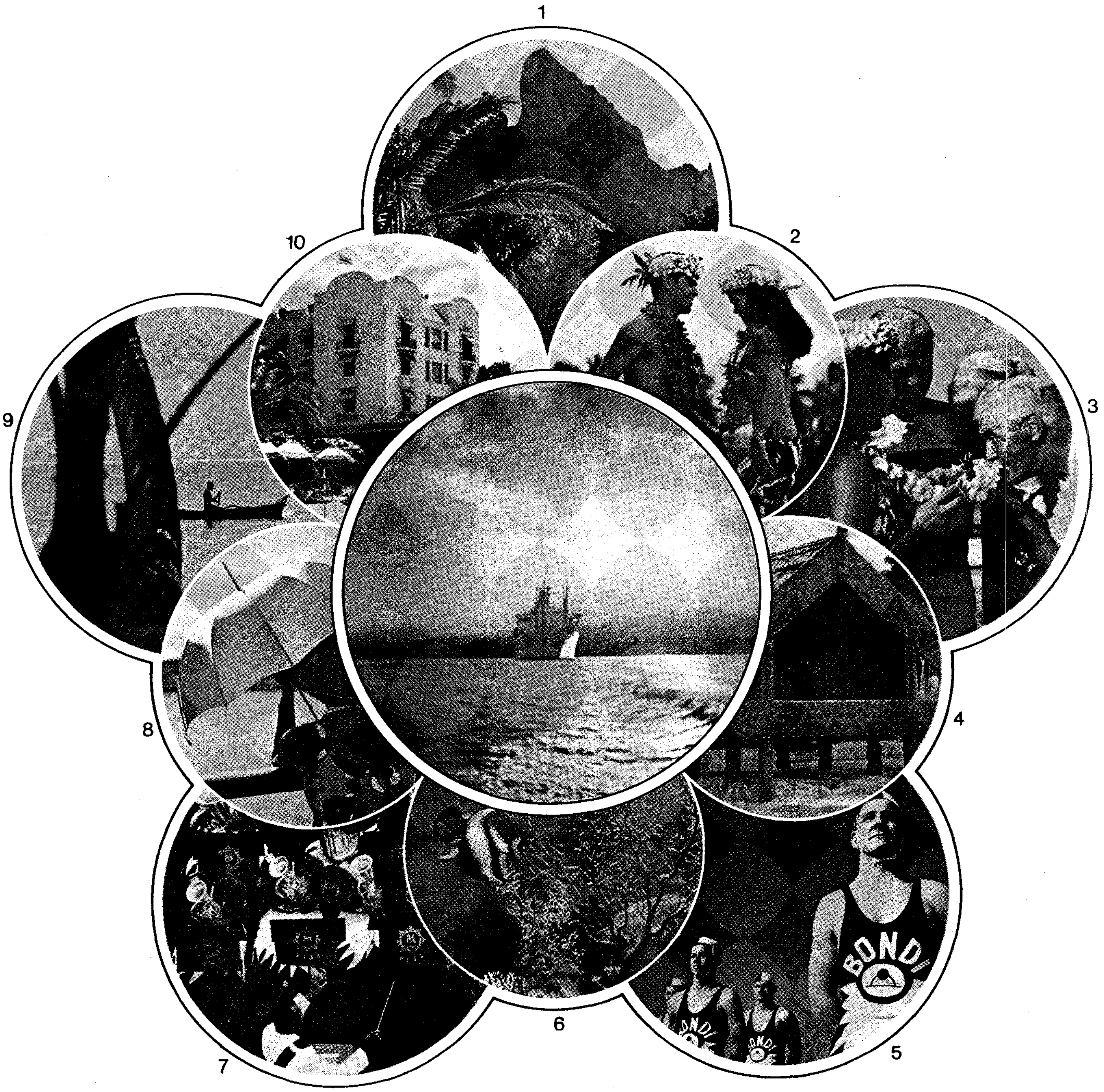
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1. **BORA BORA.** It's daybreak when the island's single jagged peak comes into view. As your ship draws near, you begin to see the lush foliage, reflecting the warmth of an early morning tropical sun. Passing through Teavanui Pass into the tranquil lagoon, you feel that you have entered a new and very different world—enchanting Polynesia.

2. **TAHITI.** The haunting beauty of the Tahitians inspired Gauguin to paint as he never had before. You, too, will feel the charm of these carefree people the moment you step ashore. The blend of Polynesian insouciance and French savoir faire creates a very special atmosphere on this beautiful island. Explore the shops, the cafes, and the beaches, then return in the evening to your own familiar stateroom.

3. **RAROTONGA.** Native singers and dancers come aboard from outriggers to entertain you with some of the finest singing and dancing in the Pacific. Listen to legends that date from the beginnings of Polynesian history, and shop from the floating marketplace alongside the ship. Then trade tales with your fellow passengers over a dinner of lobster curry, or perhaps breast of pheasant.

4. **NEW ZEALAND.** Explore the picturesque city of Auckland. Take the trip to Rotorua where you'll be fascinated by the many examples of Maori architecture. This unique style, developed long ago by New Zealand's early inhabitants, adds much to the charm of this pleasant country. While here, you'll have a chance to journey into the Waitomo caves along an underground river for a visit to the famous grotto, a vast cavern lit by millions of glowworms.

5. **AUSTRALIA.** The lifeguards who watch over Sydney's famous beaches typify the youthful vibrancy of this fascinating land. You'll quickly sense the zest and buoyancy of the remarkable Australians as you experience the many delights of cosmopolitan Sydney—from an afternoon walk in one of the many tree-lined parks to a night at the theater. And to top off your visit see the koalas, kangaroos and other exotic species at the world famous Sydney zoo.

6. **NOUMEA.** Mediterranean in appearance, South Seas in atmosphere and Gallic in attitude, Noumea is the capital city of New Caledonia. Here you'll visit the world famous aquarium, where rare specimens of fluorescent coral are kept alive. This is the only aquarium in the world where this coral can be seen. And for the shopper, Noumea offers the opportunity to browse through delightfully French boutiques.

7. **FIJI.** The colorful Fiji Band will greet you as your ship enters this beautiful British Crown Colony. Suva, the capital city, reflects the blending of three cultures—Melanesian, Indian, and British—that makes Fiji unique. Not far from Suva, you'll discover lovely tropical beaches, lazy rivers, and blue lagoons, where you can hover above gardens of exquisite coral in a special glass-bottomed launch.

8. **NIUAFO'OU.** You'll watch from sun-swept decks as natives in handmade canoes come to meet your ship, to exchange mail. The mail itself is sealed in 40-pound biscuit tins, which explains the atoll's legendary nickname—"Tin Can Island." Be sure to send letters to your friends at home. Tongan stamps are a collector's prize.

9. **PAGO PAGO.** Here you'll see one of the world's most majestic harbors. It was once the crater of a great volcano whose seaward wall fell away many centuries ago. Look closely and you'll see Samoans in their outrigger canoes fishing for their dinner. You'll be captivated by the peaceful mood of this South Seas island. And, once ashore, you'll want to purchase some of the handcrafted wares at the many colorful shops. Pago Pago is known throughout the Pacific for the quality of its handicrafts.

10. **HONOLULU.** So far you've experienced nine very different places on your cruise. You'll find your tenth port-of-call, Honolulu, at least equally unique. For Hawaii combines the charms of Polynesia with the luxuries of today. Sophisticated Honolulu offers some of the most elegant shops, restaurants and night spots in the world—all with a distinctively Polynesian flavor. And you can enjoy the spectacular scenery or relax under a balmy sun, caressed by Hawaii's famous tradewinds.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro brothers, as well as works by younger Italians; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions; namely, medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, early and later printed books, bookbindings, and drawings, plus autograph manuscripts, letters, and documents. Through Wednesday, July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display, entitled "Gershwin: George, the Music/Ira, the Words," of original compositions, paintings and drawings, letters and photographs, and all the trimmings; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A selection of craft objects that straddle the line between craft and fine art; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Art of the Congo; through Aug. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jazz in the Garden—Thursday, July 25, at 8:30: **REVEREND JAMES CLEVELAND AND HIS GOSPEL SINGERS.** . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: **GABOR SZABO QUINTET.** (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

Big Brother & The Holding Company, The Staple Singers, and Ten Years After—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, at 8 and 11:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

New York Philharmonic—Josef Krips conducting—**CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW:** The first in a series of three concerts. (Tuesday, July 30, at 8:30.) . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn: The first in a series of three concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30.) . . . **CROCHERON PARK,** Bayside: The first of two concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30.)

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 11. Per Brevig and Jonathan Elkus will share in the conducting on Thursday, Aug. 1.) . . . ¶ Samuel Krachmalnick conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Lorne Munroe, cello. (Wednesday, July 31, at 8:30.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Friday, July 26, at 8 and 10:30: Richie Havens and Cashman, Pistilli & West. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8: Duke Ellington and his orchestra and Les McCann. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 6: Ali Akbar Khan. . . . ¶ Monday, July 29, at 8 and 10:30: The Fifth Dimension and Loretta Long. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 31, at 8 and 10:30: Fats Domino and B.B. King. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 8: Young-Holt Unltd., Arthur Prysock, and Arnold Dover. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8 and 10:30: Mothers of Invention and Buddy Guy. (Through Saturday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Carl Schurz Park—Richard Korn conducting the Orchestra of America. (Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 26, at 7: A recital by Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Jorge Bolet, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; the Tanglewood Choir; and the Berkshire Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 2:30: Josef Krips conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 31, at 8: The Association. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 7: A recital by Mr. Bolet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 9: Sixten Ehrling conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Mr. Frager. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 2: William Steinberg conducting, with Mr. Bolet. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Tentative schedule of final performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET:** Thursday, July 25, at 8:30: "Haydn Concerto," "Firebird," "Ivesiana," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 2:30: "Swan Lake," "Glinkaiana Pas de Deux," and "La Sonnambula." . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 8:30: "La Sonnambula," "Stravinsky: Symphony in C," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," "Glinkaiana," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 3:30: "Haydn Concerto," "Firebird," "Ivesiana," and "Symphony in C." . . . **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA:** Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, Aug. 25. Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy directing, with the Capitol Hill Choral Society and the Berkshire Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: William Steinberg conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of Russian music; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 3:30: Arthur Fiedler and Richard Rodgers directing a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Lee Venora, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Harry Danner, tenor; Theodor Uppman, baritone; and the Parnassus Club. (Saratoga Springs.)

Waterloo Village Music Festival—Henry Lewis conducting the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra. Saturday, July 27, at 8: With Berl Senofsky, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8: With Gina Bachauer, piano. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N. J. Through Saturday, Aug. 31.)

Newport Folk Festival—Thursday, July 25, at 2: Hootenanny. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 25, at 8: "Free Form Folk," with Sandy Bull, Mike Cooney, Richie Havens, the Kaleidoscope, Bill Keith, Jim Kweskin, the Lyman Family, Taj Mahal, Geoff and Maria Muldaur, Fritz Richmond, Jim Rooney, Eric Von Schmidt, Bob Siggins, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 8: "Streets and Mountains," with Joan Baez, Paul Barbarin and the Onward Brass Band, the Bread and Puppet Theatre, Jimmy Collier, Libba Cotten, Arlo Guthrie, Bess Hawes, the Rev. Kirkpatrick, the Pennywhistlers, Bernice Reagon, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8: "Country Music for City Folks," with Roy Acuff and the Smoky Mountain Boys, Big Brother & the Holding Company, Jack Elliott, George Hamilton IV, B. B. King, Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys, Ken Threadgill, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8 (a special concert at the Rogers High School Auditorium): "Ballads," with Sara Cleveland, Mike Cooney, Joe Heaney, Norman Kennedy, Lou Killen, Jean Ritchie, Pete Seeger, Dan Smith, Frank Warner, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 11: Free concert of religious music. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 2: "Fresh Faces," with Tim Buckley, Jimmy Collier, Sean Gagnier, John Hartford, the Kaleidoscope, the Rev. Kirkpatrick, Taj Mahal, Frank Profitt, Jr., Oscar Brand, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 8: Janis Ian, Jean Ritchie, Doc Watson, Junior Wells-Buddy Guy Blues Band, the Almanac Singers, Jack Elliott, Arlo Guthrie, Sam Hinton, Millard Lampell, Pete Seeger, and others. (Festival Field. For tickets, call 586-1400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 27: The Pennsylvania Ballet Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 3: Norman Walker and his company (with Cora Cahan) and

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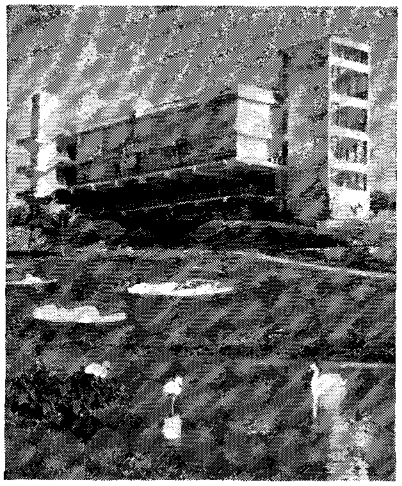

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nala Najan. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, July 26, at 8:05; Saturday, July 27, at about 8:05 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start about 7, and will include a couple of innings between former stars of the Reds, Dodgers, and Yankees, among them Johnny Vander Meer, Gil Hodges, and Joe Medwick); and Sunday, July 28, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Monday and Tuesday, July 29-30, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, July 31, at 8:05, and Thursday, Aug. 1, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Aug. 2, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 3, at 2.

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Morris County Golf Club, Convent Station, N.J. Through Friday, July 26.) . . . ¶ New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Yahnundasis Country Club, Utica. Through Saturday, July 27.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 1-4.)

HORSE SHOW—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 3.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 27. . . . **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 2, from Monday, July 29, through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Flash, Monday, July 29; the Schuylerville, Wednesday, July 31; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 1; and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 3. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Sapling, Saturday, July 27, and the Monmouth Invitational Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

SOCCER—At Yankee Stadium—Generals vs. Kansas City, Friday, July 26, at 8. . . . ¶ Generals vs. Washington, Sunday, July 28, at 2:30.

TENNIS—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Through Sunday, July 28.) . . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 4.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes *or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.*

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—July 25 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Kiss" (1929), with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ July 26 at 2 and 5:30: "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (1924), a Swedish film, with Greta Garbo; no English titles. . . . ¶ July 27 at 11:30: "The Iron Horse" (1924), with George O'Brien. . . . ¶ July 27 at 3 and 5:30: "The Joyless Street" (1925), with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ July 28 at 2 and 5:30: "The Torrent" (1926), with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ July 29 at 2 and 5:30: "The Temptress" (1926), with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ July 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Flesh and the Devil" (1927), with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ July 31 at 2 and 5:30: "The Great Adventure" (1954), a full-length nature film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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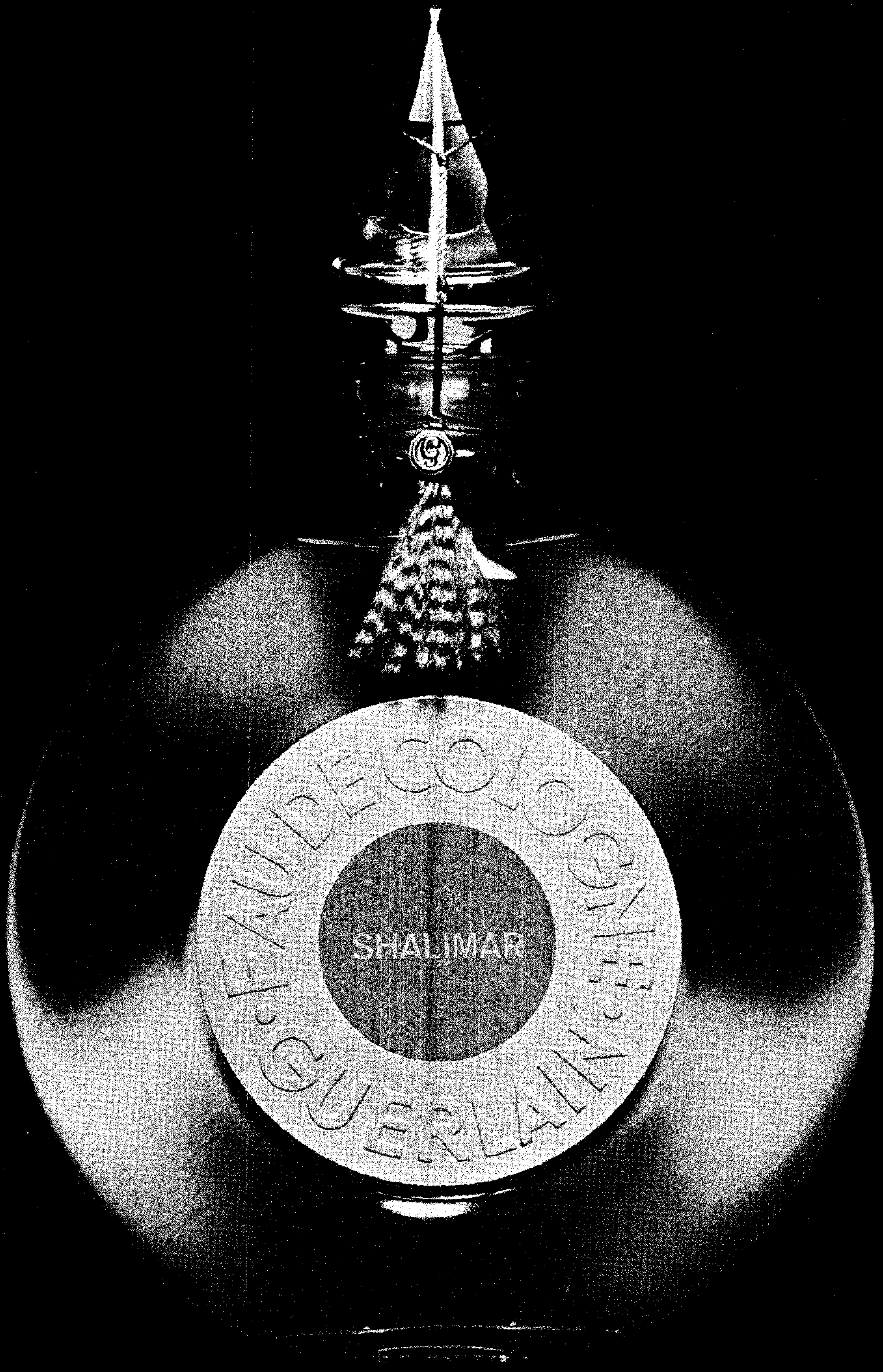
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

Bedazzled—An extremely funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Eleanor Bron, and Peter Cook. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 30. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 31.)

Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves St. Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

The Bride Wore Black—Jeanne Moreau as a multiple murderess in a film that turns out to be not a thriller but a peculiar and tenderly comic account of love for a murdered husband. François Truffaut directs, in open homage to Hitchcock; he is out of his genre, but the stamp of his grace is there. In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Doctor Dolittle—You know. Rex Harrison speaks to animals. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A beautiful young couple find that love is not all. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. (In Swedish at the Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ In Swedish at the Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through July 30. . . . ¶ In English at the 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through July 30.)

The Graduate—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Hour of the Wolf—Carries forward Ingmar Bergman's moving technical achievements in "Persona." In his direction of Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann he observes the minute details of a relationship between two people without dramatics or pretense of omniscience. In Swedish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 31.)

In Cold Blood—An altogether satisfactory translation of the Truman Capote book. Written and directed by Richard Brooks. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 30.)

Nazarin—One of Buñuel's great Mexican films. Francisco Rabal (of "Belle de Jour") plays a defrocked priest. The film is full of rage and humor about the impossibility of Christianity as it is practiced. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through July 28.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's funny play about two wifeless men, more or less taken to the screen by moving van. Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Petulia—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. A very eloquent film, deeply alive to modern kinds of distress, with Lester's best direction yet of actors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Planet of the Apes—The tall hero, Charlton Heston, and the wide screen are wittily used in this good black entertainment about the future. Franklin Schaffner directed. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Producers—A farce about Broadway. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn are intermittently funny but in dire need of better material than writer-director Mel Brooks has given them. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting July 31.)

Rosemary's Baby—A Gothic-gynecological horror film about a nice birdbrain—played by Mia Farrow—who lives in the Dakota with John Cassavetes and gets pregnant. Ruth Gordon is very funny as a witch of a neighbor, but the film wastes its director, Roman Polanski. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Sebastian—Dirk Bogarde is a master decoder in what was probably intended to be a witty, romantic thriller. Tolerably amusing when John Gielgud is on the screen. With Susannah York and Lilli Palmer. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 30.)

The Two of Us—This Second World War fable about an anti-Semitic old Frenchman and a Jewish child is affecting, but rather too simple and artless. With Michel Simon and Alain Cohen. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy, in two parts, made with every resource of detail and dramatic intelligence, and with battle scenes that look like Goya's. Dubbed, by some apish decision. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

Young Törless—The best German film seen in New York since Alexander Kluge's "Yesterday Girl," made by Volker Schlöndorff from the 1906 novel by Robert Musil about a vicious apprenticeship in atrocity at a military academy. Beautifully made and acted, with a score by Hans Werner Henze. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

REVIVALS

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; July 28-29.)

Beauties of the Night (1954)—Directed by René Clair, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; July 30.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—Directed by René Clair, with Michel Simon. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; July 30.)

Billy Liar (1963)—Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't tell the truth. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; July 27-30.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—A Jean Renoir comedy starring Michel Simon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting July 31.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. With Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue and Humphrey Bogart in North Africa. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; starting July 31.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. With Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; July 26-27.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 27.)

The Climax (1967)—Pietro Germi's comedy about an Italian lover-husband-father who loves not wisely but too well. Starring Ugo Tognazzi. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 31.)

Dreams (1960)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Eva Dahlbeck. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

Eclipse (1962)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Alain Delon and Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through July 27.)

El (1955)—A variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; July 25.)

The Elusive Corporal (1963)—A Jean Renoir film, with Jean-Pierre Cassel and Claude Brasseur. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting July 31.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier as a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; July 27-30.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 27-29.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's 1925 classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

Illicit Interlude (1954)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with May Britt. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 30.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty aboard. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 26.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through July 27.)

Lola (1962)—Directed by Jacques Demy, with Anouk Aimée and Marc Michel. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; July 28-30.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the O'Neill play. Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

Luv (1967)—The Broadway play, with Jack Lemmon, Peter Falk, and Elaine May. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 30.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina and François Périer. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

North by Northwest (1959)—A crowded summation of all Hitchcock stories. Cary Grant and James Mason. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 26.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; July 25.)

Picnic on the Grass (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting July 31.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 25.)

The Pumpkin Eater (1964)—An inspection of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 29.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking Japanese melodrama. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 26.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Sweden in the fourteenth-century, when the plague was raging. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 28.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1965)—A tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 31.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya. In German. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; July 26-27.)

Time in the Sun (1940)—A documentary on Mexico by Sergei Eisenstein. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. In Italian and Swedish. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; through July 26.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. English narration. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 27-29.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 28-30.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—Life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; July 28-29.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
THE GOLD RUSH, revival; and "The Further Perils of Laurel and Hardy," excerpts from some of their movies.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 30: **BEDAZZLED**; and "The Day the Fish Came Out," revival, Tom Courtenay, Sam Wanamaker.
From July 31: **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH**, revival; and "I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname," Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.

POCKET CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 13th. (YU 2-0115; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through July 26: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.
July 27-30: **THE ENTERTAINER**, revival; and **BILLY LIAR**, revival.
From July 31: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and "The Big Shot," revival, Humphrey Bogart.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 30: "The Secret War of Harry Frigg," Paul Newman, Sylva Koscina; and "Games," revival, Simone Signoret.
From July 31: "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick; and "Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through July 30: "The Secret Life of an American Wife," Walter Matthau, Anne Jackson.
From July 31: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"A Lovely Way to Die," Kirk Douglas, Sylva Koscina.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Inspector Clouseau," Alan Arkin.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PETULIA.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Story of a Three Day Pass" (in French and English).

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
YOUNG TÖRLESS (in German).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 30: **ELVIRA MADIGAN.**
From July 31: **THE PRODUCERS.**

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Isabel," Genevieve Bujold.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 30: "The Green Berets," John Wayne, David Janssen.
From July 31: "5 Card Stud," Dean Martin, Robert Mitchum.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Detective," Frank Sinatra.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Through July 27: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French), revival; and **ECLIPSE** (in Italian), revival.
July 28-30: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** and **LOLA** (both in French and both revivals).
From July 31: **THE ELUSIVE CORPORAL**, **PICNIC ON THE GRASS**, and **BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING** (all in French and all revivals).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 30: **BEDAZZLED**; and **SEBASTIAN.**
From July 31: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish); and **THE CLIMAX** (in Italian), revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
July 25: **EL** and **LOS OLVIDADOS** (both in Spanish and both revivals).
July 26-27: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German), revival; and **CASQUE D'OR** (in French), revival.
July 28-29: **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** and **L'ATALANTE** (both in French and both revivals).
July 30: **BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT** and **BEAUTY AND THE DEVIL** (both in French and both revivals).
From July 31: "Crime and Punishment" (in French), revival, Harry Baur.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"Anzio," Robert Mitchum, Peter Falk.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through July 30: "The Green Berets," John Wayne, David Janssen.
From July 31: "5 Card Stud," Dean Martin, Robert Mitchum.

LYCEUM, 149 W. 45th. (JU 2-3877; evening performances only.)
July 25: **POTEMKIN** (silent).
July 26: **THE LADY VANISHES**, revival.
July 27: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival.
July 28: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival.
July 29: "Salt of the Earth," revival, Will Geer.
July 30: **ILLICIT INTERLUDE** (in Swedish), revival.
July 31: "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 7-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE ODD COUPLE.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (in French).

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Lost Sex" (in Japanese).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through July 28: **NAZARIN** (in Spanish).
From July 29: "The Seventh Continent," a Yugoslav film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Strange Affair," Michael York.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through July 30: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).
From July 31: To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 26: **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival; and **NORTH BY NORTHWEST**, revival.
July 27-29: **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish), revival; and **TO DIE IN MADRID**, revival.
July 30-31: "Hallelujah the Hills," revival, Peter H. Beard; and "Mickey One," revival, Warren Beatty.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 30: **IN COLD BLOOD**; and **LUV**, revival.
From July 31: **BEDAZZLED**; and "The Flim-Flam Man," revival, George C. Scott.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 25: "The Lady with the Dog" and "Dimka" (both in Russian and both revivals).
July 26: **THE HORSE S MOUTH**, revival; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
July 27: **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (in Italian), revival; and **DREAMS** (in Swedish), revival.
July 28: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival; and **TIME IN THE SUN**, revival.
July 29: **THE PUMPKIN EATER**, revival; and "Toys in the Attic," revival, Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.
July 30: **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** and **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (both in French and both revivals).
July 31: Five short films on psychology.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 30: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).
From July 31: **THE PRODUCERS.**

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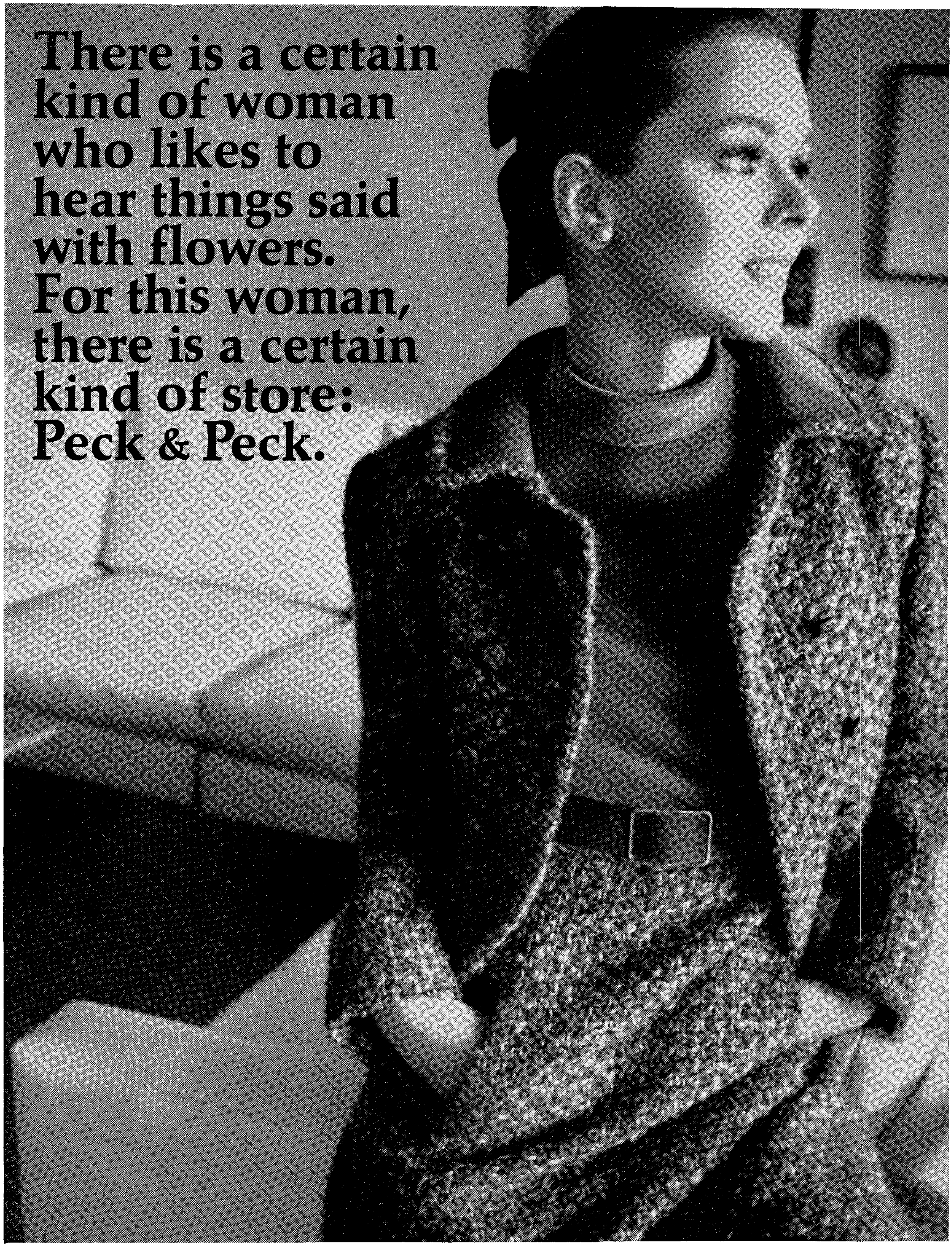
Do Florence Eiseman children grow up nicer or do they just look that way?


There is a certain kind of woman who likes to hear things said with flowers.
For this woman, there is a certain kind of store:
Peck & Peck.

When one fine fabric meets another, expect a perfect match. That's what happened when this nubby wool tweed joined up with velvet and became a sleeveless dress and jacket. Hand-painted buttons on the jacket duplicate the tweed. Rich, rich green cotton velvet; blue/green tweed. 8 to 16, 135.00

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/CHICAGO/BOSTON/PHILADELPHIA/PITTSBURGH/ROCHESTER/BALTIMORE/DETROIT/AKRON/CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D.C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/BUFFALO/PROVIDENCE/SOUTHAMPTON

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE recently received a letter from our friend the long-winded lady. She wrote as follows:

"I saw a lost lady having dinner in the University Restaurant, on West Eighth Street, yesterday evening. She came in alone, hurrying, with one hand up to her short, straight silver-beige hair, which kept falling forward over her left eye. She wore a very clean raincoat of the usual light-colored cotton and a narrow dress of dark-gray linen. She was svelte and good-looking, with very white skin, and blue eyes that glanced around the restaurant with a fixed, dispassionate expression, as though it were habitual with her not to be interested. As some people give meaning to everything they touch, the lost lady seemed to look merely in order to exclude. She looked at the University Restaurant as though she were looking at a wallpaper painted to look like the University Restaurant, a wallpaper painted by a careful artist who had got everything just right—customers sitting in booths, old-fashioned costume paintings, dark and romantic, on the walls, salt and pepper shakers and lighted candles on all the tables, and, at the far end of the room, the little service bar, with the tall bartender, in his red jacket, standing ready to make drinks. Singular perspective the lady had as she looked about the room in which nothing was real except her blue eyes.

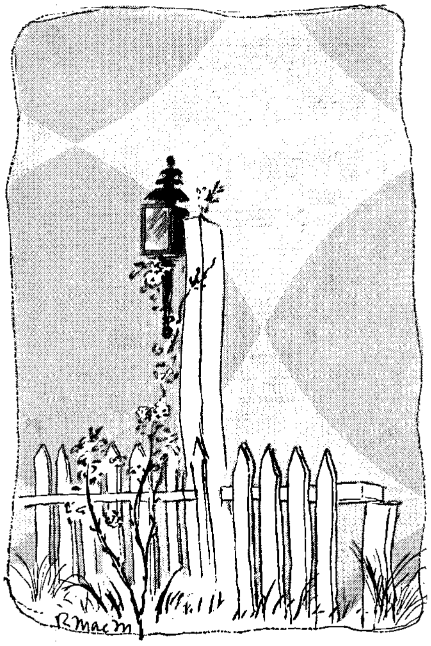
"Torres was her waiter. He brought the menu and handed it to her, but she laid it down on the table in front of her without looking at it. When he asked her if she wanted a drink, she shook her head and smiled at him. 'You are waiting,' Torres said amiably, and he went off, perhaps not realizing that he was only a figure in the wallpaper. The lost lady smoked a cigarette. She leaned against the back of the booth, perfectly composed, obviously waiting. She was about forty-five years of age, and there was nothing girlish about her. Her husband came in and walked so quickly to her booth that it might have been the train pulling in. He was a tall, narrow man, with sharp corners for shoulders, and he smiled broadly all the way from the door. His hair was faded, shiny, and sparse, and was smoothly brushed back from his forehead. He carried one of those thin imitation-leather cases that are zippered all around and have no handle, and as he bent to kiss his wife he dropped the case on his own seat, opposite hers, and then swung himself into the booth and sat down. He must have been considered very handsome when he was about seventeen, but his clean-cut profile had been impoverished by the years, and all his early promise had atrophied in his anxious blue eyes. He looked around the room and there was no light in his eyes, although they were very eager and he kept smiling. He leaned toward his wife, nodding at her, and then he took her cigarette out of her hand, stubbed it out in the ashtray, and stood up and lifted the ashtray over onto the table of the booth behind him, which was unoccupied. Then he sat down again and reached across and caressed her cheek.

"After a minute, Torres came up with the menu, and the husband took it with both his hands and began looking at it. Torres asked if he would like a drink, and he continued to read as though he hadn't heard, but then he lifted his eyes and said to his wife, 'You'd like a drink, I suppose.' And, without looking at Torres, he said, 'A Scotch-and-water for my wife. Nothing for me.' Torres went off, and I thought the lost lady's face brightened as she watched his progress toward the bar. But she didn't watch him for long. She fixed her eyes on her husband. She had come to attention when he sat down, and after he took her cigarette she had put her elbows on the table and clasped her hands under her chin. When her drink arrived, she kept one hand under her chin and lifted her glass with the other hand. She had large, even, white teeth that protruded slightly, and she kept closing her lips over her teeth and then pursing her lips, so that she looked as though she were going to give somebody a little goodbye kiss. It was a timid, flirtatious smile, and it was her only response to his chatter—because he never stopped talking. He had put his glasses on and was reading the menu carefully, mentioning certain items out loud, but as he read he also told her about the day he had had and about the people he had contended with and about what he had said to them. As soon as Torres came back, the husband looked up at him and said, smiling ironically, 'Is that real onion soup or is it just something they call onion soup?' Then he looked down at the menu and up at Torres again and said, 'Are the mashed potatoes fresh? Are they freshly mashed? I like mashed potatoes, but I don't want them if they've been lying around all day.' He asked more questions about the food, lifting his face each time to smile and look Torres in the eye, and then he

ordered his dinner slowly and emphatically, in a fussy, metallic voice of the kind that is always on the edge of a grievance. But he kept on smiling, and his wife kept smiling back at him, listening to him as he talked on and on. Only once did he pause. He buttered a piece of bread and began eating it, and as he ate he lifted the bottle of wine on the table—a bottle is put on every table at the University Restaurant—and turned it around in his hands and read the label. When the bread was eaten, he put the wine aside and began talking again—about his day, and about himself, and, when the food arrived, about the food he was eating. The lost lady had ordered her dinner very quickly, without looking at the menu, and she had been saying nothing, drinking her Scotch-and-water slowly until it was finished. When it was all gone, she put the glass down and looked at the plate Torres had put before her and said, 'I'm not really hungry anymore.' Her voice was a surprise—a clear, gentle, definite voice, with no fuzziness or drawl in it—but her tone was even more surprising, because it was the tone in which she might have said 'I am taking the shuttle to Boston' or 'I am going to poison you tonight' or 'It is time for a new frying pan.' I thought her husband would surely stop for a minute and at least ask her why she was wasting those two nice lamb chops, but he kept on talking as though she had not said a word. It was what happens on the stage when somebody runs on and plunges a dagger into the villain and the villain keeps right on doing whatever he has been doing, without noticing he has a dagger in his chest, because it is only a paper dagger. Her voice was all her own and made no concession whatever to her husband. I had to leave a few minutes after she spoke, and I was sorry to go, because I thought he would order Fresh Homemade Coconut Chiffon Cream Pie for dessert and I wanted to see if I had guessed right. I think one of those people was a redeemer—or a saviour, if you prefer saviour—but whether the lost lady married her husband in the hope of saving him from something or other or married him in the hope that he would save her from something or other I do not know."

Mike Ransom

ON May 11th, Second Lieutenant Robert Crawford (Mike) Ransom, Jr., died in a surgical hospital in Vietnam, of wounds he had received eight days earlier from an enemy mine. He was twenty-three when he died, and was the eldest of six sons in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crawford Ransom, who live in Bronxville. At the time of his induction, in August of 1966, Mike and his parents had shared a belief that our presence in Vietnam was a mistake, but Mike had recently dropped out of college, and because his student deferment had thereby lapsed he felt that there was no way to avoid going into the Army. The day before he was drafted, he told a girl he knew that for his sake she should enter every anti-war demonstration she could find. He arrived in Vietnam on March 7th, and the letters he sent home from then until his death showed that he remained opposed to the war as a whole but also showed that as he came to know and like the men he led and as he was given greater responsibility over them he became more and more strongly committed to his own role in the day-to-day operations of the war. In one of his early letters, dated March 27th, he seemed quite detached and analytical, observing, "For the most part, nobody is particularly wild with patriotic feeling for the war. There are of course those who just get a real charge out of killing people. One Lt. I talked to said what a kick it had been to roll a gook 100 yards down the beach with his machine gun. But most people generate their enthusiasm for two reasons: one is self-preservation—if I don't shoot him, he'll eventually shoot me—and the other is revenge. It's apparently quite something to see a good friend blown apart by a V.C. booby trap, and you want to retaliate in kind." He closed this letter by writing, "I now have one last editorial comment about the war and then I'll sign off. I am extremely impressed by almost every report I've heard about the enemy. . . . It is mostly his perseverance that amazes me. He works so hard and has been doing so for so long. You've heard of his tunnelling capability? A captured V.C. said that in coming from North Vietnam down to Saigon he walked over 200 miles completely underground. Anyone who would dig a 200 mile tunnel and who would still do it after being at war for some 30 years must be right!" In a letter that came about two weeks later, Lieutenant Ransom seemed less detached, and wrote of how he was learning to discipline his feelings in a combat situation. "I lost my first man last week," he wrote. "He was killed by accident by another man in the platoon. I had sent a squad out on night ambush. They had been set up in position for a few hours when the flank man crawled away . . . and as he was crawling back to position another man mistook him for a dink and shot him. He died on the chopper that dusted him off. Of course, it really tears me up to lose a man, especially like that, but I must not show any emotion over it. I've got to press on, keep doing my job. Even among my men this is universal. They are saddened by the death of a buddy, but he is gone." However, in the same letter, even as he rededicated himself to his job, he reaffirmed his misgivings about the war, writing, "I did hear Johnson's speech of de-escalation and non-candidacy and thought it the best of his career, not just the way he said it. It created in me a great sense of hope that this foolishness over here will end fairly shortly. . . . Everyone is as confused as I as to exactly what, if anything, we're accomplishing, and wants the war over as soon as possible."

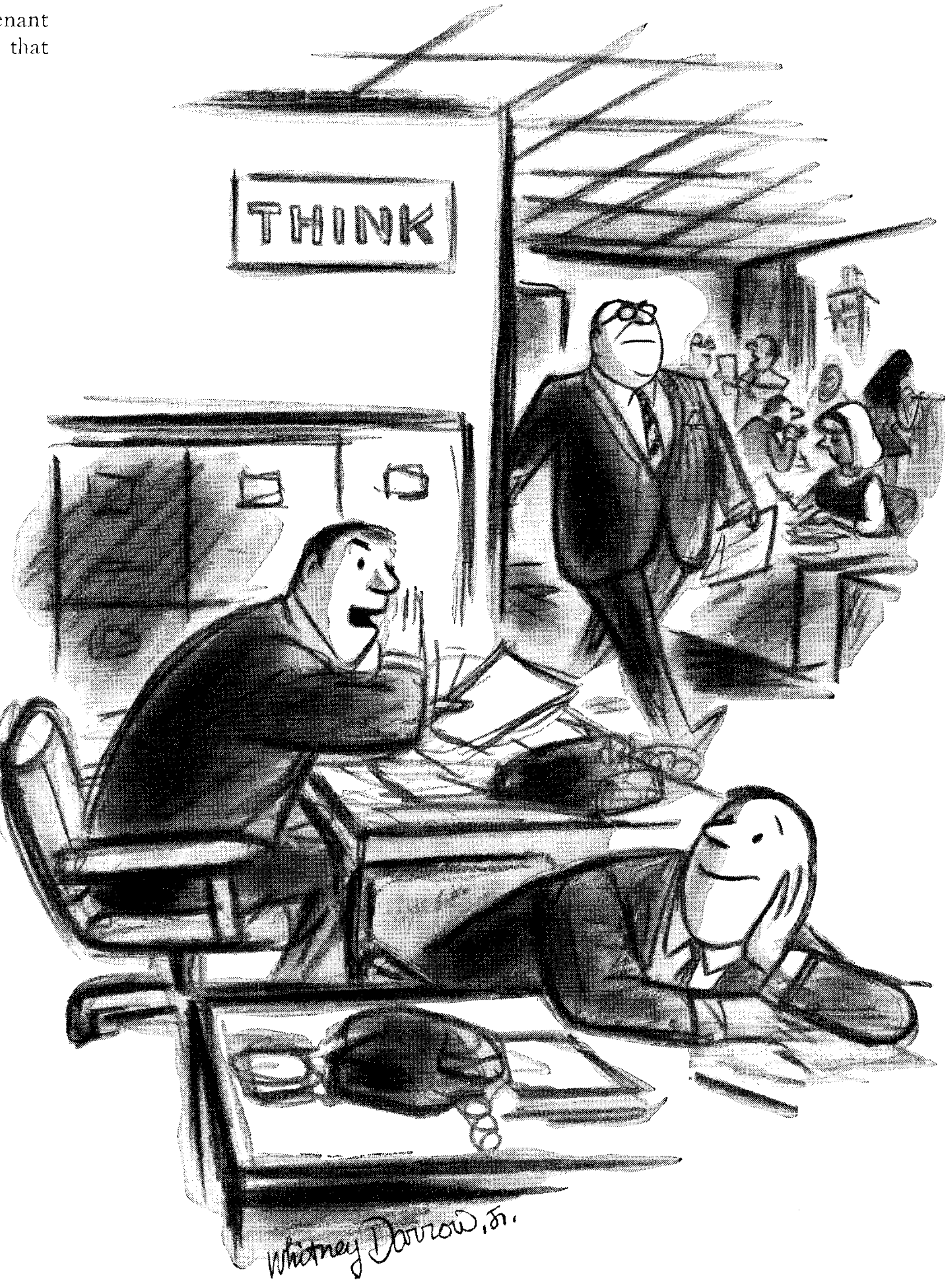


A few weeks after this, Lieutenant Ransom was lightly wounded in a mine explosion that wounded six other men and killed one. He wrote, "Well, I've had my baptism by fire and it's changed me, I think." Describing the death of one man, he wrote, "Both his feet were blown off, both legs were torn to shreds; his entire groin area was completely blown away. It was the most horrible sight I've ever seen." This death and his own wounds seemed to have a powerful effect on Lieutenant Ransom—to lessen his sense of detachment. At the end of this letter, he wrote, "I said earlier that the incident changed me. I am now filled with both respect and hate for the V.C. and the Vietnamese. Respect because the enemy knows that he can't stand up to us in a fire fight due to our superior training, equipment, and our vast arsenal of weapons, yet he is able, via his mines and booby traps, to whittle our ranks down piecemeal, until we cannot muster an effective fighting force. In the month that I have been with this company, we have lost 4 killed and about 30 wounded. We have not seen a single verified dink the whole time, nor have we even shot a single round at anything. I've developed hate for the Vietnamese because they come around selling Cokes and beer to us and then run back and tell the V.C. how many we are. . . . I talked to the Mech Platoon Leader who is with us and he said that as he left the area to return to his fire base, the people in the village he went through were laughing at him because they knew we had been hit."

In a letter to a friend, Lieutenant Ransom told again of the change that had come over him, and of the division between his feelings of responsibility and involvement in the war as a soldier and his more abstract conviction that the war was wrong. He wrote, "You know what—this mine incident has changed me. I'm still as opposed to the war on moral and political grounds as ever. But since I am here, and when I see the gory mess that mine made of my people, I want revenge."

By the time Lieutenant Ransom wrote his last letter, it appeared that his sense of success as a leader, his affection for his men, his experience of being wounded, and his increasing familiarity with Army vocabulary and thinking and his increasing mastery of Army procedures had stirred his ambition and inspired him with an enthusiastic commitment to his role of combat platoon leader. He wrote, "Despite losing people and being scared all the time, I find being an Infantry Platoon Leader an exhilarating . . . job. I have ambitions to go higher, even in my short two years in the Army, but I don't really want to, because Platoon level is the last at which I still can have close working contact with my men. I think I've developed a pretty good relationship with my people, one in which they depend on me for leadership, but they know that I must be able to depend on them too." Nevertheless, he remained opposed to the war as a whole, and in a P.S. to this last letter home he wrote, "You might tell any friends you have in Washington to quit quibbling and start talking about ways to end this foolishness over here. Aside from being opposed to the damn war, it really gives me a case that LBJ, who claims to want peace and who says he'll go anywhere, any time, to talk peace, has taken over a month without being able to find an acceptable site. Anywhere, according to his promise, ought to be 'acceptable.' "

Like their son until his death, Mr. and Mrs. Ransom continued to feel that it served no good purpose for the United States to have troops in Vietnam, and when they received the news that he had been killed there, they knew immediately that there could be no comfort for them in the ordinarily consoling thought that their son had died fighting in a worthy cause. Letters of condolence suggesting that he had died to defend democracy and freedom seemed only ironic to them, and aggravated their bitterness. They were particularly disconcerted by the form letters that were sent to them by political and military leaders as a matter of routine, because most of them adopted this line. President Johnson wrote, "Yet I know that your son was a brave man, whose honor and



"Inkthay."

love for his country will continue to preserve the right of all people to be free," and General Creighton W. Abrams wrote, "It is my hope that you will find a measure of solace in knowing your son gave his life for a noble cause, the defense of liberty in the free world." Finding that they felt oppressed by this kind of sentiment, the Ransoms decided that if their son's death were to have any meaning at all, they must make it an occasion for protest against the war, in the hope that other lives could be saved. To President Johnson the Ransoms replied, "You say that he was a brave man who loved his country. This is only partly true. He was frightened to the very core of his soul from the first day he found himself on the inexorable treadmill to Vietnam. When he was at last caught up in that military nightmare itself, it may very well have strained even his love of country. He wanted no part of this unspeakable war for himself or for his fellow man on either side."

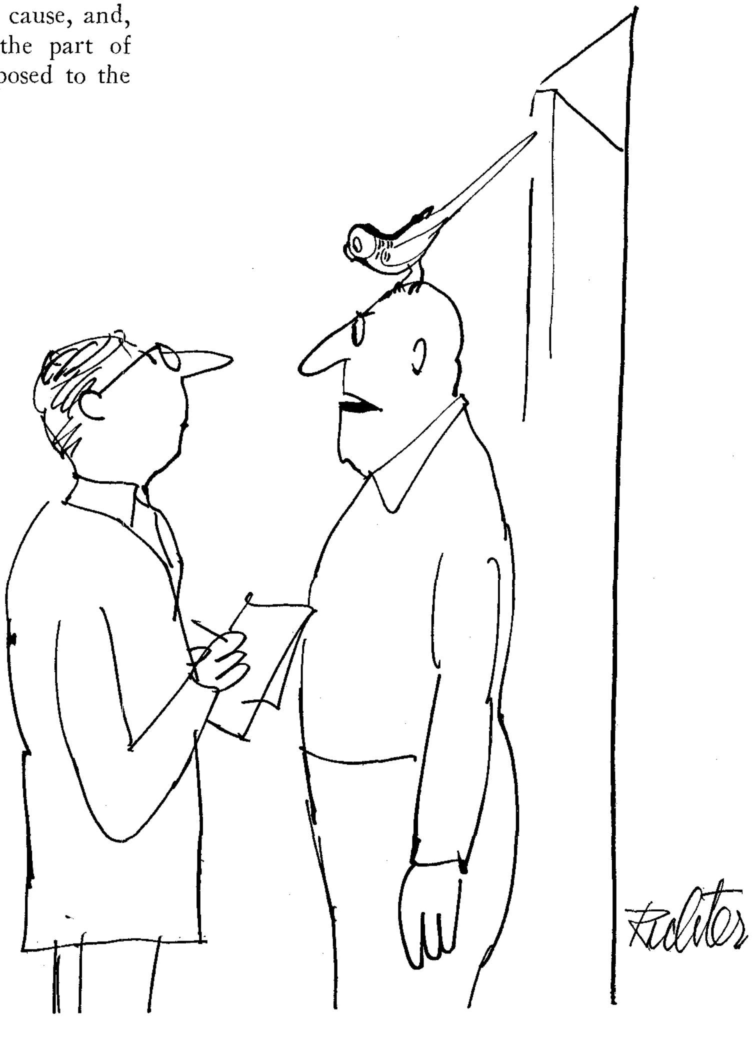
The Ransoms decided to hold a memorial service that would completely avoid the temptation to make Mike's death seem a necessary and glorious part of a struggle in a just cause, and, instead, would represent the part of him that had remained opposed to the war up to the end. Later, Mr. Ransom told us, "When we heard that he had died, we felt very, very angry. We were angry at the war; we were angry at ourselves for letting him go; we were angry that we hadn't thought enough about the war until it became so personal to us. It was paramountly clear that we didn't want people to come in and say, 'What a glorious way to die,' and that's why we decided to hold the kind of service we did. At first, we were even against having taps played, because it sounded too military." The Ransoms had always been closely involved in Bronxville community life, and Mr. Ransom, who is an attorney with I.B.M. and is a deacon of the Reformed Church in Bronxville, made the arrangements with the minister for the service. Along with the customary readings from the Scriptures, the service included readings of passages from Mike's letters, including passages that denounced the war. Mr. Robert Edwin, a folk singer, sang "The Blue Bells of Scotland," "The Strangest Dream," and "Where Have All the Flowers Gone." At the end of the last, he sang the verse that goes:

> When will all the killing end?
> Men are brothers, men are friends.
> When will we ever learn?

Bronxville is an extremely wealthy, overwhelmingly conservative community, in which the vast majority of the men are business executives or professional men who commute to jobs in New York, and the Ransoms' memorial service was totally unprecedented, but there was an overflow congregation of about seven hundred people nonetheless.

A month later, when Mrs. Ransom was attending the wedding of the daughter of a friend, she met Chaplain William Sloane Coffin, Jr., of Yale, who was conducting the ceremony, and he told her of a demonstration that was being planned in New York to give support to Mr. Barry Johnson, a young, married former divinity student who had turned in his draft card, had been reclassified 1-A as a delinquent, and was now planning to refuse induction. Mrs. Ransom decided that she would lead a small contingent of Bronxville people in the demonstration and make a statement there herself. The plan was to hold a Communion service at about six-thirty in the morning in St. Paul's Chapel, at Broadway and Fulton Street, which is a few blocks from the Whitehall induction center, and afterward chain together the wrists of nine people—including Mr. Johnson, his young wife, several clergymen, and Mrs. Ransom—who would then present themselves at Mr. Johnson's induction at the Whitehall center as a unit. The chains were meant to symbolize the ties of family and community that were being torn apart by the draft.

On the evening before the demonstration, we went out to Bronxville to talk with Mrs. Ransom. The Ransoms' house is in the Lawrence Park area, which is a well-to-do area even by Bronxville standards. A maze of narrow asphalt roads twists up the hill from the railroad station past thick, well-kept lawns, spacious garages, and back yards that are sheltered from the road by neatly trimmed hedges and are generously shaded by tall, spreading oaks and beech trees. The Ransoms live near the top of the hill, in a large, comfortable three-story house, which has a huge oak rising in front of it over a lawn and a patio. At about eleven-thirty, we joined the Ransoms, who, along with Chaplain Coffin and five or six other people who planned to go to the ceremony the next morning, were gathered on the front porch of a neighbor's house. With the exception of a couple of young people and Chaplain Coffin, the members of the group had never been to any demonstration, and Chaplain Coffin had come out to give them encouragement and reassurance. The tem-



"Poll me, poll my parakeet."

, INTAKE, COMPRESSION, IGNITION, EXHAUST, INTAKE, COMPRESSION, IGNITION, EXHAUST, INTAKE, COMPRE
W Miller

• •

perature had gone up into the high nineties that day, and nightfall had brought no relief from the heat. The group sat in the hot darkness of the porch in bare feet, sipping cold drinks and talking about the next day's demonstration. Chaplain Coffin advised them not to mind if some of the protesters were wearing outfits and hair styles that they didn't see much around Bronxville, and Mrs. Ransom said she wouldn't be bothered. We asked her why she was going in to New York to chain herself to the draft resister the next morning. As she answered, we were aware that at first she was experiencing some weariness and tension, but soon her voice gathered intensity and became more emphatic. We recognized some phrases she had used in letters to politicians and friends, and as she groped once again for just the right words to pin down the elusive meaning of the events that had overtaken her, we sensed her continuing preoccupation with her son's death and, now, her preoccupation with the tangled question of why she was giving support to a man who was refusing to go to a war in which her son had fought and died. She told us, "I want President Johnson to know from *me* that even though my son has died, the President doesn't have to justify it with more deaths. We don't think anyone should have to go into that unspeakable, awful war just because of our son's death. All we ask is that our son's death help to stop it all sooner. If we, the parents, feel this way, then there is no need to try to avenge him. He never wanted to go, but his real courage lay in his ability ultimately to find a moral rationalization that permitted him to be forced into an otherwise wholly immoral situation. Mike felt that there were many Americans more innocent than he, and he went to Vietnam solely in the confidence that through his own leadership he might be able to spare the lives and suffering of those who were destined to serve under him."

The people who were going to the protest ceremony got up before five the next morning and started for the city as the sun was coming up. We had spent the night in Bronxville, and we drove in with a friend of the Ransoms', Mrs. Thomas Campion, who told us that although both Mrs. Ransom's political leanings and her own were on the liberal side for Bronxville, attending anything like a demonstration was completely new for them. She said that she came from a family with a strong military tradition, and had herself collaborated on a "patriotic" book about West Point, called "Bringing Up the Brass," which was later made into a "super-patriotic" movie, called "The Long Gray Line." She said that Mrs. Ransom was a graduate of Vassar, had been a member of the Junior League, and generally did not have the kind of background that would lead you to expect her presence at a demonstration.

The group arrived in the near-empty early-morning downtown streets, and walked into St. Paul's Chapel. Soon the church filled up with some four hundred people, most of them in conventional clothing; many of them appeared to be relatives and friends of Barry Johnson. The Communion service took place as the sounds of traffic and of construction accompanying a downtown business day began outside. Many of the congregation approached the altar to kneel and receive the wafer and the wine. After the service, Mrs. Ransom was chained by the wrist, in one of two groups that were later to join in a single group of nine, including Mr. Johnson, and present themselves for induction. Mrs. Ransom was chained to the Reverend George W. Webber on her right and to Mr. Johnson on her left. Several clergymen, including Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, the Stanford University theologian, made speeches on the steps of the church, and then, accompanied by a dozen policemen, the nine chained people led a crowd of two or three hundred supporters down Broadway toward the Whitehall induction center. Several passersby jeered at the procession. One man shouted, "Hey, let me see! I want to see what someone goofy

"*Gosh, Mr. Moore, you seem awfully young to be head of your own banking business.*"

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looks like!" Others called them Communists. One elderly woman, however, stood on the sidewalk applauding, alone and with determination, while the entire procession passed. It was impossible to tell whether some of the remarks were shouted in support or in opposition. One man cried out "Peace on earth! Good will toward men!" but then turned away from the procession in apparent disgust. Another shouted, "There aren't any Americans here! Just a bunch of Christians!" Upon arriving at the induction center, the nine stood in the doorway—without blocking it—and several of them took turns addressing the crowd. Mr. Johnson explained that he saw his refusal as an act of conscience and as a patriotic act. Mrs. Ransom, who is a tall woman of upright, dignified bearing, was wearing a brown sleeveless sheath dress and was holding a copy of her prepared speech in one chained hand. She looked uneasy but determined. Her eyes wandered over the crowd, and she smiled reassuringly as she saw familiar Bronxville faces. When it was her turn to speak, she said, in part, "I have come to realize—painfully—that we parents must stand behind our young men, our children, when from the depths of their profoundest convictions and from their hearts they feel compelled to speak out against this unspeakable war. . . . We who have lost a son want President Johnson to know that we feel it is wrong to justify that sacrifice by killing yet more Americans and Vietnamese in a war which our dead son bitterly opposed. Mike will have died in vain if his tragic loss does not bring us to our senses to stop all further killing." There were other speeches, and then Mr. Johnson turned to speak with an Army officer just inside the door, presenting himself, along with his friends, for induction. The linked group was turned down.

Across the street, some construction workers and other passersby had gathered, and several of them jeered. "Why does the Army want *him*? Let him go and draft the blonde!" one man shouted, referring to Mrs. Johnson, who was one of the chained group. Another man shouted, "Throw them all in the construction pit!"

Later that morning, we went back out to Bronxville. Before returning to the Ransoms' house, we spoke about Mike Ransom with some of the people around the neighborhood, and a Negro woman who had worked for a family nearby for over twenty years said to us, "I remember him when he was just five or six, coming to the door in his bare feet. All the kids used to run around like they belonged to one family. They'd come into the house all messy and leave stuff in the house like it was their own house. When I heard he'd been killed over there—and him not wanting to go at all—something twisted around in my stomach, and I felt sick. I really felt physically sick. Now, I ask you, what did he die for? What for?"

At the Ransoms', we went into the living room with Mr. and Mrs. Ransom, and Mr. Ransom put on a tape of the memorial service they had held for their son. Mr. Ransom sat in an overstuffed chair to listen, and Mrs. Ransom sat erect on one end of a couch. At first, the sound was muddled and scratchy, but when the folk songs began, the voice came through clearly. The singer accompanied himself on a twelve-string guitar and sang with a strong, highly trained, almost operatic voice. When taps was played, by a single trumpet, you could hear cars and buses droning by outside the church. Toward the end of the service, the minister read the poem "The Young Dead Soldiers," by Archibald MacLeish. In the poem are the lines

> They [the dead soldiers] say: Our deaths are not ours; they are yours; they will mean what you make them.
> They say: Whether our lives and our deaths were for peace and a new hope or for nothing we cannot say; it is you who must say this.
> They say: We leave you our deaths. Give them their meaning.

When the tape reached this point, Mr. Ransom, who had seemed lost in thought, said, "There. That says it."

"Yes, that's what we mean," Mrs. Ransom said.

When the tape had come to an end, they spun it back to the poem and listened to the words again.

SOLVING THE WORLD'S PROBLEMS

AS, toward the end of his thirty-seventh year, Brownie swims around Slough Pond, his mother stands in the little parking area beside his rented car, its paint job scored by branches—a testament to his careless driving. From her vantage point, a path descends to the nearby shore, where Brownie's wife is catching up with the *Times;* today she is working on the day before yesterday's.

Although Brownie's mother is in the shade, she is shielding her eyes with her right hand. "Oh, look, look, isn't it marvellous?" she exclaims. "He's got such rhythm. He doesn't miss a stroke. He never stops. What endurance. But does he always do it clockwise?"

"He breathes on the left side," Brownie's wife says.

"Oh, my," his mother says.

"So if he went around the other way," his wife continues, "he wouldn't be able to see the shore and he'd be swimming all over the place."

"He was always exceptionally dreamy," his mother says.

"Solving the world's problems," says Brownie's father from the bushes, where he is changing out of his wet bathing suit.

"Can you see him now?" Brownie's mother asks Brownie's wife. "I seem to have lost him."

"He's in a cove," Brownie's wife says. "He'll be heaving into sight in a moment."

"Bravo!" his mother cries when he reappears. "Think of doing it every day. What a wonderful thing to be able to do such a thing."

"Where is he now?" says Brownie's father, emerging from the bushes.

"Out there," says Brownie's mother.

His father directs his gaze along the far shore, finally descrying his son's minute figure—his arms mostly; silvery splashes as he withdraws them from the water.

"He's at two o'clock, Mother," Brownie's father sings out, and sits down on a prominent root and carefully dries between his toes.

Brownie's mother says, in reference to her son, "He was wonderfully adept at picking up marbles with his toes. One, two, three—how many? All the different colors."

"When he was seven—" Brownie's father says to Brownie's wife.

"Eight," Brownie's mother says. "I knew I should have brought the binocs."

"Whatever," Brownie's father goes on. "When we visited him at camp, he was in First Area in swimming. They had four of them, demarcated by lemons. Fourth Area was for the most proficient youngsters. Everyone was swimming merrily about. He remained on the bank shivering, all bent over like a question mark, with a characteristic scowl."

"Solving the world's problems," says Brownie's mother.

"What a skinny marink!" says Brownie's father, putting on his socks and sandals. "Now he could play Tarzan."

"He's overweight," Brownie's mother says. "All those sandwiches you give him for his lunch," she says to Brownie's wife. "He would be better off if you made them open-face."

"I'm going to scout around for kindling," Brownie's father says. "Your supply is depleted."

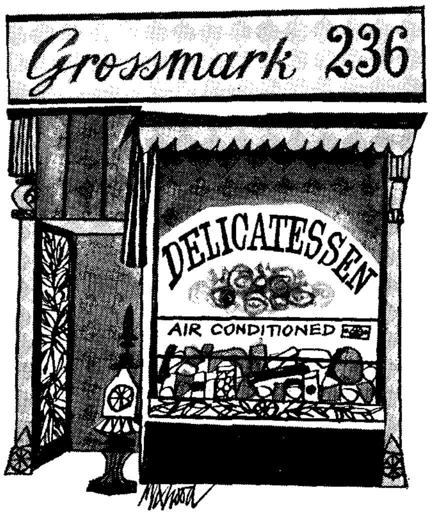
"He's famous for his fires," Brownie's mother says in reference to Brownie's father. "But aren't you going to keep him in view?" she calls after Brownie's father as he strides off into the woods. "Yoo-hoo, he must be rounding the homestretch." Brownie's father vanishes. "I've said something wrong, haven't I?" Brownie's mother says to Brownie's wife. "And last month Dad chided me because I pointed out that there was no doorman in your new building."

Later on, she says, "What a panorama!"

Brownie's wife tears out an ad, lays the *Times* aside, and closes her eyes. Damselflies hover above her knees.

"I know a marvellous diet," Brownie's mother says. "Don't you think we could interest him in it?"

Getting no reply, she says, "Imagine, one day last week I decided to go to the Barbizon for a swim, but they have a sign which says a person who is unable to swim at the deep end may not use the pool. This was a bit of a setback, as I always like to be able to put my foot down, so I asked the attendant whether I could go in if I confined myself to the shallow end. I told her I would be on the honor system. You see, I can only swim a few strokes without becoming distressed. The attendant said it would be much better if I took some lessons. But when I approached the young man who gave the lessons he was loath to take me on when I told him how unsettled I become if I can't put my foot down. But I wish to sign on as a private pupil, I told him. 'You can swim,' he said. 'But you lack the right attitude.' And there and then he told me to immerse myself in the pool. Naturally, I began to lower myself in at the shallow end. 'Oh no you don't,' he said. 'You come up here.' What he meant was the deep end. Then he took hold of a long pole and told me to set out for the shallow end. I set out along the side of the pool, so I could hold on if the need arose, but he said I had to veer into the middle. 'Suppose other people were between you and the side,' he pointed out. He held the pole just beyond my grasp and instructed me to keep my eyes glued to the tip-top, and I began swimming, and he began moving away. 'Don't look at the part nearest you,' he reminded me. Before I knew it I had swum the whole length, which shows that if you only extend yourself you can attain your goals. But he wouldn't let me linger in the pool for recreational swimming. He probably had me summed up as someone who was a menace. The concept of the pole was that he wanted me to set a distant goal, but, really, what distant goals are there? He probably had me summed up as someone too old to be trustworthy in the water."



Brownie's father comes out of the woods, his arms full of dead boughs. "Is he in sight?" he asks.

"I believe he's making his finishing spurt," Brownie's mother says.

Brownie's father sets the wood down and conspicuously dusts his hands.

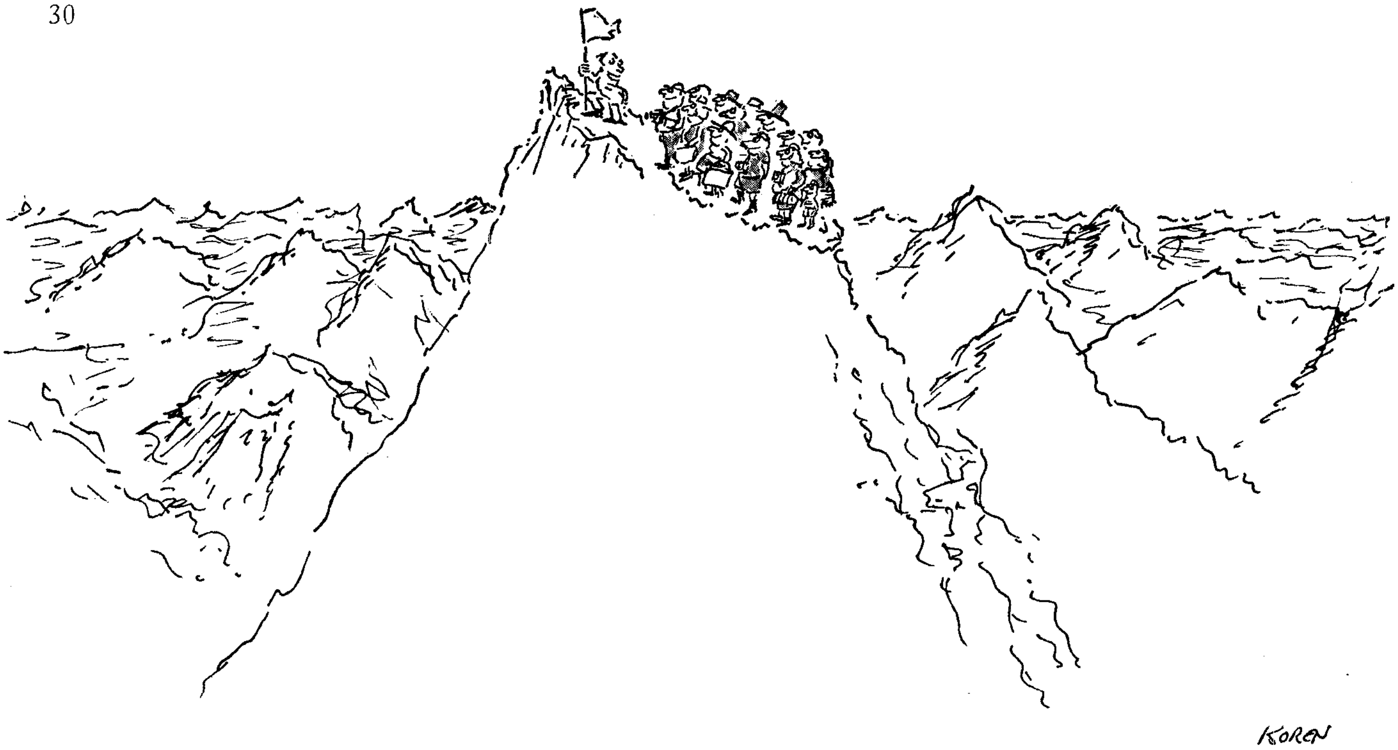
"What a panorama!" he says in a little while.

"He's coming ashore," Brownie's mother says to Brownie's wife. "Have you got his towel ready?"

Raising his head out of the water, Brownie says something indistinct and continues swimming.

"He's passing on by," Brownie's mother says.

"I couldn't read him," Brownie's



"This peak has never before been scaled by a group."

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father says to Brownie's wife. "Could you read him?"

"I couldn't read him," she replies.

"He's fading into the distance," Brownie's mother says.

"Where is he going?" Brownie's father asks.

"Around again," Brownie's wife says.

"He'll turn into a prune," says Brownie's mother.

WHEN Brownie is done swimming, there is no one to greet him. He climbs, dripping, to the car. His father's bathing suit is spread out on the hood to dry. He sees his mother and father sitting close together in the back seat, unaware of his approach. He wonders what they are doing in there, and ridiculously clears his throat. His mother turns in his direction and rolls down her window.

"Your lips are a vivid purple," she says.

"I swallowed a water strider," he says. "What ever happened to What's-Her-Name?"

"It was time for her jog," his father says, his face joining Brownie's mother's at the window.

"Her *what?*"

"She told us that every day she jogs to the highway, where you pick her up," his mother says.

"But she doesn't," he says.

"One-point-one miles," his father says. "She said you told her jogging was grand for the heart."

Brownie gets behind the wheel. His mother tells him to spread his towel on the seat so it won't get wet. Brownie drives through the woods toward the highway. His father tells him to stop so he can retrieve his bathing suit from the hood. Brownie says he'll get it for him. His father says he's still spry enough to retrieve his own bathing suit.

Before long they get a glimpse of Brownie's wife, jogging on the crown of the narrow, sandy road. She looks back at them over her shoulder and sprints out of sight around a bend. Brownie steps on the gas and in a moment is driving on her heels. His wife staggers and claps a hand to her side. He puts on the brakes. She stops, turns, and regards him through the windshield.

"I've got a stitch," she says.

He sticks his head out of the window. "Don't sit down," he says. "Walk it out."

She goes obediently up the road, alternately in sun and shadow. They follow in the car.

"If you ask me, she's out of shape," Brownie's mother says.

"She needs more distance work," Brownie's father says, smoothing back his hair.

"She lifts her knees too high in the air," Brownie's mother says.

"Yes," his father agrees. "Far too much knee action."

A moment or two later, Brownie glances in the rearview mirror and finds that his mother and father are fast asleep. He pulls off the road, comes to a stop, and observes his wife departing—illuminated, obscured, illuminated, obscured, illuminated. He wonders, momentarily, what he has done with his life. She sits down in a fairly dark place and he approaches her on foot.

"I swallowed a water strider," he says, sitting next to her.

"Don't expect me to ask you what it tasted like," she says.

"Don't tell me we're back there again," he says.

"No, we've never been where we are now," she says, rising. "Take me deeper into the woods, Mr. Macaroni."

"But they're sleeping."

She offers him a hand.

"But what happens if they awake?"

"And along the way you may tell me about the water bug," she says, "and how your hands appeared underwater, and whether nature presented you with any fresh, ingenious metaphors, and if once more you reviewed your life."

Hand in hand, they wend their way, he slightly to the fore.

"The water strider tasted very fishy," he says.

"Did you let that branch fly back in my face on purpose?" she says.

—GILBERT ROGIN

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Mr. and Mrs. John J. Nestor of Rockville Centre have announced the engagement of their daughter, Lucille Malia, to Michael Joseph McCarthy of Beilerose and Michael Joseph McCarthy of Farmingdale. An August wedding is planned.—*The News.*

Loves that name!

DEATH KNOCKS

(The play takes place in the bedroom of the Nat Ackermans' two-story house, somewhere in Kew Gardens. The carpeting is wall-to-wall. There is a big double bed and a large vanity. The room is elaborately furnished and curtained, and on the walls there are several paintings and a not really attractive barometer. Soft theme music as the curtain rises. Nat Ackerman, a bald, paunchy fifty-seven-year-old dress manufacturer is lying on the bed finishing off tomorrow's Daily News. *He wears a bathrobe and slippers, and reads by a bed light clipped to the white headboard of the bed. The time is near midnight. Suddenly we hear a noise, and Nat sits up and looks at the window.)*

Nat: What the hell is that?

(Climbing awkwardly through the window is a sombre, caped figure. The intruder wears a black hood and skintight black clothes. The hood covers his head but not his face, which is middle-aged and stark white. He is something like Nat in appearance. He huffs audibly and then trips over the windowsill and falls into the room.)

Death *(for it is no one else)*: Jesus Christ. I nearly broke my neck.

Nat *(watching with bewilderment)*: Who are you?

Death: Death.

Nat: Who?

Death: Death. Listen—can I sit down? I nearly broke my neck. I'm shaking like a leaf.

Nat: Who *are* you?

Death: *Death.* You got a glass of water?

Nat: Death? What do you mean, Death?

Death: What is wrong with you? You see the black costume and the whitened face?

Nat: Yeah.

Death: Is it Halloween?

Nat: No.

Death: Then I'm Death. Now can I get a glass of water—or a Fresca?

Nat: If this is some joke—

Death: What kind of joke? You're fifty-seven? Nat Ackerman? One eighteen Pacific Street? Unless I blew it—where's that call sheet? *(He fumbles through pocket, finally producing a card with an address on it. It seems to check.)*

Nat: What do you want with me?

Death: What do I want? What do you think I want?

Nat: You must be kidding. I'm in perfect health.

Death *(unimpressed)*: Uh-huh. *(Looking around)* This is a nice place. You do it yourself?

Nat: We had a decorator, but we worked with her.

Death *(looking at picture on the wall)*: I love those kids with the big eyes.

Nat: I don't want to go yet.

Death: *You* don't want to go? Please don't start in. As it is, I'm nauseous from the climb.

Nat: What climb?

Death: I climbed up the drainpipe. I was trying to make a dramatic entrance. I see the big windows and you're awake reading. I figure it's worth a shot. I'll climb up and enter with a little—you know . . . *(Snaps fingers)* Meanwhile, I get my heel caught on some vines, the drainpipe breaks, and I'm hanging by a thread. Then my cape begins to tear. Look, let's just go. It's been a rough night.

Nat: You broke my drainpipe?

Death: Broke. It didn't break. It's a little bent. Didn't you hear anything? I slammed into the ground.

Nat: I was reading.

Death: You must have really been engrossed. *(Lifting newspaper Nat was reading)* "NAB COEDS IN POT ORGY." Can I borrow this?

Nat: I'm not finished.

Death: Er—I don't know how to put this to you, pal. . . .

Nat: Why didn't you just ring downstairs?

Death: I'm telling you, I could have, but how does it look? This way I get a little drama going. Something. Did you read "Faust"?

Nat: What?

Death: And what if you had company? You're sitting there with important people. I'm Death—I should ring the bell and traipse right in the front? Where's your thinking?

Nat: Listen, Mister, it's very late.

Death: Yeah. Well, you want to go?

Nat: Go where?

Death: Death. It. The Thing. The Happy Hunting Grounds. *(Looking at his own knee)* Y'know, that's a pretty bad cut. My first job, I'm liable to get gangrene yet.

Nat: Now, wait a minute. I need time. I'm not ready to go.

Death: I'm sorry. I can't help you. I'd like to, but it's the moment.

Nat: How can it be the moment? I just merged with Modiste Originals.

Death: What's the difference, a couple of bucks more or less.

Nat: Sure, what do you care? You guys probably have all your expenses paid.

Death: You want to come along now?

Nat *(studying him)*: I'm sorry, but I cannot believe you're Death.

Death: Why? What'd you expect—Rock Hudson?

Nat: No, it's not that.

Death: I'm sorry if I disappointed you.

Nat: Don't get upset. I don't know, I always thought you'd be . . . uh . . . taller.

Death: I'm five seven. It's average for my weight.

Nat: You look a little like me.

Death: Who should I look like? I'm your death.

Nat: Give me some time. Another day.

Death: I can't. What do you want me to say?

Nat: One more day. Twenty-four hours.

Death: What do you need it for? The radio said rain tomorrow.

Nat: Can't we work out something?

Death: Like what?

Nat: You play chess?

Death: No, I don't.

Nat: I once saw a picture of you playing chess.

Death: Couldn't be me, because I don't play chess. Gin rummy, maybe.

Nat: You play gin rummy?

Death: Do I play gin rummy? Is Paris a city?

Nat: You're good, huh?

Death: Very good.

Nat: I'll tell you what I'll do—

Death: Don't make any deals with me.

Nat: I'll play you gin rummy. If you win, I'll go immediately. If I win, give me some more time. A little bit—one more day.

Death: Who's got time to play gin rummy?

Nat: Come on. If you're so good.

Death: Although I feel like a game . . .

Nat: Come on. Be a sport. We'll shoot for a half hour.

Death: I really shouldn't.

Nat: I got the cards right here. Don't make a production.

Death: All right, come on. We'll play a little. It'll relax me.

Nat (*getting cards, pad, and pencil*): You won't regret this.

Death: Don't give me a sales talk. Get the cards and give me a Fresca and put out something. For God's sake, a stranger drops in, you don't have potato chips or pretzels.

Nat: There's M&M's downstairs in a dish.

Death: M&M's. What if the President came? He'd get M&M's, too?

Nat: You're not the President.

Death: Deal.

(*Nat deals, turns up a five.*)

Nat: You want to play a tenth of a cent a point to make it interesting?

Death: It's not interesting enough for you?

Nat: I play better when money's at stake.

Death: Whatever you say, Newt.

Nat: Nat. Nat Ackerman. You don't know my name?

Death: Newt, Nat—I got such a headache.

Nat: You want that five?

Death: No.

Nat: So pick.

Death (*surveying his hand as he picks*): Jesus, I got nothing here.

Nat: What's it like?

Death: What's what like?

(*Throughout the following, they pick and discard.*)

Nat: Death.

Death: What should it be like? You lay there.

Nat: Is there anything after?

Death: Aha, you're saving twos.

Nat: I'm asking. Is there anything after?

Death (*absently*): You'll see.

Nat: Oh, then I will actually see something?

Death: Well, maybe I shouldn't have put it that way. Throw.

Nat: To get an answer from you is a big deal.

Death: I'm playing cards.

Nat: All right, play, play.

Death: Meanwhile, I'm giving you one card after another.

Nat: Don't look through the discards.

Death: I'm not looking. I'm straightening them up. What was the knock card?

Nat: Four. You ready to knock already?

Death: Who said I'm ready to knock. All I asked was what was the knock card.

Nat: And all I asked was is there anything for me to look forward to.

Death: Play.

Nat: Can't you tell me anything? Where do we go?

Death: We? To tell you the truth, *you* fall in a crumpled heap on the floor.

Nat: Oh, I can't wait for that! Is it going to hurt?

Death: Be over in a second.

Nat: Terrific. (*Sighs*) I needed this. A man merges with Modiste Originals . . .

Death: How's four points?

Nat: You're knocking?

Death: Four points is good?

Nat: No, I got two.

Death: You're kidding.

Nat: No, you lose.

Death: Holy Christ, and I thought you were saving sixes.

Nat: No. Your deal. Twenty points and two boxes. Shoot. (*Death deals.*) I must fall on the floor, eh? I can't be standing over the sofa when it happens?

Death: No. Play.

Nat: Why not?

Death: Because you fall on the floor! Leave me alone. I'm trying to concentrate.

Nat: Why must it be on the floor? That's all I'm saying! Why can't the whole thing happen and I'll stand next to the sofa?

Death: I'll try my best. Now can we play?

Nat: That's all I'm saying. You remind me of Moe Lefkowitz. He's also stubborn.

Death: I remind him of Moe Lefkowitz. I'm one of the most terrifying figures you could possibly imagine, and him I remind of Moe Lefkowitz. What is he, a furrier?

Nat: You should be such a furrier. He's good for eighty thousand a year. Passementeries. He's got his own factory. Two points.

Death: What?

Nat: Two points. I'm knocking. What have you got?

Death: My hand is like a basketball score.

Nat: And it's spades.

Death: If you didn't talk so much.

(*They redeal and play on.*)

Nat: What'd you mean before when you said this was your first job?

Death: What does it sound like?

Nat: What are you telling me—that nobody ever went before?

Death: Sure they went. But I didn't take them.

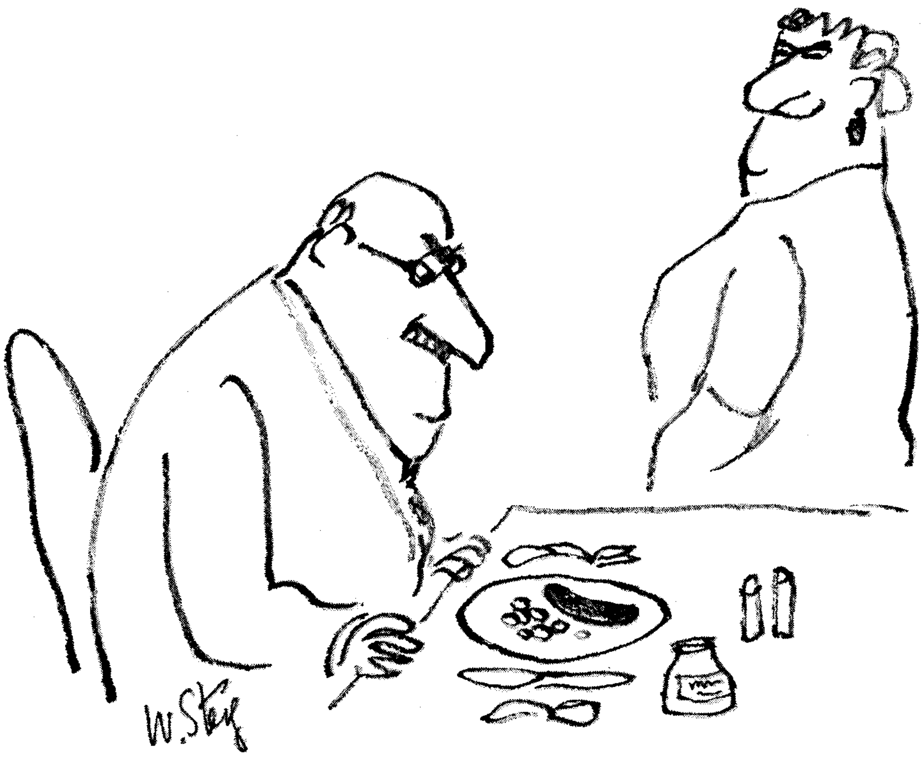
Nat: So who did?

Death: Others.

Nat: There's others?

Death: Sure. Each one has his own personal way of going.

Nat: I never knew that.



Death: Why should you know? Who are you?

Nat: What do you mean who am I? Why—I'm nothing?

Death: Not nothing. You're a dress manufacturer. Where do you come to knowledge of the eternal mysteries?

Nat: What are you talking about? I make a beautiful dollar. I sent two kids through college. One is in advertising, the other's married. I got my own home. I drive a Chrysler. My wife has whatever she wants. Maids, mink coat, vacations. Right now she's at the Eden Roc. Fifty dollars a day because she wants to be near her sister. I'm supposed to join her next week, so what do you think I am—some guy off the street?

Death: All right. Don't be so touchy.

Nat: Who's touchy?

Death: How would you like it if I got insulted quickly?

Nat: Did I insult you?

Death: You didn't say you were disappointed in me?

Nat: What do you expect? You want me to throw you a block party?

Death: I'm not talking about that. I mean me personally. I'm too short, I'm this, I'm that.

Nat: I said you looked like me. It's like a reflection.

Death: All right, deal, deal.

(*They continue to play as music steals in and the lights dim until all is in total darkness. The lights slowly come up again, and now it is later and their game is over. Nat tallies.*)

Nat: Sixty-eight . . . one-fifty . . . Well, you lose.

Death (*dejectedly looking through the deck*): I knew I shouldn't have thrown that nine. Damn it.

Nat: So I'll see you tomorrow.

Death: What do you mean you'll see me tomorrow?

Nat: I won the extra day. Leave me alone.

Death: You were serious?

Nat: We made a deal.

Death: Yeah, but—

Nat: Don't "but" me. I won twenty-four hours. Come back tomorrow.

Death: I didn't know we were actually playing for time.

Nat: That's too bad about you. You should pay attention.

Death: Where am I going to go for twenty-four hours?

Nat: What's the difference? The main thing is I won an extra day.

Death: What do you want me to do—walk the streets?

"Boy, did I tell off my boss this morning—my ex-boss, that is."

• •

Nat: Check into a hotel and go to a movie. Take a *schvitz*. Don't make a federal case.

Death: Add the score again.

Nat: Plus you owe me twenty-eight dollars.

Death: *What?*

Nat: That's right, Buster. Here it is—read it.

Death (*going through pockets*): I have a few singles—not twenty-eight dollars.

Nat: I'll take a check.

Death: From what account?

Nat: Look who I'm dealing with.

Death: Sue me. Where do I keep my checking account?

Nat: All right, gimme what you got and we'll call it square.

Death: Listen, I need that money.

Nat: Why should you need money?

Death: What are you talking about? You're going to the Beyond.

Nat: So?

Death: So—you know how far that is?

Nat: So?

Death: So where's gas? Where's tolls?

Nat: We're going by car!

Death: You'll find out. (*Agitatedly*) Look—I'll be back tomorrow, and you'll give me a chance to win the money back. Otherwise I'm in definite trouble.

Nat: Anything you want. Double or nothing we'll play. I'm liable to win an extra week or a month. The way you play, maybe years.

Death: Meantime I'm stranded.

Nat: See you tomorrow.

Death (*being edged to the doorway*): Where's a good hotel? What am I talking about hotel, I got no money. I'll go sit in Bickford's. (*He picks up the* News.)

Nat: Out. Out. That's my paper. (*He takes it back.*)

Death (*exiting*): I couldn't just take him and go. I had to get involved in rummy.

Nat (*calling after him*): And be careful going downstairs. On one of the steps the rug is loose.

(*And, on cue, we hear a terrific crash. Nat sighs, then crosses to the bedside table and makes a phone call.*)

Nat: Hello, Moe? Me. Listen, I don't know if somebody's playing a joke, or what, but Death was just here. We played a little gin. . . . No, *Death*. In person. Or somebody who claims to be Death. But, Moe, he's such a *schlep*!

Curtain

—Woody Allen

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

“THE GRADUATE”

“WE thought we had a commercial picture here, but we didn’t know *what* we had,” an Embassy Pictures official said to me. He was marvelling at the success of “The Graduate.” Joseph E. Levine, who is the president of Embassy Pictures, and who was in a large financial hole before “The Graduate” started paying off, marvelled, too, in a press release of this spring: “It’s absolutely incredible. There’s no way to describe it. It’s like an explosion, a dam bursting. The business just grows and grows and grows. Wherever we’ve played it, whatever the weather, it’s a sell-out attraction. And people have been coming back two and three times to see it again. I haven’t seen anything like this in all the years I’ve been in the business. . . .” So far, “The Graduate” has been shown in some nine hundred and fifty theatres, in almost as many cities of the United States and Canada, and from early figures the experts can now accurately project the degree of a movie’s long-term success. “The Graduate” has broken house records in about forty per cent of its engagements. In New York, in its first week it broke the house record at each of the two theatres it played in—the Coronet and the Lincoln Art. In its sixth and seventh weeks, it broke both records again. In its first six months, it grossed more than thirty-five million dollars in the nine hundred and fifty theatres—more than two million of it in New York. Whereas most films taper off after an initial spurt, its business continues to swell, just as Mr. Levine indicated; the receipts still haven’t peaked. From its performance thus far, Levine predicts that “The Graduate” will become the highest-grossing film in motion-picture history. Howard Taubman, of the *Times*, agrees that it will outgross even “The Sound of Music.”

Of course, box-office isn’t the only measure of a motion picture’s success. Like the Beatles, “The Graduate” has met with favor from every level of brow. Critically, it hasn’t been a controversial movie—like, say, “Bonnie and Clyde.” Two or three reviewers greeted it with mild enthusiasm; the rest, even “hard-to-please” critics, were wild about it. Stanley Kauffmann wrote in the *New Republic*, “ ‘The Graduate’ gives some substance to the contention that American films are coming of age—of our age. . . . [It is] a milestone in American film history.” It was included in the Ten Best lists of *Newsweek*, the *Saturday Review*, *Cue*, the National Board of Review, and a score of newspapers, including the *Times*. It won five of the seven Golden Globe Awards (Best Comedy, Best Director, Best Actress in a Comedy, and Best Male and Female Newcomers), was nominated for seven Academy Awards, and won the Oscar for Best Director. It was the subject of an essay question, on pre-marital sex, in a final exam at an Eastern women’s college. Its theme song—“Mrs. Robinson,” by Simon and Garfunkel—reached No. 1 on pop charts. And, as *Variety* says, the word-of-mouth is fabulous. “The Graduate” seems to have, in the Embassy official’s words, “a *very* special appeal, on both sides of the generation gap.” Indeed, it seems to have become something of a cultural phenomenon—a nearly mandatory movie experience, which can be discussed in gatherings that cross the boundaries of age and class. It also seems to be one of those propitious works of art which support the theory that we are no longer necessarily two publics—the undiscerning and the demanding—for whom separate kinds of entertainment must be provided. Its sensational profits suggest that Hollywood can have both its cake and its art. Filmmakers of lofty aspirations have long protested that enormous production expenses make it impossible to finance “really good, strong stuff,” because it won’t appeal to enough people to pay for itself. “The Graduate” seems to be telling us that the public has been underrated. Due weight having been given to such factors as economic achievement, popularity at different age and social levels, and critical reception by mass and élite media, it is clearly the biggest success in the history of the movies. Whatever is authentic or meretricious in “The Graduate” must reflect what is authentic or meretricious in our sentiment about its themes, and perhaps even in America’s current conceptions of itself. To some people, this statement will sound absurdly hyperbolic (after all, why set out to go *on* so about a film comedy?), but my feeling is that we are living in a time when the uses of a Brillo box can be as telling as a State of the Union Message, and that a uniquely celebrated movie may be worth a pretty close look.

“I didn’t say God is dead. I simply said that my hubcaps were lifted while I attended church.”

I LIKE reading both about movies I’ve seen and about movies I haven’t seen, but I often find myself irritated in the first case by superfluous

"*I suppose if you don't smell smoke, you don't do nothing, do you?*"

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chunks of expository briefing sprinkled through a text and in the second case by having to pick out and piece together the rudiments of the plot from clues, usually nonsequential, that are buried here and there amid the writer's own reflections. So, although it's not necessarily an ideal scheme, I'll set down here most of what happens in "The Graduate." Since its television trailer gave away the dénouement, I can include even that with an easy conscience.

The graduate is a young man named Benjamin Braddock (Dustin Hoffman), who returns home to suburban Los Angeles from an Eastern college for the summer, loaded with credentials of glory, and at loose ends about what to do next. The evening after Benjamin's arrival, his wealthy parents throw a party for their friends, more or less in his honor. Wishing to be left alone with his confusion, Benjamin tries to hide out in his room, away from the verbal cheek-pinching. Mrs. Robinson (Anne Bancroft), the wife of his father's partner, eventually corners him, and tricks and bullies him into driving her home, escorting her inside, having a drink, and engaging in a disconcertingly intimate conversation. She inveigles him up to her absent daughter's bedroom, where she takes off her clothes and makes him a standing offer of herself. Benjamin, first miserable and then perfectly frantic through these stampeding events, is saved only by the arrival of Mr. Robinson. The two men have a nightcap together. Mr. Robinson, kindly paternal to the point of senility, urges Benjamin to take out his daughter, Elaine (Katharine Ross), who is now away at Berkeley. Some time later (after we have seen a bit more of Benjamin's aimlessness and of the amiable obtuseness of his parents and their set), Benjamin telephones Mrs. Robinson. During and after the call, many minutes of comical footage illustrate Benjamin's halfheartedness, awkwardness, sexual ingenuousness, and, of course, agony. There's a painful meeting with Mrs. R. in a hotel bar; a long sequence in which Benjamin engages a room under a false name from a clerk who he imagines suspects his designs; a furtive pay-phone call to cement arrangements with Mrs. R.; more funny business underscoring Benjamin's nervousness as he waits in the trysting room; and, at length, a remarkably unpleasant interview with Mrs. R. when she arrives, obviously intent upon getting down to business without amenities. Benjamin tries to back out at the last minute. Mrs. R. goads him on by suggesting that he is a virgin and is sexually inadequate. In a spirit of defensive anger, he comes across.

For the next few weeks, Benjamin hangs around his house by day—sunning, floating on an air mattress in the back-yard pool, avoiding his father's questions about plans—and, by night, meets Mrs. R. at the hotel, where they conduct a tense, conversationless affair. Mr. Robinson has meanwhile enlisted Mr. Braddock in his campaign to get Benjamin together with his daughter. Benjamin jokingly brings the subject up with Mrs. R., and she makes him swear never to see Elaine. After Elaine arrives on vacation, however, parental pressure for a friendly date increases, and at last, in order to avoid a threatened Braddock-Robinson soirée, Benjamin does ask her out. Mrs. R. is livid. Elaine appears: the classy embodiment of a college man's most extravagant fantasies. Benjamin, consummately rude, takes her to a cheap strip joint for a drink. After trying to be pleasant for both of them, Elaine rushes out in tears. Benjamin catches up to her, explains that the date was his parents' idea, and apologizes. In the next scene, they are eating at a teenagers' drive-in, relaxed and chatty. When he drives her home, much later than he had expected to, neither wants to end the evening. The only place around that is still open turns out to be the hotel that Benjamin has been using for his assignations with Mrs. R., and he becomes flustered into a hasty exit when various attendants greet him as Mr. Gladstone. Back in the car, Elaine asks him if he is having an affair with someone. He acknowledges an involvement with a married woman ("with a son") but says it is decidedly a thing of the past.

The next day, Benjamin drives up to the Robinsons' house in the rain to pick up Elaine, as they had arranged, but Mrs. R. hops into his car and orders him to drive around the block. When he demurs at her demand that he never see Elaine again, she threatens to tell all. Benjamin stops the car and races back to the Robinsons' through driving rain. He runs up the stairs and barges into Elaine's bedroom, and as he begins to tell her how that married woman he'd been having an affair with wasn't just any married woman, Mrs. Robinson, drenched and haggard-looking, appears in the doorway behind him. Elaine gets the picture and shrieks at him to get out.

Benjamin keeps an eye on her from a distance until she goes back to school, then stews around home for a couple of weeks longer. One day, he announces to his parents that he has decided to marry Elaine, and drives up to Berkeley, where he takes a furnished room and continues to shadow her. After days of espionage, he accosts her on a bus, pretending, with no particular conviction, that he has run into her by accident. Elaine, who is on her way to meet a date at the zoo, converses with him icily. Benjamin doggedly tags along until her date, a blond medical student named Carl Smith, gives him the old brushoff. Shortly thereafter, Elaine shows up unannounced in Benjamin's room, demanding to know what he is doing in Berkeley after raping her mother. Benjamin tries inarticulately to straighten her out; she screams him down. Late that night, she appears again, and asks for a kiss. Benjamin proposes marriage. After several days of indecision, she tentatively agrees. Then Mr. Robinson, having learned of his family's plight, shows up at Benjamin's room, promises to put him behind bars if he ever comes near his wife or his daughter again, and leaves hollering that Benjamin is filth, scum, a degenerate. Too much shouting. The landlord, who took Benjamin for an agitator from the start, orders him out. Elaine has disappeared from her dormitory.

Benjamin drives back to Los Angeles and goes straight to the Robinsons' house, entering unannounced. Mrs. R. informs him, with glacial cordiality, that Elaine is getting married to Carl Smith, and calls the police to have him arrested as a robber. Benjamin takes off, and embarks upon a three-day mad dash to intercept Elaine at the altar—posing first, in a fraternity-house dining hall and locker room, as a friend of Carl's, and then, over a pay phone in Santa Barbara, as Carl's minister uncle. On his way to the church, he runs out of gas. He races the remaining distance on foot, and reaches a glass-enclosed balcony of the church just as the young Smiths are completing their vows. At the moment when the couple kiss, Benjamin begins banging on the glass and crying Elaine's name. She sees him and, for a protracted moment, walks blankly up the aisle toward him. Then she cries out to him, and everyone springs into action. Benjamin gallops down the stairs, Mr. Robinson runs to the rear of the church to head him off, Elaine fights her way through the crowd, everybody starts screaming. In the melee that ensues, Benjamin elbows Mr. R. in the ribs, knocks him down, and then grabs a cross from the wall and swings it like a mace to ward off the attacking horde. Mrs. R. slaps Elaine across the face, screaming "It's too late!" Elaine shouts "Not for me!" and runs out with Benjamin. He bars the door with the cross, locking the entire wedding party inside. The two of them—Benjamin grubby from his three-day chase, Elaine immaculate in her bridal gown—run, grinning wildly, across the broad church lawn and hail a passing bus. The last shots show them sitting exhausted and expressionless in the rear seat, oblivious of the stares of their fellow-passengers.

WHAT LASTS

The fly that got into my briefcase,
The one I heard buzzing among my papers for days,
Is why I can't sleep.
Also it's because you haunt me,
And that's why I look tired.

With my eyes wide open, I don't see the world;
It's hard to see, because I'm under this waterfall
Sitting on stone with my teeth chattering.
I wonder if it's you
I see out there.

In my little box from India
There is dust from India. I think
Of the apple that wouldn't rot
(It sat on my table for months),
Of the poet's beautiful stanza that evaporates at dawn.

What do you have on your agenda?
I am almost inconceivably tiny myself
In cumulus clouds, looking for Venus in vain
In the cloudy sky. Sometimes there really isn't enough food
For thought, as when, for instance, atoms link arms

And sing, one light-hour before the sun.
Water enters the picture as clouds, obscuring the stars.
But don't they disperse, doesn't it become a clear night,
As in my little box from India?
You told me you were tired of taking sides

On every question, that you sought truth, not
Quarrels. But *I* am tired of personal goodness,
And I think you are doing this great wrong
To shock us. You are making a mistake; therefore,
I hope you can employ these lines

In some useful way.

—ROBERT DAVID COHEN

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THE tensions of the first third of the movie—ending with Benjamin's phone call to Mrs. Robinson—arise from the question: What is Benjamin going to do with himself? Mike Nichols, the director, handles its exposition boldly, and we are given every reason to expect that what the movie will try to do is answer it. In more general terms, the first part of the film seems to be asking what it means to be a promising young man in America today. What does it add up to now, in this country, to be twenty-one, with a high-quality education behind you and a brilliant future ahead of you? Naturally gifted, with a family of wealth and position to back him up, an impressive degree, a fellowship award, the ability to excel in almost any career he might choose, Benjamin exists, as

"Congratulations, Larry! It's unquestionably the biggest cocktail party ever held on Martha's Vineyard."

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the film opens, in that condition of voluptuous potentiality which is supposed to define young men. The condition fills him with anguish and confusion. And this is fine material for a story, because what was once a predicament confined to the sons of a tiny élite has become a mass predicament in middle-class America. The shared assumptions about what one will do with oneself no longer hold together. Not only is Benjamin interesting to us because of the predicament he is in; he could not be interesting, and perhaps not even recognizable as a youth, if he weren't in it. We could no longer be taken with a young man who stood smiling confidently upon the threshold of his future as a doctor or a businessman. Benjamin's parents and their friends struggled, we can assume, to achieve what hard times had denied *their* parents. For Benjamin to make their youthful hopes his own would be preposterous. A son can pursue ambitions that his parents cherished and failed to fulfill but not ambitions that they fulfilled and then found wanting. From Benjamin's vantage point, his parents and their friends exist in a world of murmuring emptiness. Upon his arrival home, he finds himself surrounded by fawning adults who have, in a way that escapes them, made a mess of their lives. He sees himself on the threshold only of making a mess of his own life. In the first segment of the film, Nichols himself occupies this limited vantage point so thoroughly as to make Benjamin's perceptions his own, and the audience's. He has managed to translate Benjamin's vision of adult grotesquerie into such striking cinematic terms that even the most conventional moviegoers are hard pressed to see through Benjamin's problem along such lines as "Spoiled brat, what's he bellyaching about? My kid should have it so good!" Nichols' conception, early in the film, is uncompromisingly anti-adult—perhaps the most anti-adult ever to come out of Hollywood. In the party scene, he uses huge, smothering closeups to impose Benjamin's claustrophobia on the audience when his parents seek to show him off as part of their panoply of success. Even though Benjamin is in a position to accomplish no more, really, than they have accomplished, the guests claw at him hungrily. A tippler promises Benjamin the single word that will unlock the riddle of his future, draws him out onto the patio, and whispers portentously, "Plastics." Benjamin seems momentarily stunned. Even, or precisely, through our laughter, something inside us cries out, with him, "No, that cannot be the word! That must be the *opposite* of the word!" But Benjamin can't escape the clutches of the people who seem to live by it—except by standing at the dark bottom of his parents' pool, breathing from a scuba tank.

A quick survey of parents who have seen "The Graduate" has turned up only a few who fancied Benjamin the villain of the piece. (For these, his mother and father were "bad" only insofar as they'd "spoiled" him.) Most, if they didn't exactly identify themselves with Benjamin, were at least on his *side*, in an avuncular way. They managed to feel this sympathy by seeing Benjamin's parents as terribly extreme. Parents who are in life as in-

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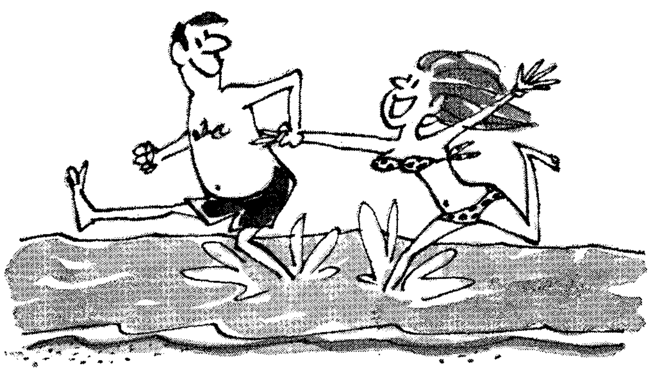

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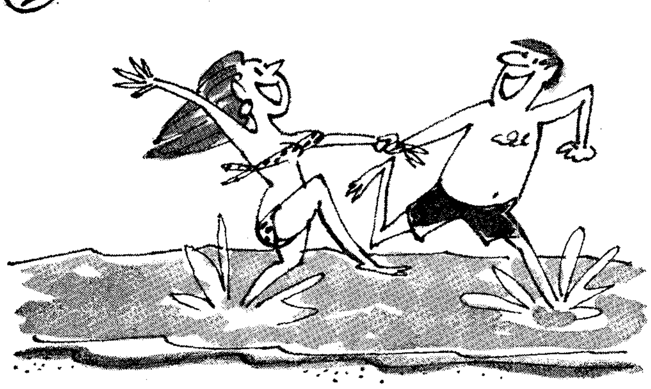

tellectually vulgar as the Braddocks urged their children to go to the movie and see how lucky they were. ("We aren't *that* bad, are we, Andy?") Actually, Mr. Braddock is a more reasonable figure than the usual suburban stereotype, that Hollywood blending of Jewish and WASP garishness—say, the father from Darien in "Auntie Mame," who could be ridiculed because of his bigotry. There is some boldness to the disparagement of Braddock's fatherhood. Braddock stands for nothing readily impugnable; he simply fails to stand for anything worthy of respect. The film condemns him because he is not a fit model, and because his ambitions for his son are misguided. Indeed, *no one* gives Benjamin any sense of direction, much less inspiration. Had there been a single great teacher—or, for that matter, a great hanger-on—back at his nameless Eastern college, he would not be quite so mopily lost. His adulthood looks bleak largely because his environment offers no decent ideal of adulthood—not even a clue to what that ideal might be.

The question posed in the middle third of the film, which ends when Benjamin realizes he's in love with Elaine, is: How is he going to get out of his affair with Mrs. Robinson? We know that an entanglement with a married woman—especially one so awful—can come to no good end, and that the movie, in order to resolve itself, is going to have to get Benjamin out of it and into something else. More important, we understand that the whole Robinson episode is but a distraction from the problem of Benjamin's future—worse than a distraction, though, for it helps make up the very syndrome Benjamin wants no part of. Mechanical sex—a bitchy adultery—is as indispensable to the vacuous suburban scene as a few tall, cool ones hoisted over the hibachi. Mrs. Robinson might be his emblem for the plastic world. Benjamin knows he can devote no attention to mapping out his life as long as he has her to deal with. We feel that "The Graduate" will have to return to its initial theme, which the affair has futilely tried to evade.

The question we expect the final third to answer is something like: Will Benjamin find his way back to his initial dilemma, come to terms with it at last, and resolve it? Or, at least, we would expect such a question if we could halt the progress of the film until we were ready to proceed, the way we lay a book down on our lap to mull over what has happened and anticipate what is to come. Luckily for "The Graduate," film affords no opportunity for immediate reflection, except at the risk of missing out on the ongoing action. For this reason, we must replay movies (or their most interesting parts, anyway) in our minds, and judge them largely in retrospect. We do watch movies in our minds rather as we read books: slow the pace at will to get into a particular scene, or even stop the action to get into a single frame; pause to take stock of what the author is doing to us; turn backward to reëxamine something that we didn't realize would become important. (Marshall McLuhan might dismiss all this as clinging to linear-text methodologies, but I think most people go over movies this way. A number of film critics, one gathers, try to perform the same mental operations while they are actually watching a film. Not only can they not do it; they keep missing more. They go back mentally to retrieve something, only to discover that they hadn't fully caught it the first time around.) Many films mellow in leisurely recollection; perhaps a fine film must. But "The Graduate," although it is terrific fun to watch, begins to fall apart under reflection. The final third, in which the best scenes occur, is able to preoccupy us only as long as light is still flickering on the screen. Just when we have greeted Elaine as the catalytic agent to extricate Benjamin from his distracting entanglement with her mother, just when we have braced ourselves for a renewed confrontation with his future, the film, hurtling relentlessly onward, places terrible obstacles between Benjamin and Elaine. Soon it loses sight of its initial problem entirely. The winning of Elaine, which we might properly have regarded as a preliminary step on Benjamin's road to deliverance, supplants the very question of deliverance. As we watch him driving up to Berkeley from Los Angeles, his Alfa Romeo gliding swiftly across the Bay Bridge, he is changing inside. Suddenly, we see him behaving like a man of absolute purpose—a man who knows what he wants and fights for it. Suddenly, he is overflowing with energy and sense of direction. After moping aimlessly through two-thirds of the picture, he is transformed, through his pursuit of Elaine, into the conventional man, resolved upon his chase. On these terms, his success is assured. Once you really know what you're after, in the movies, it's mostly a question of going out and getting it.

Despite its bizarre antecedents, the last few hundred feet of the film have a *healthy* American quality: Benjamin and his girl racing across a green lawn, he in his chinos and stained windbreaker, weary with work well done, and she in her lovely white wedding dress, looking so pure. And she *is* pure, as far as we know—the first pure flesh amid the plastic. However unnatural what led up to it may have been, they will have a proper wedding night! The clambering onto the bus filled with good common folk. Off on their honeymoon! "What crazy things happen in—well, America!" Somehow, the elation of the scene is almost untainted by any residue of Benjamin's confusion, or by the "bad" implications of the relationship. The unseen bourgeois, look-

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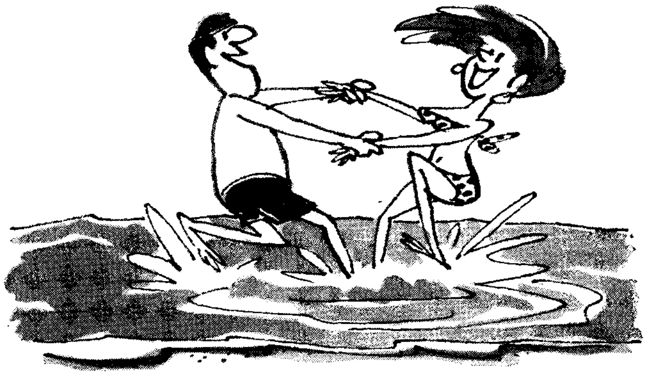

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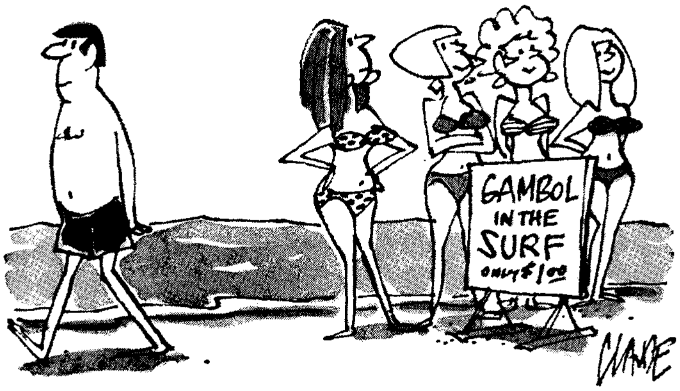


ing very much like the man who spoke the single word "Plastics," puts his arm fraternally around our shoulder: "See—the kid just needed a sweet little woman to straighten him out." And we, perhaps clinging to a last-ditch reservation, ask, "But what about his marrying the daughter on the basis of *nothing*, after he'd been sleeping with the mother, the wife of his father's partner, who looks so much like his own mother?" And the voice replies, "Are you talking about these two lovely American kids? Sitting in the bus there? Are you going to try and make something nasty out of that?" "For once," wrote Stanley Kauffmann, "a happy ending makes *us* feel happy."

"THE GRADUATE" engages its audience almost exclusively at the level of events until the grandly satisfying conclusion, when its problems (Benjamin's problems) seem to arrive at a happy solution. The pace of the film is swift and smooth, but its emotional progress—its movement toward resolution—is deeply illogical. The ending does answer the question: How will Benjamin get to marry Elaine, whom he loves? But this union—indeed, the entire boy-meets-loses-gets-girl theme—shapes into a line of resolution only after "The Graduate" is two-thirds over. At one level, the film proceeds awkwardly, deceptively, through a series of less and less interesting problems, sidestepping difficulties of its own authorship, until it can solve only the least interesting of them. All that remains when the bus drives Benjamin and Elaine off into a presumably roseate adulthood is the bare convention of young love triumphant. The trials that Benjamin seemed to forget once he had fixed upon getting the girl, we, too, are encouraged to forget.

Benjamin's acquisition of Elaine is not an apt resolution of Charles Webb's novel "The Graduate," either—the book from which the movie was adapted—but then Webb doesn't try to pass it off as one. The book is peculiarly spare for a long piece of fiction, reading more like a scenario treatment than a novel. In the manner of a scenario, Webb's book tries to float its meanings on the surface of events—on easily visible changes in attitude and setting, and on what characters say rather than on what they think and feel.

In the book, Benjamin's sudden infatuation with Elaine seems purposely unmotivated. Nothing about her presents a good reason for his falling in love with her. The novel, in dialogue that is omitted from the film, makes this abundantly clear at a number of points. For example:

> He nodded. "So," he said, taking her hand. "We're getting married then."
>
> "But Benjamin?" she said.
>
> "What."
>
> "I can't see why I'm so attractive to you."
>
> "You just are."
>
> "But why."
>
> "You just are, I said. You're reasonably intelligent. You're striking looking."
>
> "Striking?"
>
> "Sure."
>
> "My ears are too prominent to be striking looking."
>
> Benjamin frowned at her ears. "They're all right," he said.

What was, then, an artful point in the novel is wholly lost in the movie: the fact that Benjamin's precipitate and (one wants to say "therefore") consuming love for Elaine makes very little sense. We find ourselves sucked in by a cinematic convention: That's how people fall in love in the movies; it doesn't *have* to make sense. Katharine Ross's scrumptiousness becomes a more than sufficient cause. Yet because the romance has now grown crucial to the scheme of Benjamin's life, because we are encouraged to imagine Elaine as the light at the end of his darkness, the film seems suddenly top-heavy. The affair—the preliminary relationship—has been pictured in endless detail; now the love that promises salvation is treated skimpily.

In the film, when Elaine tells Benjamin she doesn't want him to leave Berkeley until he has "some definite plan," we appreciate only her coy desire for him to stay—a certain bubble-headed righteousness that Miss Ross makes adorable. In the book, we never overcome the anxiety created in us by Benjamin's planlessness. Elaine perpetually reminds him, and us, that she is a distraction: " 'Well, I just think you're wasting your time sitting around in this room,' she said. 'Or sitting around in a room with me if we got married.' " Webb can permit such revealing lines because although he lets his protagonist escape from the essential, he isn't trying to pretend otherwise. Nichols could not have included Elaine's keen remark; it is fundamental to his upbeat resolution of the movie that we do not stop to reconsider Elaine's relation to Benjamin's anguish about his life. Nichols cannot let us leave the theatre feeling that nothing has changed, so he gives us what he thinks we want by packing the last thirty minutes with passages of tremendous emotional power. The passages begin when Benjamin finds Mr. Robinson waiting in his room (Hoffman's terrified scream is perfect), and keep coming, all but torrentially, until the final hundred feet of film. Their tension has to do with the horror of confronting brute, implacable stupidity—*wrongheadedness*—in others. With the over-obvious exception of Benjamin, people all appear to see the world so wackily that, like Benjamin, we have no idea what would be involved in getting them to see it straight. The adults will sacrifice him, and sacrifice Elaine, too. There is no reasoning with them. They cannot "win" (Elaine will obviously get an annulment; the couple can no longer be kept apart), but they will still destroy Benjamin, pointlessly, if they can. If he doesn't escape with his girl, they'll crack his head against a pew and have him thrown in jail.

Like Benjamin's graduation party, the wedding guests are all middle-aged and elderly people. (Don't kids in California ever get to invite any of *their* friends?) Benjamin's creators have thus provided him with an absolutely sound reason for a thinly disguised orgy of parricide—or plain adulticide. If he lit into the congregation without the perfect rationale of self-defense, the scene would appear vengeful, even sadistic. But because the adults' mindless attack seems to leave him no alternative his aggression seems fitting. The scene takes on overtones of Jesus driving the moneylenders from the temple. An author must manipulate his plot skillfully to legitimize so impermissible a release. Webb swung into his most dramatic prose:

> Mr. Robinson dove in toward him and grabbed him around the waist. Benjamin twisted away, but before he could reach Elaine he felt Mr. Robinson grabbing at his neck and then grabbing at the collar of his shirt and pulling him backward and ripping the shirt down his back. He spun around and slammed his fist into Mr. Robinson's face. Mr. Robinson reeled backward and crumpled into a corner.

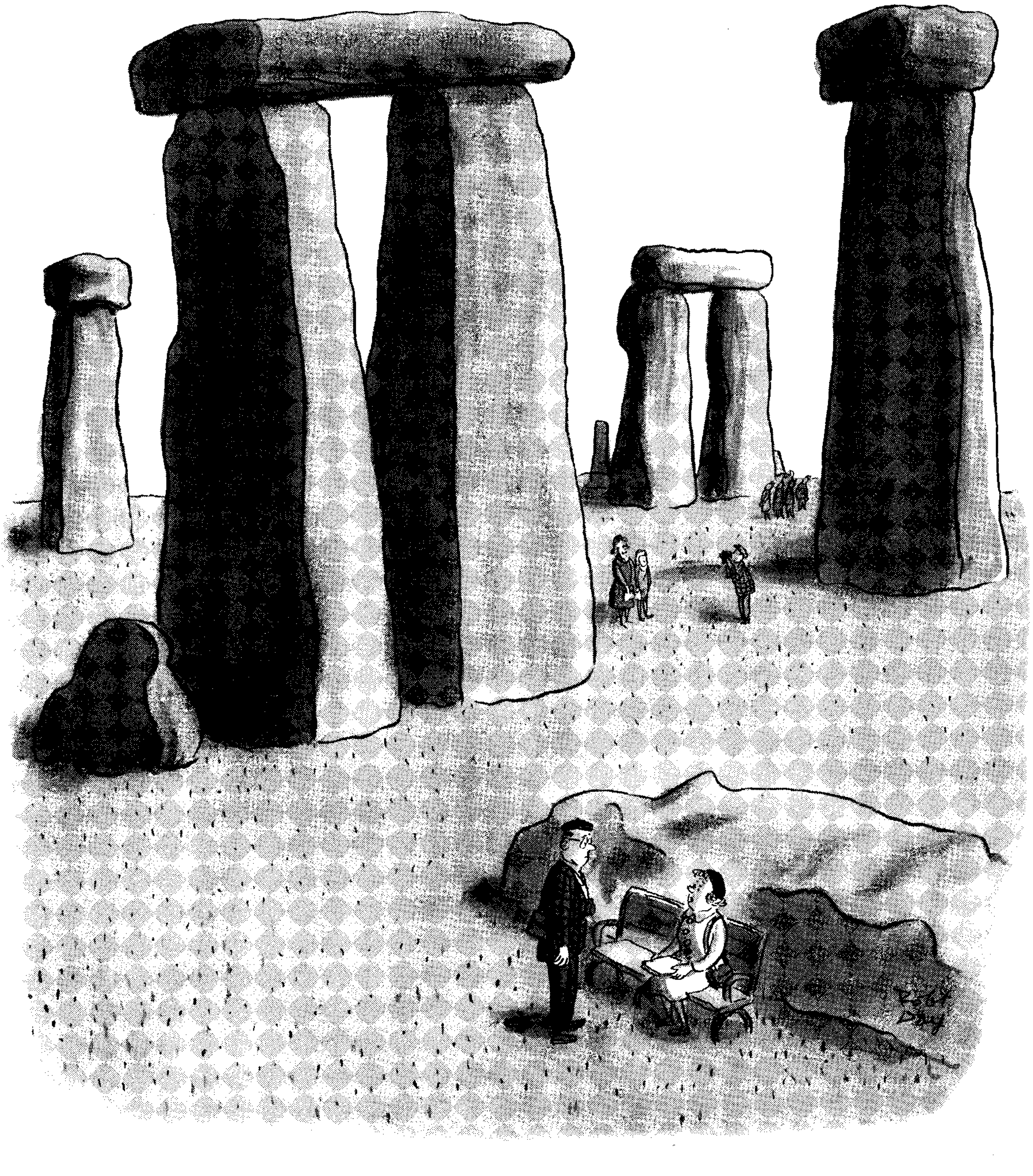
Nichols has muted the smash to the face into an elbow to the solar plexus, but Mr. Robinson still lands senseless on the floor, and the scene begins to build to an Oedipal jubilee. If Benjamin could have handled the situation in any other way, or if he had really injured Mr. Robinson (or had killed him), Nichols might have led his young audiences to feel the guilt that lies just beyond, and sometimes mingles with, triumph. But "The Graduate's" solution aims at gratifying not our understanding of its problems but our insecurities about them. Snatching away the bride at the altar—a pleasing fantasy that has turned up in movies often, at least since "It Happened One Night" and "The Philadelphia Story"—is regenerated by an inspired directorial stroke. Benjamin arrives *after*—instead of, as in the novel and in previous films, before—the ceremony is over. Benjamin's crying out to Elaine *before* the vows would mean simply "Don't marry him! Marry me!" After the sacramental kiss, his cry means "It doesn't *matter* that you married him—or that I slept with your mother! *We* know what is real!" The chase to the altar puts us in a familiar frame of mind: We forget that the vows are only a ritual; the chase assumes a conventional urgency—*maybe he will be too late!* Then Nichols craftily steps outside the convention.

The wedding finale has been compared, largely because of its disruptiveness, with the wedding scene in "Morgan!" Yet there was no chance that Morgan would "get" Vanessa Redgrave; his busting up the post-wedding party meant simply that he'd gone over the brink, fallen victim to his unbalanced fantasies. Where Morgan hurts and humiliates no one but himself, Benjamin, like an Ivy League Douglas Fairbanks, outmaneuvers and routs the hostile wedding party. Anyone who has seen "The Graduate" when a fair number of young people were in the audience can have had no doubt about what was happening. Benjamin's contemporaries aren't apprehensive about his escaping safely; they stomp and hoot and cheer when he plows into the cluster of parents. And when he starts swinging the cross like a battle-axe they go wild. Hip Negro audiences respond the same way when Sidney Poitier returns the Southern patrician's genteel slap in "In the Heat of the Night," or when Jimmy Brown gets to slug a couple of white men—enemy soldiers—in "The Dirty Dozen." Kids at "The Graduate" can let go because Benjamin kicks hell out of a whole entourage of parents—and with an unassailable motive. As far as I know, no movie has ever shown a black man beating up a white man outside a war setting (though in life it's not uncommon)—not even in a situation that favors the white man. But one can imagine a screenplay with sufficient art to justify a Negro's physically humiliating a crowd of dreadful whites. Like Benjamin, he would have to have no choice but the ordinarily forbidden.

Benjamin's battle for Elaine is so sudden and ferocious that we involve ourselves in it completely. When they finally escape their tormentors, and the tension of the chase is relaxed, our relief is consummate. To Nichols' credit, he has not permitted "The Graduate" to fade from the screen on a shot of the couple in a clinch, or even on grins of idiotic triumph. They stare blankly ahead, because at last things have stopped happening at a preoccupying clip. Now they have a chance to consider the momentous consequences of what they have done, and the difficulties that lie ahead. This final moment of thoughtfulness—Nichols has painstakingly established the use of full-screen expressionless faces to indicate thought and emotion—lessens only slightly the exuberant tone of his finale. But after the lights go on in the theatre we, for our part, have a chance to realize that Benjamin's capture of Elaine was, at the outside, a secondary aim. What, after all, is Benjamin going to do with his life? Do we infer from the vigor of his pursuit, and from the conventionality of Elaine, that they will soon be discussing a mortgage on a split-level in Tarzana? That the whole "problem" upon which the film established itself was just a sort of "post-grad blues"—a phase that Benjamin simply had to be jolted out of? Or are these clues illusory? Will Benjamin now, with Elaine in tow, return to grapple with the confusions that unsettled him before the Robinson ladies turned up? These are crucial questions, and "The Graduate" has balked at them. Indeed, Nichols recently told a group of college-newspaper editors that as the movie ends, the real problems are just beginning (we must assume that Benjamin somehow *needed* Elaine before he could face them), and that the marriage would never work out. Nichols' remarks were surprising, for none of their pertinent, even crucial extensions come across in his dénouement. The last third of the film implies either that "The Graduate" is about a boy passing through a difficult stage on his way to Normality or that Elaine represents, at best, Benjamin's cowardly desire to simplify the complex issues of his life-to-be. (At worst, he has fixed upon her as a distraction, exactly as he fixed upon her mother.) The option is hardly satisfactory, so most of the critics have steadfastly ignored the evidence of the text and insisted that Benjamin's long search for himself arrives at its payoff. The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, typically, informed us that "The Graduate" is "rooted in the affirmative premise that the young can escape the traps of a society created by their parents." And *Glamour* explained Benjamin's barely controlled hysteria at the wedding by saying, "He doesn't care what other people think because [now] he knows who he is. That's growing up."

The condition of being altogether lost may be unbearable; it is understandable that people usually take false roads out. The false roads don't lead toward being found, exactly, or toward any particular wisdom, but at least they allow one a comforting feeling of movement, an illusion of progress—at least they consume energy. For an artist to detour onto such roads is also understandable, I suppose; in any event, it happens often enough. Resisting the lure of such detours and remaining still, in stark perplexity, to watch and listen is the nerviest course, in art as in life. The artist cannot afford to let himself get away with things; if he does, he cheats his characters and, consequently, his audience. If he cannot long maintain himself in the condition of being lost, he cannot long maintain his characters in that condition, either, because he has no sure sense of where it leads, or even of what its resolution might look like. He grows adept not at solving problems but at overcoming them—transmuting them, removing them, "settling" them, directing them toward false outcomes. The higher an artist's distractability is, the less tenaciously he clings to the essential, and the easier, and emptier, his aesthetic choices become.

THOUGH we all identify European movies by naming their directors, film buffs who refer to American movies that way have seemed a little pedantic. Familiar though we are with the axiom that European *auteurs* produce unmistakably personal visions, we have seen Hollywood movies, even the movies of our most "distinctive" directors, as committee efforts. "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" was the Burton-Taylor movie or, in certain circles, the Albee movie. But "The Graduate" is, definitively, the Mike Nichols movie. In fact, it has given everybody the chance to be a movie buff; that is, to talk about the *director*. Even its actors, in interviews, have tried to turn attention away from themselves toward Nichols. The critics—including some who usually scorn *auteur* notions—tended overwhelmingly to speak of "The Graduate's" success in terms of Nichols' success. Many of them called him a genius. The New York Film Critics and the Motion Picture Academy elected "In the Heat of the Night" Best Picture, but both groups chose Nichols over Norman Jewison (and Arthur Penn) as Best Director. The Directors' Guild of America also gave Nichols its annual award. John Allen wrote in the *Christian Science Monitor*, "The director . . . has [hereby] announced his candidacy for election to the upper chamber of filmmakers now occupied by Fellini, Truffaut, Antonioni, and others of their calibre. Mr. Nichols, as a director whose sure control shapes and colors every frame of film with a distinctive, recognizable style, is almost sure of election. . . . Mr. Nichols is everywhere, blending, coloring, illuminating. He gives to 'The Graduate' that special brilliance that occurs when all the right lights are filtered through the proper prism: his touch as a director is a veritable chandelier of finely cut crystal." Will Jones wrote more or less the same thing in the Minneapolis *Tribune:* "Everybody asks why the Americans don't make movies the way Europeans do, right? Okay, buddies, here's European moviemaking done right in the heart of American movieville. Hey, there, Schlesinger, Richardson, Antonioni, Truffaut . . . can little Mikey Nichols come play with your gang? You bet." Nichols said recently, rather as if biting the hands that had fed him so generously, "Critics are like eunuchs watching a gang-bang. They must truly be ignored." The fact is that critical hungers have been working in Nichols' favor. Americans want to feel good about what is being pro-



"I'm bushed. You go and wander among them in awe."

duced here. In the early nineteenth century, when Continental literati scoffed, "Who ever read an American book?," our critics often fell into a similar aesthetic chauvinism; this or that new author was always promising to take his place beside the European masters. A century later, when American movie pioneers set the pace for the international field, the heirs of those critics were quick to claim cinema as a fully legitimate medium for art. But its rapid industrialization—the demand for "something for everyone," to insure maximum returns on huge production investments—soon dictated a cinema not of truth or beauty but of wish fulfillment: of prosperity, romance, and moral simplicity. At least since the end of the Second World War, with the flourishing of Italian neo-realism and, later, the French *nouvelle vague*, American entertainment has been forced back into the shadow of European art. Our cultural insecurity vis-à-vis the Old World is at work again. Oppressed by the confusions of the times, we look for the film genius who will do for us what Rossellini, Visconti, De Sica, Fellini, Antonioni, and Olmi have done for the Italians. It is an immense task, granted, but we cannot afford to accept less from our first mid-century genius. He must give this frazzled country some feeling for itself, for its contradictions and despairs, even as it goes through changes that make the job almost impossible.

Not altogether unlike Benjamin, Nichols has long existed on the verge, in a portentous condition of promise. He had a way of shrugging off his unbroken string of successes (five stage and two Hollywood hits out of seven tries) which made them appear playful warmups for some grand feat of art.

"I don't know what's happening to my game! See if you can tell me what I'm doing wrong."

Because his mastery over "unworthy vehicles" seemed consummate—because, in other words, he had attempted nothing in the theatre that strained at the limits of his talent—people considered him "better" than anything he had done showed him to be. Nearly every artist secretly thinks of himself in this way, but Nichols' recent public statements suggest that critical overestimations of "The Graduate" may have momentarily beguiled him into presuming that the quality we are willing to attribute to *him* can already be found in his work.

Nichols has provided his film with the texture, if not the substance, of contemporaneity. Like "Blow-Up," and more than any other recent American film, "The Graduate" has the *look* of today. The Berkeley students look like Berkeley students—not like Berkeley students of a dozen years ago, or like a middle-aged conservative's nightmare of Berkeley students, or like a pop huckster's souped-up Berkeley students. (Nichols is reported to have salted his crowd with casting-agency hippies. He evidently has an exceptional eye for extras.) Similarly, his camera has captured the exact appearance of a contingent of senior citizens, a *nouveau-riche* poolside lawn party, a Berkeley student boarding house, an Ivy League-type locker room, a suburban Los Angeles den. The care that Nichols has devoted to surface reality infuses into familiar personalities and their backgrounds a recognizability uncommon in American films (and virtually nonexistent on television). There's something thrilling in that accomplishment—something rather like the strange excitement of overhearing one's name mentioned—but his ability to capture our surroundings gives him an authority he does not merit on the subject of the feelings we experience in them.

Nichols also seems determined to weaken the impact of his settings with an almost random series of cinematic tricks. Unusual ways of photographing the details of physical reality—the simple *fact* of things—are supposed to comment upon the camera's objects, upon what is really there. Presumably, a director uses the perspectives of his camera (its lens distortions, its angle of vision, its filter coloration, its distance, the suddenness of its attention) to indicate the proper attitude toward the visual facts, more or less as a writer chooses between words to suggest his own viewpoint. The way it works out most often in movies, of course, is that a director tosses off variations in per-

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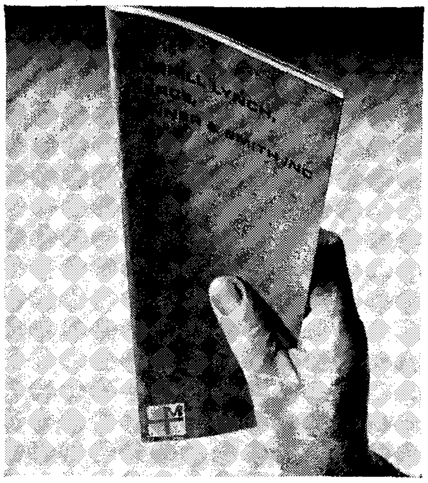

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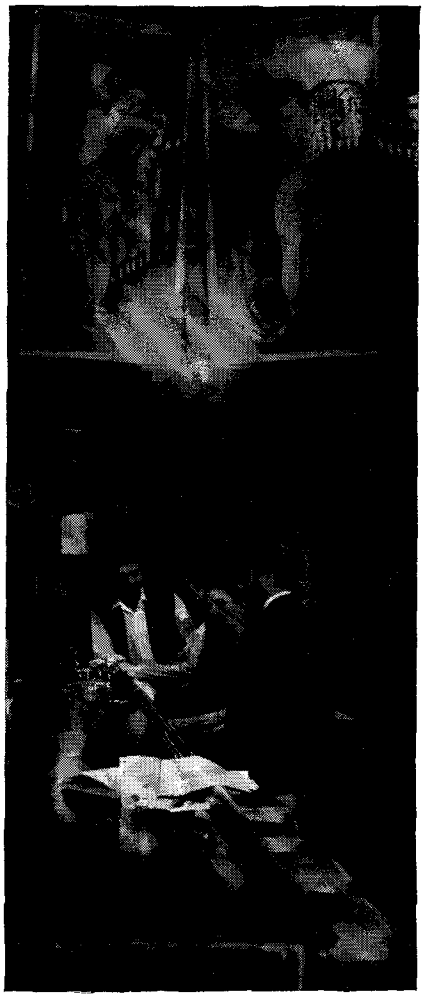

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spective in a spirit of arbitrary virtuosity, confusing us or distracting us from his text, in the manner of a poet whose rhyme and metre bear no more than an incidental relation to the sense they serve. Many critics and moviegoers imagine that intrusive alterations of perspective are the "mark" of a film director, much as readers once believed that similes and conceits were the mark of a writer. We now understand that good writing can exist quite independent of such conventions—that, in fact, a careless, eclectic use of them results in bad writing. Nichols approaches his visual arrangements like a young writer stuffing incongruous stylisms of Dickens, Joyce, Faulkner, and Hemingway—and some good schtik from Salinger, Mailer, and Bruce Jay Friedman as well—into his prose. In reading, we have a clear view of how disastrously this subverts what reality of his own a writer manages to bring to his material, but we are not so wary of the *non-integral* perspectives of the motion-picture camera.

Nichols may be somewhat proud of his artful photography, for he has apparently authorized as the film's advertising emblem a composition that he employs twice, ostentatiously, in the film: Benjamin (in the ad he is decked in ceremonial cap and gown) framed by the bare, curvaceous leg of Mrs. Robinson. Nichols goes in for this sort of camerawork throughout the movie. What's the point?

"Well, to take this particular issue, the shot of Benjamin through Mrs. R.'s leg as she fiddles with her stockings is intended to fill our field of vision, like Benjamin's, with brassy sexuality."

"Well, then, why are we looking *through* the leg *at* Benjamin, instead of at the leg as if through Benjamin's eyes?"

"Well, this way we get to see Benjamin reacting as well as what he's reacting to."

"Well, why don't they just show the leg from Benjamin's shoulder and then right away show us him reacting in a closeup, because we get distracted from him by that *leg* in the foreground anyway."

"Well, this way you get the whole idea instantaneously, in a single shot."

Clearly, the argument can continue on both sides, and over each jarring cinematic change: Is this new perspective justified at this moment by what is happening in the movie? Does it work here? Though unusual perspectives are often assumed to be self-justifying, they tend to make us aware of ourselves as an audience—to insist upon the urgency of our being entertained, or else to give us the uneasy feeling that the director is providing insights we aren't absorbing. Like a child who has been given a great many presents at once, Nichols seems to have just discovered that the camera will do all sorts of remarkable stunts at his bidding. Now he has it crouching low to peer up into a dazzling blur of sunlight. Now staring wide-eyed into the headlights of oncoming cars so that the beams bounce from the lens, creating floating discs in the night. Now jumping into a swimming pool to catch the swirly patterns of air bubbles in moving water. Now snuggling in a closet corner and ogling out past the hangers, now squinting through a fish tank, now gazing at reflections in a polished tabletop. Now it's barrelling low along a bumpy highway, now jogging on some unseen shoulder, lending a "documentary" quality by cutting off the tops of people's heads for cruel, openpore closeups. Now its lens is foreshortening, now it is wide-angle, now telescopic, now looking to one side so that the main image is way off center. Nichols' devices keep elbowing us nervously in the ribs, as if without them our attention might stray: anticipated-sound cuts, with dialogue from a new scene beginning while the image of the previous one still lingers on the screen; dizzyingly fast cutting back and forth between Benjamin and Mrs. Robinson when she first offers herself to him, turning her naked body into a blur of flesh; a painful sequence photographed through the distorting glass of a scuba mask; a pullback to a bird's-eye shot of Benjamin sitting in a deserted Berkeley plaza, which dissolves, to suggest the passage of time, into a shot of Benjamin in precisely the same posture but with the light brighter and the plaza filled with bustling students; a phantasmagoric series of cuts, beginning with the affair proper, that include shots of Benjamin being borne by his raft in the pool and by Mrs. Robinson's body in bed, Benjamin having breakfast with his parents, then watching TV at home and watching TV in the hotel room.

Nichols' cameraman, Robert Surtees, has been quoted as saying, "I needed everything I learned in the past thirty years to shoot 'The Graduate,' " as if this were automatically to be taken as testimony to Nichols' directorial brilliance. Ideally, of course, a

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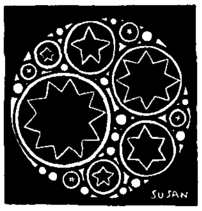
director's style should emerge organically from his over-all conception of the material. A cohesive point of view should lead to a legible plan that relates each shot to the film in its entirety—or, failing that, at least to the surrounding shots, to whole scenes. Nichols, fairly bursting with ambitious ideas, seems to have been squeamish about giving any of them up. His apparent compulsion to retain each distinct evidence of his "creativity" unhooks scenes from one another, and even produces a disjointed quality within individual scenes, as though he intended, instead of a narrative, a series of vignettes. Denied the cabaret option of discretionary blackouts, Nichols is frequently at a loss for some means of proceeding gracefully from one cut to the next. Often, he ducks out of his dilemma with facile irony. He caps a tense family scene at the breakfast table with a cheap guffaw: browned slices pop providentially from a toaster—punctuation of the sort that kept viewers chuckling over the "Dick Van Dyke Show." When Elaine goes off with Carl at the San Francisco Zoo, Benjamin is left alone in front of the monkey cage. Nichols lingers on the inevitable mugging chimps, granting us also a glimpse of the over-appropriate sign "Do Not Tease."

How are we to account for these lapses? Once a writer has embarked upon the act of composition, he must put all the fine prose he has read out of his mind, and I suspect that a film-maker, at some juncture—if not while shooting, then in the cutting room—must do the same with all the movie footage he has viewed admiringly. Nichols seems to assume naïvely that shots that looked good in someone else's movie will look good in his own. The framing thing, for example, used to be a fad in still photography—we recall the Armistice Day parade viewed through an amputee's crutch and remaining leg, or the tennis player framed in the netting of his opponent's racket—but since it failed to tell as much as it promised, its interest soon waned. So it goes with Nichols' devices. They send us scurrying in search of absent meanings. To complicate matters, we recognize certain types of shots from other films, and tend to associate them with certain directors—to consider them, in fact, the substance of a particular director's style. And a number of Nichols' imitative shots are so strikingly reminiscent of their originals that they compound our distraction by calling us back into a previous film experience. The huge, beauty-parlored faces frozen in artificial hilarities which so impinge upon Benjamin's fragile homecoming sensibilities dance before the camera just like party faces from "8½" or "Juliet of the Spirits." Fellini's camera catches more of the truth about those who impose their presences upon the distraught Mastroianni: they are terrible harpies, but, even so, something is to be learned, not merely endured, from observing them. The startling zoom-back shot of Mrs. Robinson leaning rain-drenched against a blank wall—an image so drained of color as to appear virtually black-and-white—evokes a shot from Antonioni's "La Notte." Its main effect here, however, is unintended. It strikes us with the depths of Anne Bancroft's sudden ugliness, and the image is affecting not because of what has befallen an unsavory character but because the spectacle of an unsparingly photographed woman star has an overwhelming poignance. In the face of Miss Bancroft's professional courage, we are ashamed to have doubted the honesty of the enterprise for which she abases herself. Again the mind has been drawn in an undesirable direction. Astonishingly, Nichols seems to miss the point at times. Much of the business involved in Benjamin's wait for Mrs. Robinson in the hotel room recalls a similar scene in Truffaut's "The Soft Skin." Here the effect of Benjamin's flicking the trysting-room lights on and off is largely dissipated because the camera is so close in on him; we get little sense of Benjamin in the whole room as it flips between light and darkness.



When critics speak at all of this sort of directorial borrowing, they tend to talk, with absurd politeness, about "influence." Thus, in his review of "The Graduate" Stanley Kauffmann writes, "In 'Virginia Woolf' I thought I saw some influence of Kurosawa; I think so again here," or speaks of a "Godardian irony through objects." (Irony is irony; Kauffmann means to draw our attention to specific methods that Godard has fathered—lingering on props to comment upon the action, or juxtaposing shots of characters with shots of things that supposedly illuminate character.) Again, in noticing the "aged, uncomprehending passengers" who turn to stare at Benjamin and Elaine on the bus, he writes, "One last reminder!—of Lester's old-folks chorus in 'The Knack.' " This critical approach implies that a director some-

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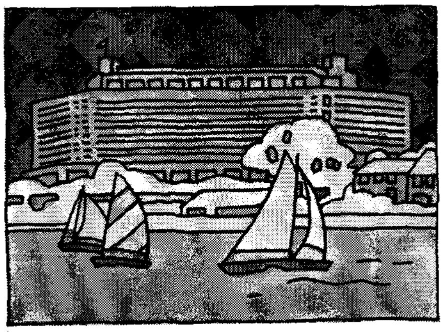

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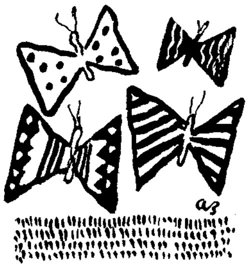
how absorbs the craft of his mentors, which gives his work additional resonance. But a conscious artist is rarely influenced in any such abstruse way. Nearly every great director, writer, composer, or painter plagiarizes his forebears' craft—especially early in his career, before he has fully worked out his own thing. He learns, as Archibald MacLeish has put it, "the way a boy learns from an apple orchard—by stealing what he has a taste for and can carry off." To speak of this imitation as "influence" falsely implies unawareness. Obviously, Nichols isn't trying to sneak anything past us; he has sufficient ingenuity to disguise his borrowings better, if he cared to.

NICHOLS (and Webb before him) clearly aimed at that comedy which arises naturally out of a scrupulous observation of life—that vision of human frustration and inadequacy which is devastatingly true yet devoutly compassionate. This is probably the highest form of comedy and, at its most successful, the funniest. It is the comedy of Chekhov, of some Mark Twain stories and some of Chaplin's movies, of Lenny Bruce, of Salinger—the wise laughter rising above apparent tragedy. Now, there can also be a certain condemnation in such laughter, but never so much as to overwhelm charity with contempt. The song that Simon and Garfunkel do on the sound track after Benjamin flees from Mrs. Robinson's cops suggests its temper: "And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson, Jesus loves you more than you will know." Great comedy is naturally subversive, by virtue of its accuracy, but it is never venomous. It may give exquisite pleasure over long periods without making us laugh out loud. Then, when the sidesplitters do come, they have a quality almost of spiritual purgation. Nichols would have liked, one imagines, to make "The Graduate" this sort of comedy, but he was trained in a theatre—cabaret and Broadway—where comedy's success is meter-measured: How many in the audience laugh? How often and how loud? Nichols seems to care about getting the laughs, even easy ones; he doesn't particularly care who it is he's laughing at, and he apparently believes that a laugh is as good a way out of an artistic problem as any other.



An odd change occurs in Nichols' point of view at the beginning of the middle section of the film (when Benjamin telephones Mrs. Robinson) and persists until the end of that section (when Benjamin realizes he loves Elaine): Benjamin himself becomes the butt of the jokes. In the first part of the film, adults seemed laughable, or pitiable, yet basically well intentioned. Here they seem wicked (Mrs. Robinson) or dangerously insensitive (Benjamin's parents). Having become sinister, the grownups no longer seem fit objects for comedy. Nonetheless, this middle section of "The Graduate" is the most comically intended of the three, and, to judge by the reactions of the audience, it is the most comically successful. Benjamin turns into a victim here—not only a victim of Mrs. Robinson's wiles but a victim of his own ineptitude. It is the second victim, in particular, that we are meant to laugh at. Nichols has filled the section with the sort of broad funny business he polished in staging Neil Simon's comedies on Broadway. Benjamin should be uncomfortable with Mrs. Robinson partly because of his naïveté but more because he understands that she can have no real place in the scheme of his life. Nichols, however, exaggerates the naïveté until it becomes farcical. About fifteen minutes of running time elapses, for example, between the time Benjamin telephones Mrs. Robinson and the time they hit the hotel bed together—fifteen minutes of sight and sound gags on the theme of nervousness. Benjamin fumbles through the arrangements for their rendezvous—nodding maniacally, scratching, wheezing from deep in his throat, like a frightened animal—as though he expected a vice squad to descend on him at any instant. In some business with the room clerk that centers on his having no luggage, Benjamin loses his cool completely. The single, frenetic joke—the ninny doesn't know what he's doing—continues after Mrs. Robinson gets up to the bedroom: Benjamin kisses her just after she has inhaled smoke from a cigarette, so she must hold the smoke in until the kiss is over; Benjamin tries to bring her a wooden hanger for her dress, but it's attached to the closet rod; and so forth. We quickly exhaust our ways of receiving the joke, and our laughter becomes similarly frenetic.

Critics have remarked that the excruciating exchanges between Benjamin and Mrs. Robinson are reminiscent of some of the bits that Nichols used to do with Elaine May. Their work together often portrayed men and women coming on with each other, and Nichols and May were particularly sharp at skewering common dishonesties, egotistical little games, and ulterior desperation. Yet the one scene in "The Graduate" in which Benjamin lets his hair down to Elaine ("I feel like I'm playing this game somebody else made up the rules to . . .") is closer to a Nichols and May routine than any conversation with Mrs. Robinson—though heaven forbid we should laugh at it. Their comedy almost never took sides—one of them didn't become the other's butt. Nichols' character was just as derisible as May's, and neither used gag lines to make us laugh; instead, each tried to express himself with the utmost seriousness and wound up—partly to our embarrassment, because each said things that any of us might hear ourselves saying—fatuous. In "The Graduate," Nichols treats as revelation the kind of material he would once have used for his comedy, and makes comedy out of the kind of material that would once have been beneath him. When Benjamin first arrives at the hotel, he does a double take when the clerk asks him, "Are you here for an affair?" Soon we are asked to laugh at every hint of his anguish. Mrs. Robinson becomes more than a domineering female. The traditional sexual roles are reversed: she clearly wants nothing more than a good time in bed, and Benjamin, like a Vassar girl, keeps working the conversation around to his misgivings about not having a "meaningful relationship." Her frank, predatory sexuality begins to look like derision of Benjamin. His compliance begins to suggest that he must despise himself. Had Nichols made a more substantial case against Benjamin's surroundings—had that issue survived the first third of the film—his self-degradation would have made sense, at least dramatically: he might have felt so sullied by his inability to break connections with society that he could not foresee ever feeling pride in himself.

After the surprising credibility of the first third, the tight structure of plot and character begin falling to pieces. We are assaulted by a series of unbelievable details. Presumably vital questions of plot become irrelevant, because of incredible elements within the plot. Is Benjamin a virgin or isn't he? After the first hotel-room scene with Mrs. Robinson, we could equally well decide either way. Since Benjamin's entire motivation in the scene hinges upon the "true" answer, we may assume that

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Nichols at least whispered it in Dustin Hoffman's ear, and, without very much extra effort, could have tipped off the audience. If Benjamin *is* a virgin, we may chalk up most of his terrible distress to first-time jitters. (Many of the critics made exactly this assumption, and consequently took Benjamin's sexual initiation, or "coming of age," to be the major theme of the film.) If he is not, we must look for more interesting and disturbing causes. Having read the book, as John Lennon says, I can report that although the Benjamin of the *film* usually acts as though he'd never even seen *Playboy*, the Benjamin of the novel is not a virgin. Ten pages are devoted to his departure for and return from three weeks on the road, undertaken, after graduation, to relieve his metaphysical distress, and he informs his father afterward, "There were a few whores included in the tour." Nor is there any indication that they were Benjamin's first. Just as Nichols has declined to let us know about Benjamin's previous sexual experience, he has left out the trip altogether, even though many of its incidents might have had tremendous cinematic potential. Benjamin tells his father of fighting a forest fire in Shasta country, of hitching rides from common folk, of sex in "a cow pasture, Dad," going on to say of this, "It was about three in the morning and there was ice in the grass and cows walking around us." And he asks, rhetorically, "Have you ever had a queer Indian approach you while you're trying to keep your clothes from burning up?" The stuff a Dylan song is made of! Yet Nichols omits the whole diminished *Bildungsroman*, possibly because it so forcefully underscores the proper problem of "The Graduate;" it shows beyond doubt that Benjamin is desperately in earnest about trying to determine what sort of life he wants to construct for himself. By concealing Benjamin's sexual experience from us, Nichols is able to get mileage out of the boy's naïveté and ineptitude. We could not laugh in quite the same way if we knew that Benjamin had just returned from sleeping with prostitutes on the road; we would have to treat him more seriously. We would have to interpret his reluctance to embark upon an affair with Mrs. Robinson as more sensible and telling.

The virginity question is just one example of what happens as "The Graduate" veers from its early course. As soon as Nichols starts fudging on his material, he gets caught up in a web of implausibilities. First, we have the B.M.O.C. Benjamin—evidently head of the debating club, campus editor, captain of the cross-country team, social chairman of his house—transformed into a somnambulistic, clowny schlepp, and, again, into an aggressive tiger. It's natural for a guy to manifest different aspects of his personality with different girls, but the "cool" Benjamin, in shades, who knows his way around tough Sunset Strip burlesque joints simply cannot be the shook-up fellow with the big-eyed stare who assures Mrs. Robinson as he prepares to grant her fondest wish, "I want you to know how much I appreciate this." Next, Mrs. Robinson—a handsome, worldly, unhappily married woman—is transformed first into a businesslike mistress and then into a hellhound. Nichols seems on the verge of making her human in the fight after Benjamin pleads, of their affair, "Couldn't we liven this up with a little conversation?" For a moment, he allows us to realize that the young man has the position of strength in a liaison of this kind, and that the older woman—worn out, fearful about wrinkles and flab and her waning capacity for arousing desire or affection—is the one who is truly vulnerable. Just as we begin to feel some sympathy for this wretched woman, Nichols snaps the witch mask back on her. The remarkable thing is that there is not the slightest necessity for either of these sequences of transformation. Nothing essential to the story requires that Benjamin ever be less than bright and competent. Nor does anything demand Mrs. Robinson's consummate villainy; the wooing of a girl after an affair with her mother would by itself present a hero with plenty of obstacles—especially once the father-husband found out. So Nichols has introduced these two distortions of personality as though to help captivate us away from our initial focus, and from them spring a litter of false bits. Benjamin would not continue to call Mrs. Robinson by her surname after they have been sleeping together for weeks. He would not make such an idiot of himself over retrieving his toothbrush from his car. He would not drive his car literally off the road at

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Elaine's casual mention of the hotel where he and Mrs. Robinson have been trysting. Mrs. Robinson would not be so insanely touchy on the subject of her daughter. She would not perpetually address Benjamin in that excessively clear tone one reserves for small children. She would not lean over indifferently to rub out a smudge on her slip when Benjamin puts a hand on her brassiered breast—her hungers could not be so cold. She would not be so ready to tell Elaine of the affair, nor would Benjamin—they would not race each other home to break the news. She would not then invent a preposterous story about Benjamin's getting her drunk and raping her—stab him in the back and then try to hang him on a concealed-weapons rap—and if she did, neither her daughter nor her husband would believe her, because they could not live twenty years with such a woman and know nothing of her treachery. Indeed, Mrs. Robinson becomes so impossible that her machinations have to take place offscreen for almost the last hour of the movie, except for a two-minute confrontation with Benjamin when he appears searching for Elaine, and a one-line appearance in the wedding finale. With Mrs. Robinson out of the way, Elaine must share the burden of uncertain characterization. She falls for the rape story completely and dismisses Benjamin for good, then immediately believes his denial and falls in love with him. We might make allowances for that much, but suddenly she becomes *inexplicably* flighty; her feelings seem to be serving some unfathomable higher demands—the director's, we cannot help suspecting. Precisely when the course of the film hinges upon her response to Benjamin, she grows so wildly fickle that even the conventions of "femininity" will not excuse her. For no apparent reason, she shatters our picture of the obstacles arising from a misguided adult world.

MUCH of the excitement surrounding "The Graduate" has stemmed from the proposition that, in *Glamour's* words, it "gets to the very heart of what youth is about," and is also a superbly "adult" movie. (Very few children's movies come out of Hollywood anymore, but producers still reserve the term "adult" for films they regard as uncommonly truthful.) Critics who previously had only scorn for film renderings of Youth hail "The Graduate" as the first American motion picture to deal authentically with today's much discussed generation gap. Yet in representing the gap between

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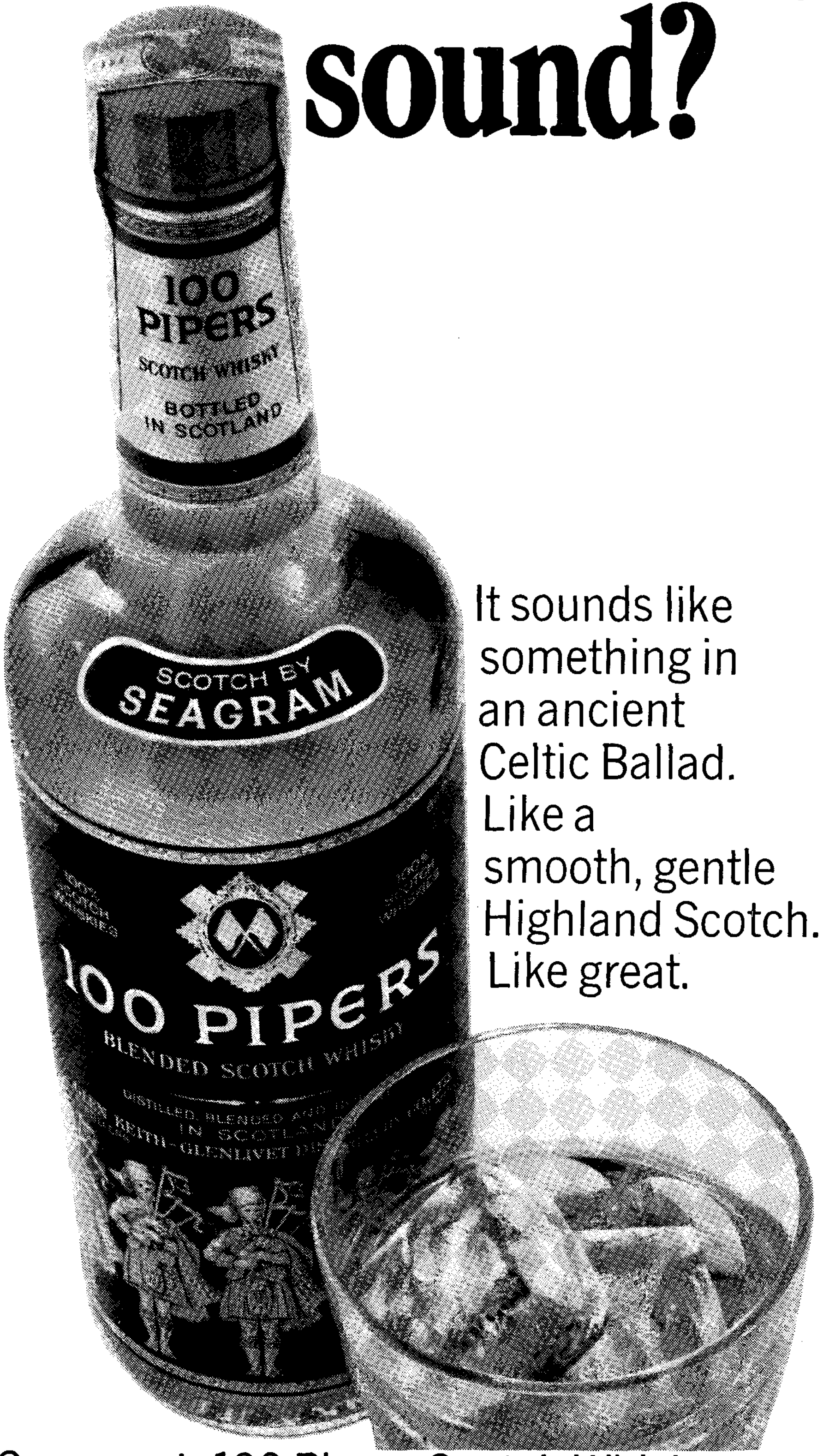
contemporary adults and youth the film unwittingly calls urgent attention to the gap between the America of today and the America of ten years ago, from which its generational vision might more credibly have emerged.

"The Graduate" hinges upon Benjamin's *interestingness*, and it is an interestingness not so much portrayed as established by a tautological convention: People who don't say much and who look pained in frequent closeups are deep and interesting because why else would they be pictured that way? Carl Smith is introduced and limned to underscore our impression of Benjamin. Carl is the Lane Coutell figure—tweedy, suave, "giving the impression of having at least three lighted cigarettes in each hand." His fraternity brothers, naturally, refer to him as "the make-out king." But what, after all, does the contrast between Carl and Benjamin amount to? I asked a number of people who saw the movie. Most of them, in fascinating departures from the text, immediately replied that the two were as different as Jacob and Esau, and went on to paint subjective portraits of Carl as an unfeeling square and Benjamin as a sort of radical-hippie—a logical extension of his "interestingness." But an interesting young man of the late fifties transplanted into the America of 1968 would be barely conscious. Ten years ago, a primitive rejection of adult emptiness and hypocrisy was a sufficient condition for interestingness. Today, by itself, it isn't nearly enough. It may not even be necessary.

On the basis of all we can learn directly from the film, the differences between Carl and Benjamin are these: Benjamin is the sloppier dresser, the more awkward, the more sour, the more confused, and—almost logically—the more interesting. But isn't he, really, awfully straight arrow? Poor Carl, like the President, is condemned for his idiom. (He proposes to Elaine by saying, "I think we'd make a pretty good team.") He sees the course of his life stretching clearly ahead of him and prepares to traverse it without ambivalence, confident in the relevance of his past (primarily, we assume, his studies) to his business in the world. He carries himself in a way that suggests he envisions not so much a future as a beneficent destiny. Benjamin, on the contrary, lacks the pleasant conviction of progress. By common definitions, he has already proved he can succeed, but he is unable to gain any satisfaction from that excellence. He finds himself unexpectedly disenchanted with award-



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winning and aunt-kissing, and he regards his education as useless, but nothing that looks like an option has presented itself to him. Webb's novel continually emphasizes these points:

> "... I'm finished with schools, Dad." A section of grapefruit fell off his spoon and onto the table. "I never want to see another school again. I never want to see another educated person again in my life."
>
> "Come on, Ben."
>
> "Come on!" Benjamin said, standing up. "Now I have wasted twenty-one years of my life. As of yesterday. And that is a hell of a lot to waste."
>
> "Sit down."
>
> "Dad," Benjamin said, "for twenty-one years I have been shuffling back and forth between classrooms and libraries. Now you tell me what the hell it's got me."
>
> "A damn fine education."
>
> "Are you kidding me?"
>
> "No."
>
> "You call me educated?"
>
> "I do."
>
> "Well, I don't," Benjamin said, sitting down again. "Because if that's what it means to be educated then the hell with it."
>
> "Ben?" his mother said. "What are you talking about."
>
> "I am trying to tell you," Benjamin said, "I'm trying to tell you that I am through with all this."
>
> "All what."
>
> "All this!" he said, holding his arms out beside him. "I don't know what it is but I'm sick of it. I want something else."
>
> "What do you want."
>
> "I don't know."

Now, for a man to be twenty-one years old in America today, for a man to have grown up around Los Angeles and have been through four years at the nerve center of an Eastern college, and for him suddenly to wrestle with dissatisfactions so unfamiliar to him that their articulation is as primitive as this—and it is *more* primitive in the movie—can only be a sign of some serious retardation. Such a man is "interesting" only insofar as we might marvel at how soundly he has slept through the life that was going on around him, at how thoroughly he has managed to avoid exposure to a dozen explanations for his malaise. Yet the movie's importance rests upon our assumption that Benjamin represents the best, the vanguard, of his generation. Nichols cannot be permitted the line of defense divined by those polls that are forever showing comfortable majorities of students supporting the war, abhorring drugs, and so forth—polls that never point out that at Harvard, for example, six per cent of the students support the war, a quarter have indicated they will go into exile or prison rather than submit to the draft, and fewer than half have never turned on. Benjamin is not supposed to be a "typical" collegian. (He doesn't wear a "STATE" sweater.) He is supposed to be pointing toward the future—showing us which way the wind is blowing. Even in the late fifties, any harbinger would *have* had much clearer ideas about what he was rejecting. (There were beatniks then, after all, issuing position papers on American society.) The true Benjamin of Eisenhower America would have spoken to his father more in this vein: "Dad, you're worried about my 'negative attitude.' But I can't see keeping on with the scramble anymore. Don't take this personally, but you and your friends look dead to me. The system is a trap, huh? It whooshes you along in frantic, meaningless patterns—college, mixers, grad school. And then the whole Good Life in America syndrome—career, tony wife, kids in good schools, Martinis, intelligent friends, two-week vacations, *Newsweek* ... No adventure, no honesty, no *break*-through. Well, I see how impoverished my ambitions have been so far." Vanguard youth went on like that in the fifties; they accepted the seriousness of their parents' beliefs and life styles, and could therefore address themselves to adult society in the manner of prosecuting attorneys. In the sixties, a paradigmatic father-and-son conversation would begin just where Webb's conversation ends:

> "What do you want."
>
> "I don't know."

And that would probably be the whole of the conversation, because one or both of them would then get up and leave the room, weary of preaching to the wind, racked (or delighted) by the impossibility of saving the other, no longer caring. When the Benjamin of the fifties finally said "I don't know," he had run out of ways to explain himself but he still believed in the possibility of explanation, if he were but a little more articulate, his parents a little more sensitive. The Benjamin of today would say "I don't know" right at the start because he wouldn't consider explanation pertinent, or even feasible. The very language given him by the adult world, he would feel, leads perniciously, inexorably back into that world. "So you've got no *respect!*" a father accuses, and as soon as the son tries to redefine the word his case is lost. Instead of the old heated philosophical debates, almost grown children now simply attempt to humor or manipulate their parents—ideally, creating the impression that they are allowing

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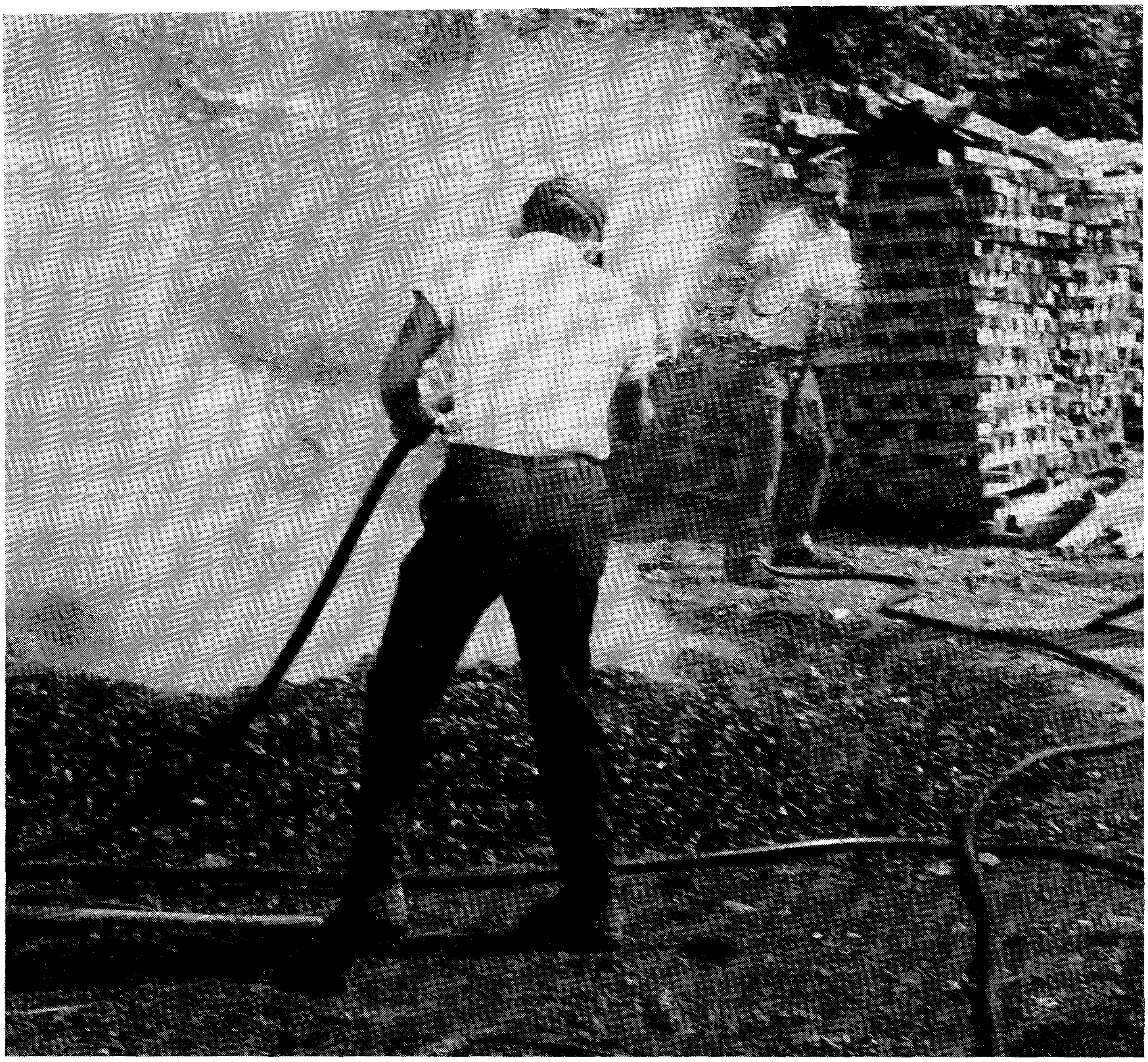

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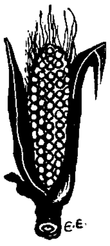
themselves to be manipulated. Indeed, many young people have made this faculty a criterion of being grown: When you finally understand where it's at, you abandon fruitless argument.

Twenty-year-olds today can dismiss their parents' vision without a lot of agonizing partly because they have the sense of being into much that their parents can't even know about. Some adults continue to maintain that Blind Youth always suffers from this delusion: "You'll look back in ten years and realize how right I was." But those who have paid closer attention to their children perhaps have felt more deeply put down than any generation of parents in history. For the first time, parents have taken to heart the feedback they got from their kids, have come to suspect they may be leading pointless lives and have thereby been rendered unable to take pride in what they have achieved. Properly, the Braddocks display no such defensive doubts in relation to their son: Benjamin cannot even begin to formulate precisely what it is that's wrong. More critically, his "rebellion" seems to arise, unprompted, from a *tabula rasa* of experience; he sees into *less*, not more, than his parents, and he has little appreciation of their needs and binds. He is unable to lie to them, let alone manipulate them. He gives the impression of having investigated little and "been through" even less. Has Benjamin already checked out psychedelics, heavy sex, solitude, S.D.S., mysticism, and so on? Unaccountably, a number of people I spoke with guessed that he had, even though there is no evidence for it in the film, nor does anything in his personality, as it comes across on the screen, give the "feel" of such experience. Eisenhower America: In the late fifties, a young man could leap directly from a normal middle-class scene into this paralyzing condition of being altogether lost. The culture had not prepared him for the violence of his disillusionment, nor had it offered him a series of seductive alternate routes. "The Graduate" is largely the work of people who experienced some version of this dilemma a decade ago. They've now apparently decided that America is ready to be told—told not that her very best youth despairs for her but that some eccentric few are having unspecified "misgivings."



THE people at Embassy Pictures suggested that I might like to accompany Dustin Hoffman on trips around Long Island and to Washington, D.C., where he was to address "bodies of educators" on the subject of Youth Today. I thanked them and declined. The movies co-opt our intelligences; remarkably, we look to them for truths that stalk us every day. Mr. Hoffman, who has received a quarter of a million dollars for his second movie, is over thirty and has been a professional actor for a dozen years. He has been quoted as saying that Benjamin is like an exaggeration of himself ten years ago, and although he has made the part eminently "his own"—the charming gestures, mannerisms, and postures of this kid in the movie surely reflect as much Dustin Hoffman as Benjamin Braddock—one still gets the feeling that a youthful-looking thirty-year-old is playing an ironic memory of himself at twenty-one. I asked a man at Embassy Pictures what, besides a movie role, qualified Hoffman as an expert on Youth Today. "A lot of the young people are turning to him," the man replied.

"The Graduate" appears to be a most "liberal" film. It sympathizes with Benjamin's disgust at adult things; it seems to condone some fairly taboo sexual behavior; it makes one feel "good" about this younger generation everyone has been fretting about. In fact, it is a kind of propaganda of desperation. Sophisticated movie audiences fall prey to its snow jobs no less than unsophisticated ones. The latter don't yearn for "honesty" and so don't search for traces of it; the former react too hungrily when traces reveal themselves. "The Graduate" concedes that upper-middle-class life is not as golden as Hollywood once cracked it up to be, and even so slight an admission leaves moviegoers breathless with surprise and gratitude. Mike Nichols has claimed as a theme "the Los Angelesization of the world . . . in which *things* take over a person's life." Yet shortly after he suggests this theme, he begins, as if he had quickly discovered that it wasn't all that compelling, to shrug it off.

In admitting the Eisenhower secret, "The Graduate" obfuscates the truth about Johnson America, which is that hardly *any* of its most interesting young men look forward to "making it" in our present society. Popular art has helped us sustain a preposterous myth about how it feels to grow up in this country. A young man who tries to reject the cant and depersonalization that threaten to drain him is generally—as he appears to us in films, television, and magazine articles—a problem-ridden case. He may, of course, engage our sympathy with his basic goodness, his sensitivity, or his personal charm, but the central point about him remains his maladjustment—he needs "straightening out." We still seem willing to believe that adjustment is the proper object of growth—that the closer one comes to "being adjusted," the more mature one is. Naturally, the definition acts as a defense for all that is most repressive in society. When the protagonist of a film is a murderous young hoodlum, for example, the deep social problems he may represent become subordinate to the film's theme—society's inexorable crusade to get hold of the kid and "rehabilitate" him, or, at least, eliminate him from the scene by imprisoning or killing him.

Moviegoers are desperately starved for cinematic truth about what it is like to live in America at this moment in history. Twenty years ago, Robert Warshow wrote a piece about gangster movies in which he talked of maintaining public morale as the principal responsibility of mass culture: "At a time when the normal condition of the citizen is a state of anxiety, euphoria spreads over our culture like the broad smile of an idiot." The anxiety of the populace has by now grown so acute that even responsible statesmen have voiced warnings of an internal crisis to match the Civil War or the Great Depression—a kind of national nervous breakdown. And by now the organs of mass culture—especially the movies—have been forced to develop more sophisticated techniques of allaying, or disguising, our trauma. The whole idea of maladjustment, for one, has become a nice vehicle for dealing with confused or unhappy protagonists. (Movies are not, of course, the only contemporary art that uses "dealing with" to mean "getting rid of the problem of.") In this period, when the "sensitive" individual is supposed to feel so profoundly helpless to alter horrible trends, American movies are insisting more strongly than ever upon the power of a single fine person to transform an entire bad scene. Two of the most successful films of the past year—"To Sir, with Love" and "Up the Down Staircase"—left us with this optimistic moral. People dimly sensed that "Bonnie and Clyde" suggests more about our present lives than most pictures with contemporary settings do. They talked on about our sense of ambient violence, and so forth (several *Village Voice* readers who responded to a Ten Best Movies poll pencilled "Why are we in Vietnam?" next to their votes

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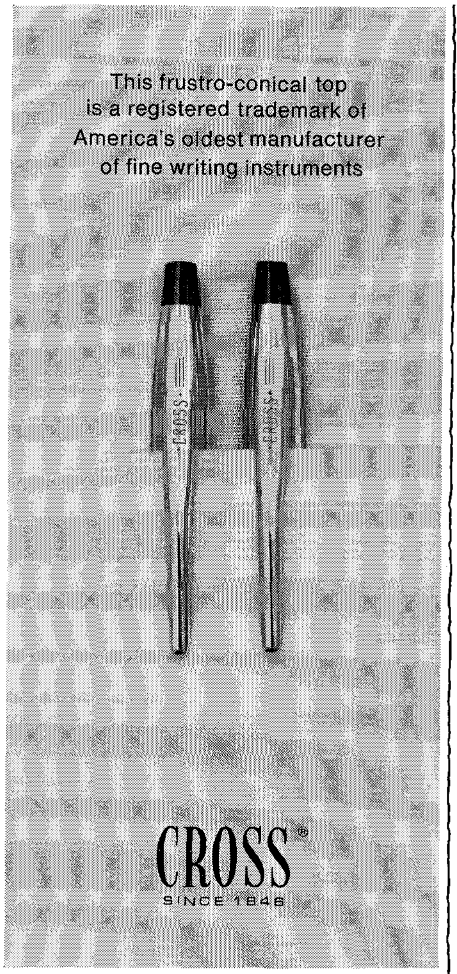
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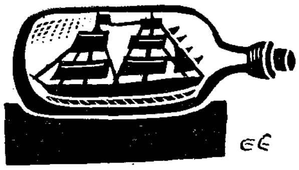
for "Bonnie and Clyde"), but its relevance perhaps has more to do with the doom that stalks its two central characters relentlessly from the beginning. Both are beings with no possibility of anything but drab, impoverished lives. The thematic force of the movie lies in our understanding that their fate is never substantially altered; they are simply doomed to a more precipitate and compelling bad end. We are protected from the metaphor of their hopeless lives by distance and by disguise. They lived in a bad place during a bad time. And gangsters can't make it. *We* have not yet made our move. We are still lying low, figuring the angles, plotting our breakthrough. Yet we suspect that our distinction between legal and criminal is a quibble, that any shortcut toward making it will be seen as an aggression: you cannot bust magnificently out of the game. "Bonnie and Clyde" seems to argue, with Bob Dylan, that we live "Where the executioner's face is always well hidden . . . Where black is the color, where none is the number," where kamikaze assault is the only alternative to diminished existence. Despite the largely fixed, nearly classic dramatic patterns of "Bonnie and Clyde," its hard authenticities draw us close to the transgressor-victims, and lay claim to our feelings of desperation and inescapable failure.

"The Graduate" also progresses through the traditional patterns of a classic genre—the initiation story with romantic triangle—and also goes further than previous films of its genre toward making "alienation" understandable. But movies like "The Graduate," however much they "criticize" society, must ultimately affirm the possibility of individual liberation. The tragic conception of American life has found expression in films that are—almost without exception—about criminals. We have had a tradition of "serious" movies, too, which have shown that success isn't *that* easy—have seemed to cry out against a too cheerful Americanism. Yet even the suffering, failure, and deaths in these movies have led us toward an irresistible, transcendent optimism; since they make concessions to a bleak conception of our lives along the way, they give us fewer grounds for finally rejecting their overriding vision. Still, American directors cannot be said to have done their affirming in bad faith. If the sailor's girl in "The Best Years of Our Lives" had found that she could not, after all, spend her life with a man who had hooks instead of hands, and if Brando in "On the Waterfront" had been thrown unconscious into the river after being beaten by Lee J. Cobb's thugs instead of rising to lead the magically rebellious longshoremen back to work, neither movie would have been satisfying emotionally—*or* artistically. Movies have created for themselves a peremptory demand—that criminals never succeed or good Americans fail. If twenty adults had laid hands on Benjamin in the church and held him for the paddy wagon while Elaine drove off with Carl for their honeymoon (as would probably have happened in life), we would leave the theatre feeling cheated and lied to. The thoughtful moment on the bus, the absence of a clinch at the curtain—this is the maximum pessimism we can bear, though I noticed that most of the audience, anticipating the extent of Nichols' "seriousness," got up to leave the theatre as soon as Benjamin and Elaine climb aboard the bus. Should the "optimism" of the ending be undercut by what we have already glimpsed of society? Benjamin's slipping away without ever adequately defining his relation to it makes the question unanswerable. From time to time, Nichols breaks out of the affirmative mood, but he is forever reintegrating his material into protective conventions: misunderstood youth, love conquering obstacles, vigor and persistence rewarded.



Since it is so hard to end an American movie with the defeat of a good man, directors inform their work with seriousness by being "negative" along the way—by acknowledging that problems do exist. Some war veterans face difficulties of readjustment; some union leaders exploit and intimidate workers; some parents threaten the happiness of their children. Mindless optimism having become nearly a convention of the American cinema, a little pessimism—even if it is no better thought through, and therefore no truer, than the buoyant vision it is meant to supplant—goes a long way in advancing the director's reputation. The more negative his vision appears to be, short of causing him to neglect his civic duty—the closer he can "cut it"—the more likely an educated audience is to call him a genius. Because American films straggle so far behind literature and European films in reflecting the actual quality of modern life, rudimentary negativism can easily be taken for truthfulness, and a decade-old vision can appear to be "ahead of its time."

To the extent that we learn about the life around us through art, we are often learning what life was like ten or more years ago. The literature of generation gap that has abounded in the last year or so, particularly on and off Broadway, has been conceived either from an adult point of view, which implicitly regards the generation gap as a comfortably perennial problem, or, in the more significant instances, from youth's point of view—at least, as well as it can be recollected—which vaguely senses an unprecedently wide breach. Since the authors of these pieces are now, at the youngest, pushing thirty, the general public has only lately become conscious of a species of generation gap—dolled up with a contemporary vocabulary and milieu—that existed in the fifties, when cool Berkeley coeds could get engaged to guys like Carl, and vague mutterings of discontent still had a radical ring.

One of "The Graduate's" falsehoods in the light of contemporary experience arises from the supposed "strangeness" of Benjamin's condition. Isolating him so (isolating him by his *vision* of things, for in his outward aspect he is the perfect teacher's pet) seems meant to frighten potential malcontents into adjustment. In life, of course, Benjamin would have met hundreds of his peers—heads, revolutionaries, and some who would not fall so easily into categories—who shared his sense of America's disorder, and he would have already begun to work with them on new conceptions of community, and of sanity. At the very least, he would have had a friend who felt as he did. Likewise, if he were a real boy returning home, none of the people around him would be totally surprised at his behavior; they would quickly understand him in terms of what they had already learned of alienated youth. "Thinking of dropping *out*, Benjamin?" his father would ask, with a nervous chuckle, as he passed his son in the pool for the sixteenth straight afternoon. "Benjamin's starting to act like a *hippie* or something," Mrs. Braddock would complain. Their friends and neighbors might still clutch at him, but it would be because here he was, practically the *only* great kid around not yet acting all crazy about his future and the lives of his elders. And then, when Benjamin started to exhibit his malaise more openly, or when they caught on to his new feelings, they might not understand the whole thing

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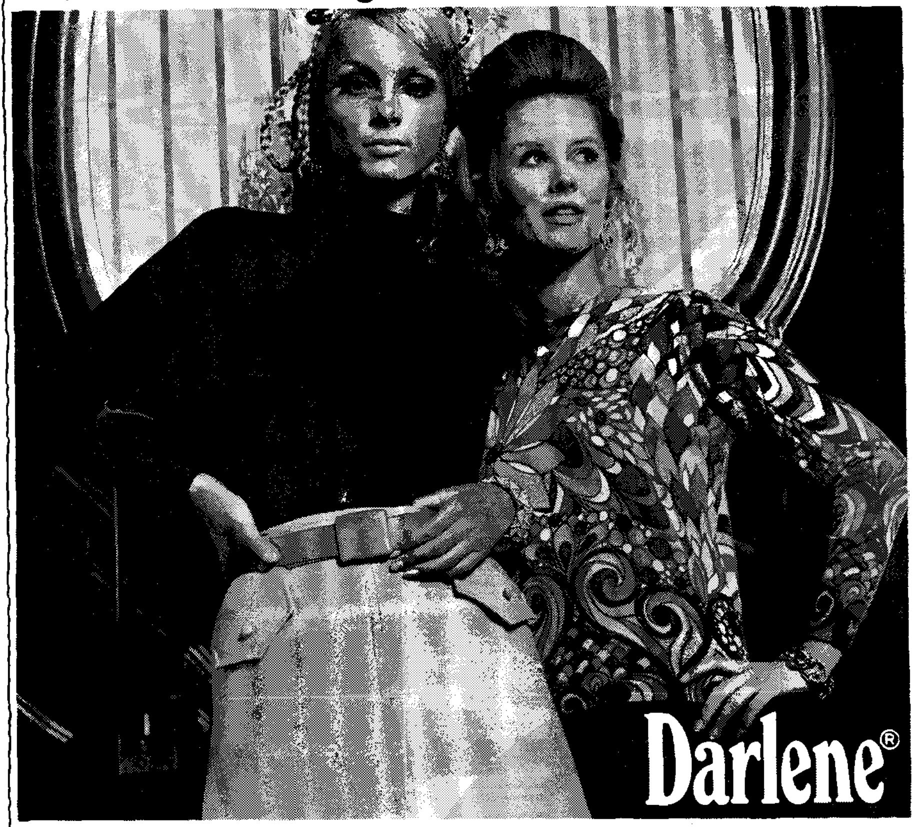

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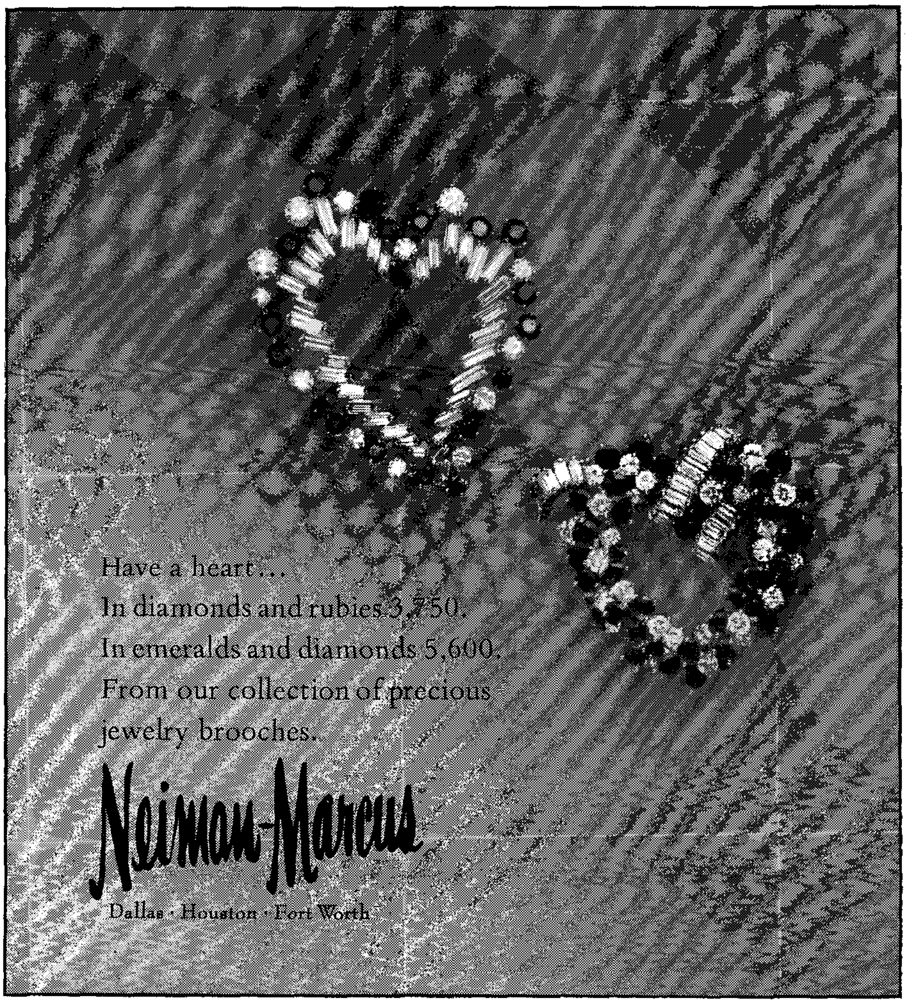

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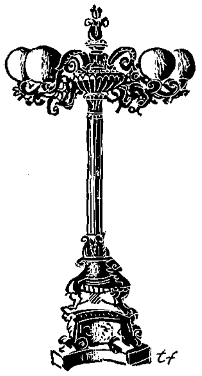
but they would recognize the symptoms. And not of some rare disease but of an epidemic. A friend might come over and say, "Braddock, my kid in law school wrote me the same kind of nutty stuff last week, and my fifteen-year-old daughter is threatening to run away to some damn commune in Big Sur. What the hell is going on, Braddock?"

Responsive parents have come to realize that something more momentous than the perennial rift between children and the adult world is now in the air. The rebellious youth of the fifties—of which Benjamin may be considered a not particularly precocious example—rejected a number of life styles within the system but never deeply questioned the necessity of the system itself. Like Benjamin, they didn't know what they wanted to do—only that they didn't want to punch a clock, or spend Saturday afternoon with a beer and a ball game. Yet even their negations orbited in one or another epicycle of the adults' neat Ptolemaic system. They believed in intelligent compromise. Whereas Eisenhower youths were forever finding poignant contradictions in the lives of their parents, Johnson youths have found mostly irrelevance. Eisenhower youths tried to reëducate their families, sometimes at a traumatic cost—to get them to *understand*. Johnson youths, in the realization that only those who have ears to hear will hear, have tried to minimize hassle. Young people no longer simply inherit attitudes; many of them have tuned in to the outside world. Parents are hard pressed to believe that, beyond an early age, they no longer play terribly important roles in their children's psychic lives. Permissiveness, far from being responsible for youth's new attitudes, may be the most genuine and most fitting response to them. It takes seriously the feeling that significant points of alignment have vanished. For a time, parents appeal to all sorts of motives that they feel *must* reside within their kid—his desire, for example, to live up to their expectations, to "make something of himself." But these motives derive from their vision of the world, and reside, *ipso facto*, only within that vision. Permissiveness, when it is practiced, testifies to the uselessness of traditional devices. The kid is not rebelling; he hasn't oriented himself in relation to his parents' lives at all. Therefore, nothing they can say or do will bring him into line.

Benjamin's malaise is so impossibly vague, then, that the Braddock family's generation gap can be no more than a convention. What meaning it has arises not from anything that Benjamin says or does but from the artful observation that Nichols lavishes upon the moral ugliness of an environment. His fidelity of observation, however, awakens our appetite for further honesties. Because he has given us the visual reality, we expect some measure of reality beneath the surface. If the whole suburban scene had been pictured by the usual Hollywood camera—if it had been a *Saturday Evening Post* suburb, or the Anderson suburb of television's "Father Knows Best"—then it would never have occurred to us that the "problem" of the movie might be larger than Benjamin's problem of adjustment. His "identity crisis" would have seemed to have nothing to do with the times; he would have been merely a talented young man who must, upon graduation, *abandon his fantasy* of limitless possibilities—who must realize that he could not be a lawyer and a scientist and an artist all at once. His paralysis would have suggested a young adult's agony of decision over what he must give up. But the perspectives of Nichols' camera are so slanted toward Benjamin's vision as to warrant his malaise. If things look generally good to us, Benjamin's course of resolution is clear: he just has to work things out (in his own head) and get on with it. This is the perspective we would expect from his parents. If things look bad to us, however, the entire message of the film is transformed: Benjamin's problem is objective and terrible, the course of its resolution not at all apparent. If things look bad, it means that Benjamin is the only person in the movie who has any idea what is happening; everybody else's life is delusion. His anomie becomes reasonable, and his "brilliant future" an empty concept. If Nichols had only carried this single insight through to its conclusion, it would scarcely matter that Benjamin is not haunted, as so many of his peers are, by the war, the blacks, the poor—mysteriously, not even by the draft. We would need no apocalyptic consciousness from him, no sense of a culture unravelling. Born to the "best" that American society can offer, Benjamin could represent—simply by his



decent, tormented stolidity—something of the difficulty of living in America at this time. Benjamin is at loose ends. Perhaps he is not strong enough to forge a new life style. But he will never pursue his parents' kind of life, or, if he does, he will never be free from inner agitation. Our understanding should not be that next week he will settle on law school or the Peace Corps and everything will be right. His ends must be looser, and deeper, than that.

Dropping out is not so much an activity as a sensibility. One directly engages the relevant, but one cannot rebel against an irrelevance; one drops out of it. Underground propaganda has made us think of dropping out as a rather bold, active stroke. It is more often a paralyzed sabbatical that spontaneously interrupts an "upward climb" with doubts so urgent as to short-circuit away all energy. Abulia, a total failure of alternatives that makes all courses of "positive action" appear equal evasions, is attacking not simply the crazies who spring to mind at the label "dropout" but alarming proportions of our most splendid young men. We have come to think of them with a certain shame, partly because their example seems to express too much disapproval of America but more because their failure of direction, their shiftless gloom or joy, itself seems somehow un-American. The media, whose understanding of alienation is rooted in the fifties, have used "dropping out" to describe something that hippies do—something exploratory, and, in that sense, temporary, traditional, and safe. Even comparatively young writers speak anachronistically of things like "hippies' condemnation of middle-class society." Beatniks condemned things, defined themselves as opposite to "the square world," and derived their meaning from acts of flouting. Dropping out, in whatever costume, happens inside one's head and may be, to an important degree, irrevocable. And what else is all Benjamin's "drifting" about?

A FEW transformative years witnessed—not fortuitously—dramatic shifts in the administration of government (from Eisenhower to Kennedy and then to Johnson), a new consciousness of domestic deprivation, the beginnings of racial militancy, a new obsession with international morality, and the advent of psychedelic substances and the intense eclectic spiritualism that grew up around them. The direction of American youth during the past decade has been bound to politics and to drugs as the sub-generations got shot

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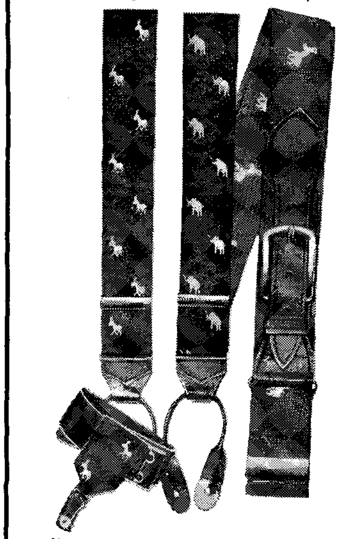

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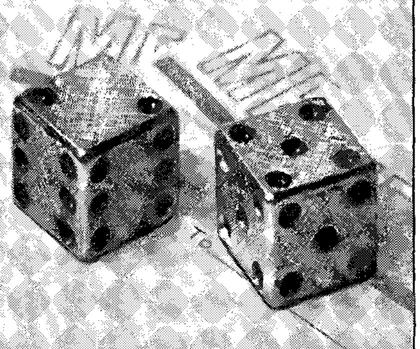

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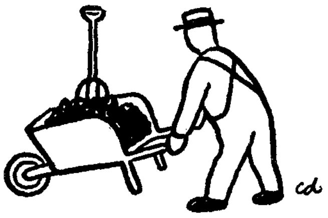
at in Mississippi, organized for student power and for the grape strikers at Berkeley, and grooved to the Airplane at the Avalon Ballroom on a thousand Owsley micrograms. During the four and a half years between the Kennedy assassinations, unprecedented numbers of young people awakened to the proportions of America's imperfection. Those to whom John Kennedy held out a promise had graduated when the Johnson mandate began to sour. But the postwar babies didn't feel betrayed. They had never known the promise—the strong pride in America. They doubted *if it was ever* more than a dream. Many of them grew up hard and cynical, or simply aloof from the abyss of American problems. Though drugs form the actual focus only of the hippie scene, they have become an integral part of the daily environment in almost every sphere that young people influence. Yet if one of Nichols' Berkeley extras had lit up a joint in the background, the effect would be shocking; it would suddenly place Benjamin in a different time setting altogether.

In one sense, Nichols cannot be faulted for choosing to ignore protest and pot and the evangelism of individual and communitarian consciousness—any more than for not allowing a single black to pass more than fleetingly before his camera and for not mentioning the war in Vietnam. Yet in another sense what Nichols is talking about is precisely these things, for which the suburban void is no metaphor at all. He has not simply denied attention to drugs or politics; he has created a world in which they play no part, a world still obsessed with that old hangup sex. "The Graduate" has to do with an outstanding young man who finds himself turned off by the society he has been preparing to ensconce himself in. Yet all the readily available images to justify a turn-off far more compelling than Benjamin's have been declined. Nichols has depicted Benjamin's milieu as dishearteningly barren, but beyond showing its implicit conspiracy against everything that is seemly in his protagonist he has not begun to hint at why its barrenness may now be dangerous. When Benjamin's landlord accuses him of being an outside agitator, the slight jest at the expense of right-wing Californians fails to draw any resonance from life; there is, for example, no trace of the compulsive political and cultural polarizations in that state, or of Berkeley's significance as a New Left citadel, or of our myth that agitation, in the universities or the ghettos, wings in from "outside." Nichols has made a film about growing up that is really about growing down, the lowering of consciousness; a film about dropping out that is really about working in; a film about alienated youth that refuses to acknowledge the momentous sources of alienation. "The Graduate" treats the question of alienation with an easy familiarity. It makes alienation seem to spring from unreasonable idealism, from overreaction to the harmless vulgarity of plenty. A disaffection more extreme than Benjamin's—more in line with the disaffection of his actual generation—would have seemed disproportionate to the innocuous "evils" that Nichols has depicted.



We have grown quick to regard citizens exhibiting signs of disaffection as neurotic, delinquent, or "confused"—as members of a vaguely inferior minority whose discontent rests largely upon the fictions of disturbed imaginations. The President of the United States, in his State of the Union Message, makes get-tough asides about draft-card burners, marijuana smokers, and LSD takers. His listeners, his applauders immediately conjure up a picture of scruffy, nihilistic hooligans. Yet the President may be talking about some of the most promising young men on the campuses at Berkeley, Chicago, Harvard, and Yale—young men who, like Benjamin, are the sons of our best-educated and most privileged class, and should, by tradition, inherit the country.

The Benjamin of the fifties—the Benjamin of the movie—makes trouble for a while, but pretty soon he comes around. In a lecture, Nichols informed an audience of Brandeis students that Benjamin would end up like his parents. Although this remains unsaid in the film—young audiences would find it unbearably offensive—it functions perpetually to integrate Benjamin's flirtation with dropping out into a reassuring psychological tag, "the difficult phase." "The Graduate" offers youth a subversive message: You cannot sustain an opposition to America; find someone to submit with, if you can. It seems unaware that history has upped the price of submission. In the fifties, "conformity" was the dragon against which valedictorians tilted their earnest lances. The trap of the sixties is complicity. The Benjamin that contemporary reality suggests could no longer imagine a life of quiet desperation in a social vacuum. He would begin to formulate definitions of "making it" all his own. He would concern himself with getting off, not with getting on. He might be driven by the need to change the system or to take revenge upon it. He might care only to ignore it or to take it for a ride. But he would not still interpret himself in its terms. He would perceive his role with a certain detached irony, recognizing himself to be a particular person—with a birth, some years in the world, a death—whose "business" had not yet become the business of being alive, and was colored with absurdity.

There are now a million such Benjamins, with visions of a healthier culture. At this moment, young people in the vanguard of change feel little hope for their chances. Many are possessed by paranoid visions of our collective future; thrown into relief by the reassurances of our official culture, they appear deranged. Indeed, by refusing to explore the terrible tension with which young Americans now experience their relation to America, and by suggesting the patterns of dissidence in figures as unpersuasive as Benjamin, the culture insists upon their derangement. If television, magazines, or at least a serious film like "The Graduate" reflected how grievously expectations for America have shrunk, a great many more young people would begin to discover one another. They would come to recognize the sudden prevalence of their own response and to believe more deeply in its aptness. The true Benjamins—those who feel themselves isolated, suspended in limbo between Lyndon Johnson and Ken Kesey, between acquiescence and domestic guerrillahood—would come to understand the depths of their fellowship and their strength.

I suggested earlier that the principal reason Benjamin couldn't look forward to becoming an adult was that his environment had offered him no viable ideal of adulthood. He had to imagine for himself what a creditable grown-up life might look like, and he failed to come up with much of a picture. It's unlikely that the efforts of others to conceive and test out new life styles would escape a person of Benjamin's particular background. (Think of it: the new politics, the new bohemia, student power, the sexual revolution, acid, rock, the underground press—all germinated on his home

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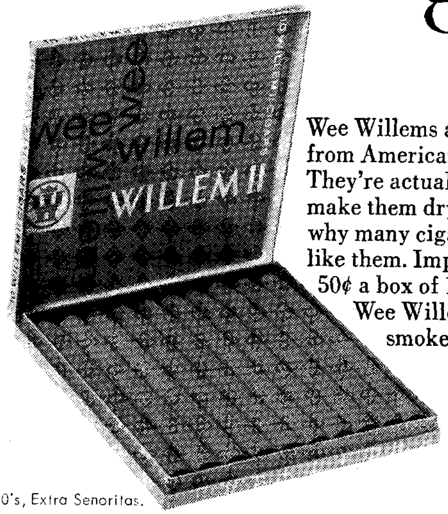

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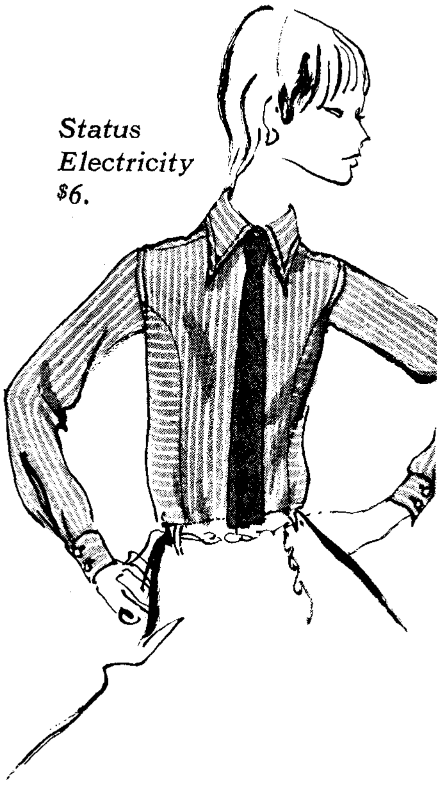

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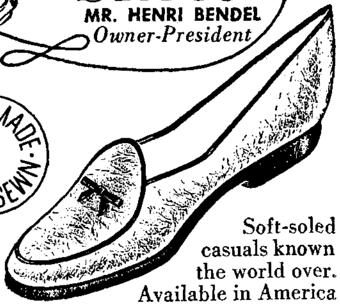

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turf. Where was he?) Yet such efforts cannot directly reach large numbers of young people who are removed from the heartlands of changing social consciousness. These people *are* still like the Benjamin of the movie—put off, ready to pass up the fruits of their preparation, but wholly uncertain as to their options. Isolated and starved by the culture, they face a crisis of imagination. They can learn of their peers' experiments only through the fun-house mirrors of the news media. Movies, the obvious source of help, have not begun to depict adult lives that thoughtful young people might admire or imitate; nor have they begun to examine, with any respect, young people going about the adult business of trying to find something propitious in their lives and their country. "The Graduate" has been accorded a reception like that of "The Catcher in the Rye," even though it scarcely elaborates on the attitudes of adolescent discontent that Salinger's book helped to reveal, and create, seventeen years ago. If we give unreserved praise to our cultural leaders for a vision of youth that ignores a generation's worth of change, we must expect them to remain as barren of relevance as our political leaders. "The Graduate," which in the end only quickens our perception of dead-end alternatives, begins with the radical intimation that there is some choice to be made on the threshold of adulthood—some yes-or-no decision about one's future in American society. A film artist with the intelligence and the tremendous prestige of Mike Nichols should now begin to lay bare the nature of that choice, if it still exists.

—JACOB BRACKMAN

•

Many persons died this week in and near Seattle. And that accounts for the large number of obituaries appearing in this morning's Post-Intelligencer.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

We *wondered* what was up.

•

Bernstein, Copland and Gunther Schuller will share the podium of the New York Philharmonic for a pair of concerts, each conducting a work of his own commissioned by the Koussevitzky Fountain. —*Metropolitan Opera House program.*

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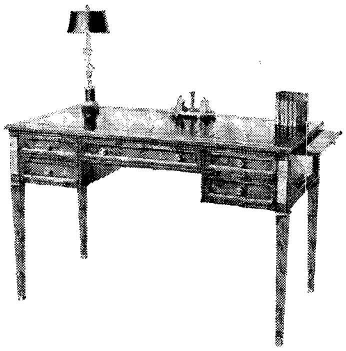

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THE RACE TRACK

A Turn for Damascus

THE pendulum swung back in the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday, and Damascus, in a memorable race and finish, beat Dr. Fager, who had beaten him in the Suburban on the Fourth of July. There is no doubt whatever that as the race was run Damascus won fair and square. Coming from far behind the leaders halfway from home, he passed the post two and a half lengths ahead of his celebrated rival. Mr. Right was third, three lengths away. The mile and a quarter was run in 1:59⅕—the fastest ever on a New York track, and a second off the American mark set eighteen years ago by Noor at Golden Gate Fields in California, over a track they say had a top-dressing of Mexican jumping beans.

As the seven starters paraded, their looks lived up to the occasion. The contrast between the two principals was as marked as ever—Dr. Fager tall and powerful in build, deep-chested, and muscular; Damascus the same smooth, well-knit, medium-sized runner he's always been. Both looked supremely fit. Hedevar, a lean, narrow horse who is Damascus's stablemate and pacemaker, was quickest out of the gate, as he was supposed to be, and he led past the stand, followed by Dr. Fager, lengths ahead of the others. For more than half a mile, the most urgent question was whether Baeza, who rode the headstrong Dr. Fager, would be able to restrain him. You could see from the angle of his arms and back that he was doing his best. On the backstretch, Dr. Fager sailed past Hedevar, increasing his lead on the long curve toward the straightaway. But behind him Damascus was rolling along like a runaway freight. He joined Dr. Fager in the stretch, and the two went stride for stride until Damascus drew away in the last furlong. It was the fourth time they'd met. The score stands at two-all, but the game is not over.

Dr. Fager put out an unforgettable effort. Though he carried 135 pounds, giving five to Damascus and much more to the others (twenty-three to Hedevar and twenty-six to Grace Born, who was fourth), he went all out from the start as far as he could. Damascus wasn't short of work this time. There was a nice reward for him, too; first money of $71,110 moved him up into that growing group of racers who have earned a million dollars. He's eighth on the list, with a total of $1,025,526. As for those imponderables that always come up after a race, I can't help wondering what might have happened if Bold Hour, under only 119 pounds, hadn't developed ankle trouble overnight and been withdrawn, or if the track had been a little faster than it was, or if Hedevar hadn't run. He wasn't in the Suburban, remember?

Though the coughing sickness that played hob with the two-year-olds on Long Island has run its course, there were only six starters for the Great American Stakes at the Big A last week. Prevailing, who wasn't among the first three in either the Juvenile or the National Stallion Stakes at Belmont, won it easily from Maison de Ville, winner of the National Stallion. Ever On, a full brother to Forward Pass, was third. Which reminds me that The Heir, a full brother to Bold Lad and Successor, finally won the other afternoon—a maiden race at five and a half furlongs.

MONMOUTH PARK had eight runners last weekend for the Sorority Stakes, its six-figure event for two-year-old fillies. As had rather been expected, the Wheatley Stable's Big Advance, winner of her three previous starts, won; in fact, she did it by ten lengths.

THE New Castle Stakes, the first in Delaware Park's series of three races for fillies and mares, was also run off last Saturday, and Plucky Pan made every post in it a winning one. Serene Queen was second and Lady Diplomat third. The crowd was more excited, though, over what happened earlier in the afternoon; Annie Kelly ($73) won the first race, and Yankee Brahmin ($94.80) the second, and the daily double paid $2,337.60. By the way, Dark Mirage, this department's favorite filly, runs for the Delaware Oaks this weekend. May she have a speedy journey! —AUDAX MINOR

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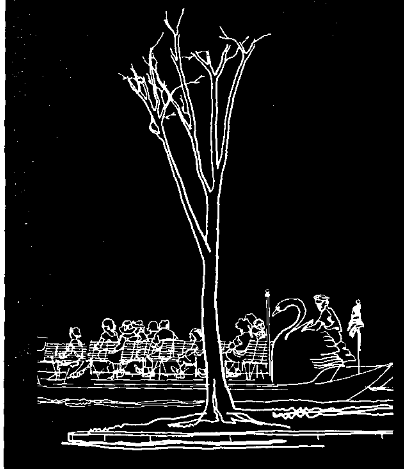

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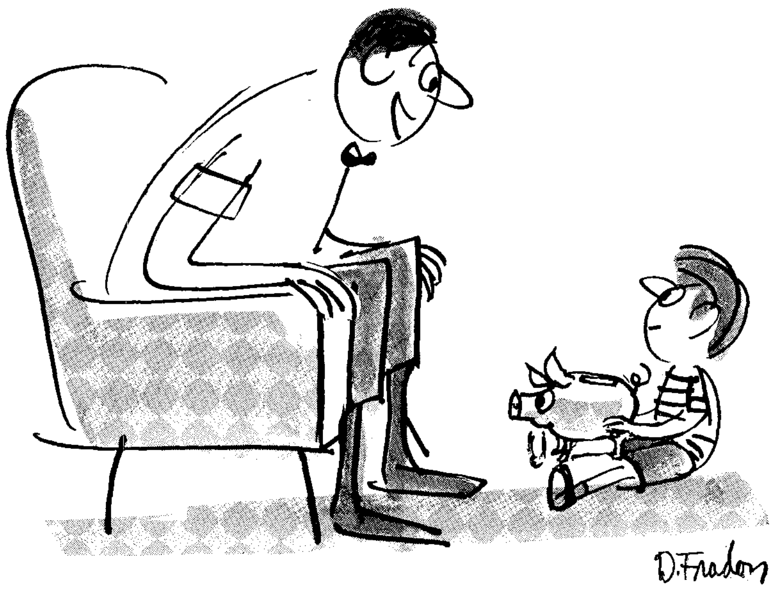
THE SPORTING SCENE

WIMBLEDON—NINETY-ONE YEARS LATER

THERE is a good chance that December 14, 1967, will go down as one of the significant dates in the history of sports. On that day, the British Lawn Tennis Association, having tried unsuccessfully for almost a decade to persuade the game's top governing body, the International Lawn Tennis Federation, to sanction open tournaments—that is, tournaments open to professional players as well as to amateurs—took the bull by the horns and voted (295–5) to conduct the 1968 All England Championships at Wimbledon as just such an open event. This move by the British came as a vast surprise, to say the least, since no one supports tradition in sports more zealously than they do. It was a daring move as well, because by their decision they risked expulsion from the International Lawn Tennis Federation. In the end, however, it was the I.L.T.F. that backed down. When it became clear to the tennis associations of other countries that the British were determined on an open Wimbledon, a good many of the associations that had regularly opposed open tennis or had been lukewarm about it locked arms with the British, and in a special general meeting of the I.L.T.F. in Paris, on March 30th, forty-seven member nations ended up by voting unanimously to endorse open tennis. It was a great victory for the British, and a heartwarming one. In this day, when the impetus behind almost every radical change in sports is financial, the British Lawn Tennis Association had no such motive. While the upsurge of professional tennis following the Second World War had cut deeply into the box-office receipts from the national (amateur) championships in most countries, Wimbledon had not suffered at all. Every year, the reserved seats were sold out six months in advance, and something like four hundred thousand dollars in ticket applications usually had to be returned. However lustreless the field and however murky the weather, Wimbledon continued to prosper. (In 1967, the championships drew a record attendance, the legendary queues stretching longer than ever as three hundred and one thousand spectators poured in during the twelve days of play.) Instead of simple greed for profits, two genuinely idealistic concepts fomented the British revolution. First, the British L.T.A., under the leadership of its chairman, Derek Hardwick, wished to end the so-called "shamateurism" that had plagued amateur tennis for years—the hypocritical system under which a tournament had to shell out, under the table, to the ranking amateurs sums of money far exceeding their expenses in order to assure their appearance. And, second, with the most gifted of the recent amateur champions having all turned professional, the British L.T.A. was convinced that the time was overdue for tournaments proposing to present the best tennis in the world to open their doors to the world's best tennis players, especially since there was no moral reason to exclude the pros and since their presence would give the game a vitality and meaning it had long needed.

WHEN the first open Wimbledon began, on June 24th, the galleries were at a high pitch of excitement, as well they might have been. They were in on a historic occasion. For the first time since 1927, when Suzanne Lenglen became the first of the great champions to turn professional, not a single one of the world's outstanding players was missing from the lists; the men and women who carried off the titles would be authentic world champions. Interest had been building up for months. In April, in the first sanctioned open tournament—the British Hard Court Championships, at Bournemouth—the spectators had hardly settled down to see how the amateurs would make out against the pros when Mark Cox, an English amateur who had shown sporadic promise, defeated Richard (Pancho) Gonzales, who had been the cool, tough overlord of the professional world in the nineteen-fifties and, in the opinion of many observers, the finest player over the last quarter of a century. Right on top of this, Cox knocked out Roy Emerson, of Australia, a two-time Wimbledon champion who had turned pro this spring. In the final, Cox was stopped, by Rod Laver, of Australia, currently the No. 1 player among the professionals, but Cox's exploits had made it quite clear that the pros were more vulnerable than one would have guessed. A week before Wimbledon, on the grass courts of the Queen's Club, in London, this lesson was brought home again, even more forcibly. Clark Graebner, the fourth-ranked American amateur, eliminated both Emerson and Emerson's fellow-countryman Fred Stolle, the 1966 United States champion, who is now in his second professional season. Even more to the point, Marty Riessen, our fifth-ranked amateur, defeated Andres Gimeno, of Spain, who for several years now has stood behind only Laver and Ken Rosewall in the professional hierarchy, and the rout was completed when Tom Okker, a young Dutch amateur, trounced Laver himself in the final. This lèse-majesté at the Queen's Club established the theme for the Wimbledon fortnight: Would the amateurs continue to treat their illustrious elders with so little respect?

The general feeling was that, having waited so long for an open Wimbledon, the pros—certainly the top-class pros—would be bearing down all the way and would be rough to beat. (The committee charged with seeding the favorites apparently had felt much the same way, for Manolo Santana, of Spain, who



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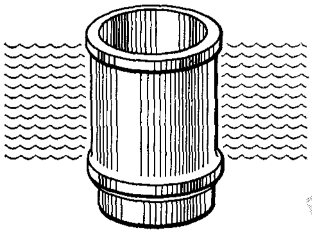

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was seeded sixth, was the only amateur placed among the first ten.) At the same time, the galleries were prepared for the form to be exploded every which way—in fact, were rather anticipating it. During the first three days of play, nothing really untoward occurred, but on Thursday, in a second-round match, Rosewall came up against Charlie Pasarell, our first-ranked amateur, and barely survived a tremendous battle: 7–9, 6–1, 6–8, 6–2, 6–3. On Friday, more excitement: Lew Hoad, a pro since 1957, was ousted by an amateur, and so was Gonzales—Hoad in five sets by Bob Hewitt, an Australian who now lives in South Africa, and Gonzales in four sets by Alex Metreveli, a twenty-three-year-old Russian with a good, hard-hitting game. On Saturday, in a third-round match, another shocker: Ray Moore, a twenty-one-year-old South African with a Mark Twain hairdo and mustache, defeated Gimeno, the third-seeded player. Of these unexpected early departures, there is no doubt that Gonzales' was the most dramatic. Nineteen years ago, when he was a young star on the way up, he had made his only visit to Wimbledon as an amateur and had been beaten in an early round. Now, at forty, he was back, a legend, well past his tennis prime, with a touch of silver streaking his black hair, the smooth, feline elasticity gone from his legs and the thunder gone from his serve, but determined to do well and counting on his experience and his savoir-faire to contain his opponents. For one set, these worked against Metreveli. Slicing one return and spinning the next, keeping the ball down low, he controlled the play and took the opening set, 6–4. Near the end of the second set, however, he served a weak game and lost it, and after that Metreveli, seeming to be no longer inhibited by the awareness that he was up against the Old Master, took charge. As I watched Gonzales sweating in the breeze, arriving a half step too late for his volleys and finessing his overheads instead of smashing them away, all I could think of was that I was witnessing the tennis version of some old Anthony Quinn movie—the aging champion struggling vainly against the laws of nature in an attempt at a comeback. When Metreveli had moved to within two points of victory, serving at deuce with games at 5–4, Gonzales managed a last gasp of bravado: for some reason, the ball boy hesitated in throwing a ball he had retrieved toward Metreveli's end of the court, and Gonzales told him, in his deep gravel voice, "Throw him the ball, son. He'll need it." Metreveli did, but two games later he was home, 4–6, 6–4, 6–3, 7–5. The beaten Gonzales left the court to a considerable ovation. In this match, and in others in which an old champion returning as a pro was pitted against a rising young amateur, the galleries during the early stages invariably pulled for the underdog and for an upset, but once it became evident that the old champion was in serious trouble they rooted hard for him and hated to see him lose. Wimbledon galleries have nice long memories.

AT the start of the second week of play (Wimbledon rests on Sunday), the men's singles was down to the round of sixteen—eight amateurs, eight pros. This meant that the matches were running about a day behind schedule in this division, and in the four other divisions—the ladies' singles, the men's doubles, the ladies' doubles, and the mixed doubles—even more ground had to be made up. This state of affairs had been occasioned by frequent rains during the first week, which interrupted many matches and forced the postponement of others. (On Friday, when the skies were still oyster gray but the rain had stopped, and I was watching the ground crew remove the tarpaulin from the Number One Court, a middle-aged lady seated next to me turned and remarked, with the ineffable cheerfulness of the English, "The forecast is better. 'Showers.' " I must have looked puzzled. "It could have been 'Steady showers,' " she explained.) On the second Monday, however, the weather turned warm and dry, and by Tuesday evening the tournament had made up the lost ground and was back on schedule.

It is difficult to think of any international sports fixture that is organized as splendidly as Wimbledon is, and functions as fluently. Of course, it starts with a peerless tennis plant. At its heart is the famed Centre Court, a rectangle of perfect tennis grass surrounded by a high, roofed, twelve-sided structure, which holds seventeen thousand spectators. Just to the west of the Centre Court is the beautiful Number One Court, whose stands (three roofed, one open) can accommodate seven thousand. And to the south of these two courts—just across

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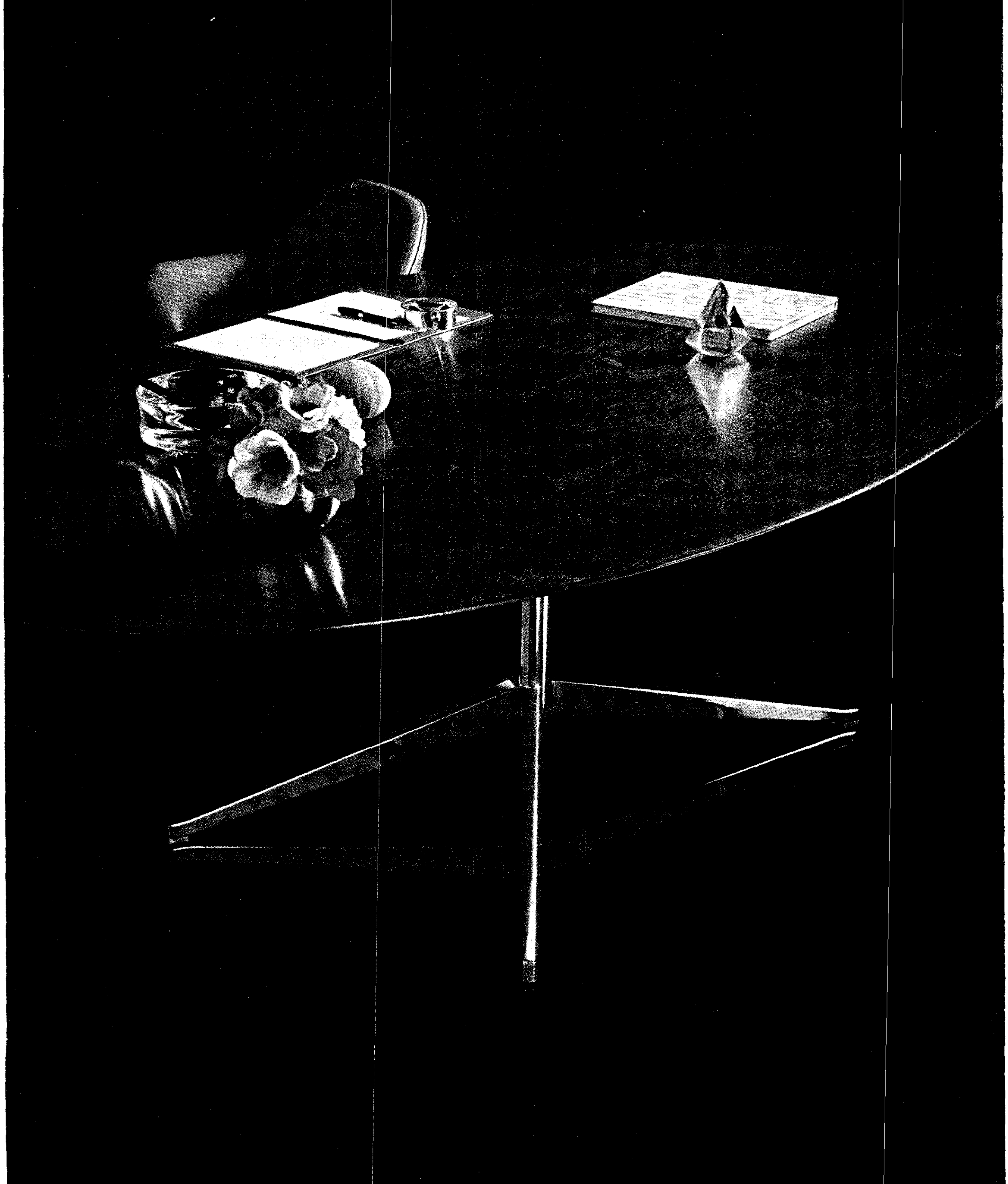

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the club's main artery, the wide South Road—are fourteen other grass courts, arranged in a sort of grid pattern, separated by walkways about four yards wide. With so much going on in different places at the same time, the ideal way to see the championships is to leave your reserved seat in the Centre Court stands, or in the Number One Court, at the conclusion of a featured match and wander around for a while, catching the action on the field courts. Wimbledon has thought of everything you'll need to orient yourself, even if you have left your daily program behind in your seat. A large scoreboard on the South Road posts the scores of matches in progress and the results of completed matches. Across the road, on the outside wall of the Number One Court, electric scoreboards flash the point-by-point scores of the matches in progress on that court and on the Centre Court. (Naturally, there are also electric scoreboards on the inside walls of the two principal courts.) Since the days at the championships are long, with play customarily starting at two o'clock and often continuing past eight, ample facilities have been provided for patrons to stoke themselves up between matches. For the inner set, there is the Members' Enclosure, a green-purple-and-white striped marquee (purple and green are the All England Club's colors) that opens onto a garden where tables are shaded by straw umbrellas. For the public, there is a small refreshment area off the Number One Court, and a large one fronting on a lawn east of the Centre Court, at both of which drinks, buffet lunches, and teas are available and separate counters under orange-and-green striped awnings offer hamburgers, sundaes, fruit ades, and, of course, strawberries and Devonshire cream, which have been as closely identified with Wimbledon over the years as the mint julep with the Kentucky Derby. At several points along the South Road, you bump into that lesser Wimbledon tradition, the open-air bonbon stand, where customers help themselves to an assortment of hard candies, caramels, and toffee from three dozen tins—a shilling and sixpence for a quarter of a pound. For decades now, the men who run the championships have kept their eyes open for any flaws in the mechanism, and today there is no part of the complicated operation that hasn't been carefully attended to. Adjoining the grounds are seventeen acres for parking. The ushers in the Centre and Number One Courts are members of the armed forces on leave. The ball

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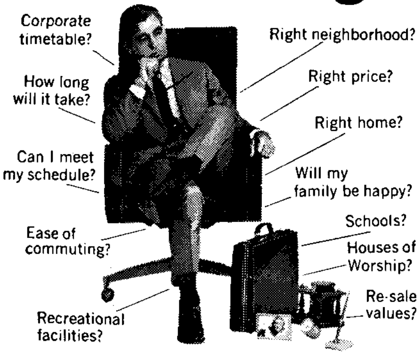

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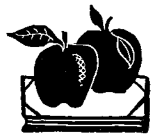
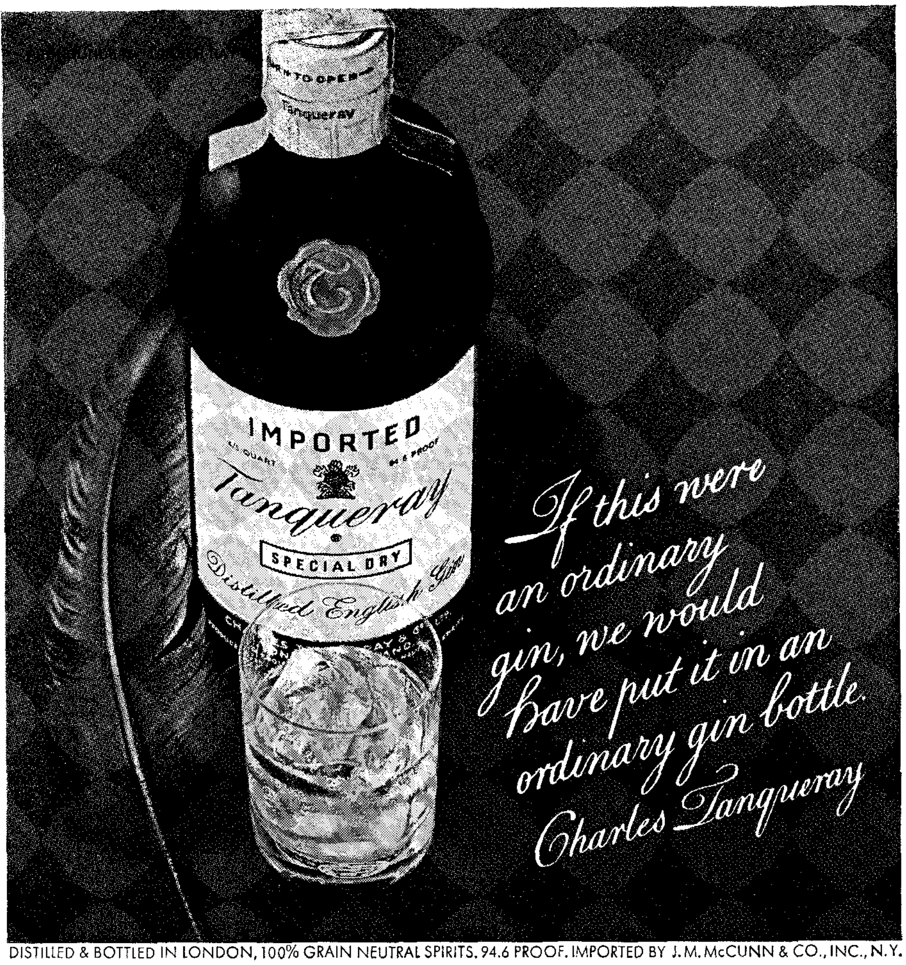
boys come from Fortescue House, a school in Twickenham, where they are trained for the job. Above all, the needs of the players are understood and provided for. They have their own restaurant, where they can escape from their fans, and foreign players are ferried to and from their hotels in chauffeur-driven limousines. There was no stinting here. Everyone had a limousine: Don Budge, Doris Hart, Pancho Segura, and the other old familiar faces who had returned to play in the veterans' doubles or the mixed doubles, and also Gussie Moran, whose spectacular lingerie brightened some of the drabber championships after the war. The first open Wimbledon was, among other things, a tennis reunion on a grand scale.



I spent part of every day watching the crowds—always well upward of twenty thousand, and some days near thirty. A fairly high percentage of the Wimbledon regulars are foreign visitors who have converged on London not only for the tennis but also for the three other gala sports occasions that make up the Season: Ascot, Henley, and the cricket test match at Lord's. Nowadays, with people from all corners of the globe dressing more nearly alike than they used to, the Wimbledon crowd is not the romantic sight it once was, but it remains vigorously polyglot, and one's ear is constantly surprised. The bulk of the crowd, though, is English—very English. It is not a true cross-section of English society, few workingmen being on hand, but it is quite a gallimaufry nonetheless: regional tennis officials in their blazers and association ties, schoolgirls and schoolboys in their uniforms, middle-class matrons in their best millinery, shopgirls and clerks who have saved up for the occasion, a sprinkling of long-legged "birds" in microskirts, lots of county types, and, in large numbers, the silvered and the grizzled—folks who haven't missed a Wimbledon since the Relief of Mafeking. They all know their tennis. (So do the English who follow the championships at one remove, on television. Just about the whole country does, and no wonder, considering the thoroughness of the coverage. For example, B.B.C.2, the color channel, goes on the air daily from Wimbledon at one-forty-five and stays with the tennis until seven-thirty. Then, at ten every night, a program is presented featuring the "Match of the Day" and filled out with random highlights.) I am not a lover of crowds, even sports crowds, but the Wimbledon regulars are an exception. I admire them for their polite orderliness, their obvious pleasure in the occasion, their knowledge of tennis, their unquenchable enthusiasm, their effort to be fair to all competitors, and even for their bias toward their British players. I learned to admire them in 1939, when I first attended the championships. Like everyone else that June, the people who had gathered in the Centre Court recognized the imminence of war, but when, in an early round of the men's doubles, the German team of Roderich Menzel and Raul Goepfert came up against the French team of Jean Borotra and Jacques Brugnon—a great team, then ten years past its peak—the fans tried hard to dissociate tennis from the world situation and to applaud the two sides equally for their winning shots. They succeeded in maintaining this equilibrium when the Germans took the first two steps, but when Borotra and Brugnon, their old favorites, their allies, rallied to win the third set, 6–3, and the fourth, 6–4, it was too much for them. No French gallery could have made its support more keenly felt than that English gallery did when Borotra and Brugnon completed their stirring comeback by taking the fifth set, 6–2. But, above all, I love the Wimbledon crowds for the quiet, deep pride they take in Wimbledon. In 1877, when the championships were launched, Victoria had been Queen for forty years and Empress of India for one, England was at the zenith of its power and glory, and London was the great city of the world. That England vanished a long time ago, but at Wimbledon it lives on. During this fortnight, the Centre Court is the center of the world—the world of sport, anyway—and it is as clear as the Crystal Palace that, at least in this one area, nothing has changed and the show England mounts is in a class by itself, the envy of all other nations.

BY the second Monday, as I mentioned earlier, the men's singles had reached the fourth round—the round of sixteen. Perhaps the most effective way of bringing out the remarkable depth of the field in this first open Wimbledon would be simply to list the lineup of those eight matches. Proceeding from the top of the draw down, it went like this: Laver vs. Cox; Metreveli vs. Dennis Ralston, the sophomore American pro; John Newcombe, of Australia, the defending champion and a freshman pro, vs. Arthur Ashe, our second-ranked amateur; Okker vs. Emerson; Stolle vs. Graebner; Tom Edlefsen, an amateur from California, vs. Moore; Earl Buchholz, a seasoned American pro, vs. Hewitt; and Tony Roche, another freshman pro, vs. the veteran Rosewall, the second seed. The point is that any of these matches would have made an acceptable final in most tournaments. The two men who eventually did get through were a pair of left-handed Australians—Laver, the odds-on favorite, and, quite unexpectedly, Roche, the fifteenth seed. The match that cleared the path for Roche was his surprising conquest of Rosewall in straight sets, 9–7, 6–3, 6–2. Despite the one-sidedness of the score, this was a gripping duel, for even when Rosewall is not producing his best stuff—and he wasn't that day—it takes first-class tennis to get on top of him and stay there. This match took place on the hottest day of the fortnight, with the temperature well over ninety degrees, and this may have been to Roche's advantage, since he is only twenty-three—ten years Rosewall's junior. Indeed, under the burning sun Rosewall took to wearing a cloth cap and knotted a handkerchief around his neck. However that may be, Roche was the superior player on this particular day. A rugged, rawboned, long-jawed fellow who loves to patrol the net, he won his own service games without undue exertion, coming in behind his wide-swerving delivery, and he was so successful in attacking Rosewall's service that he commanded the net almost continuously during those games. In the quarter-finals, he got by Buchholz without very much trouble, but he got by Graebner in the semis only after a very tough battle—9–7, 8–10, 6–4, 8–6. Graebner, incidentally, had a splendid tournament. In defeating Santana in straight sets, he played the finest match of his career, and he was almost as impressive in beating Stolle and Moore, also in straight sets. There was little to choose between him and Roche, but the Australian was the sounder tactician. He muffled Graebner's awesome power most of the way by shrewdly changing his pace, and his mobility in the forecourt at length suggested to Graebner that his best countering weapon was the lob, which probably wasn't. It is the stroke he plays least skillfully. However, Graebner is coming, and fast.

As for Laver's route to the final, it was a lot bumpier than people had imagined it would be. Cox took a set from him, and Ralston took two sets. In these matches, and in his earlier ones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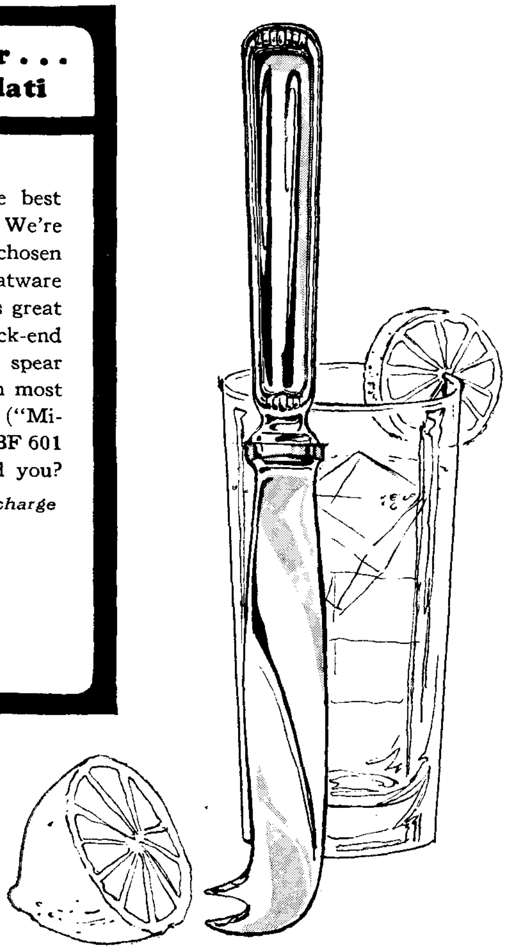

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as well, Laver was in nothing like his best form, and there was some question whether he would ever get himself untracked and begin whistling those high-speed placements into the corners from all over the court, as he does when he's in full flight. In eliminating Ashe, 7–5, 6–2, 6–4, in the semifinals (Ashe had accounted for both Newcombe and Okker in a most encouraging showing), Laver started to come on a bit. For the first time, he began to get his fizzing first serve in regularly, and, also for the first time, his second serve had consistently good depth. The rest of his game then picked up noticeably, and there were some bursts in which the ball came back so fast to Ashe that he hardly had time to contrive even a hurried stroke. In the final, Laver rose to the occasion, and what we were treated to, at last, was real vintage Laver. The outcome was in doubt only for seven games. Over this stretch, while Laver was experiencing some difficulty with his serve, Roche won each of his three service games at love. Laver, though, has a way of slipping through and busting a set open before you realize it, and, at 4–3, he did this in the eighth game, breaking Roche with a sudden fusillade of sharply hit service returns. He then served out for the set, 6–3. The decisive moments in the second set arrived in the sixth game, which Laver came within a hair of losing. He saved himself with two incredible stop volleys; each time it looked as if he would be cleanly beaten by a severely angled forehand drive that Roche had blistered crosscourt, and each time, racing frantically to his left and lunging out at full stretch, he managed to get his racket on the ball and stab it over the net. He went on from this to break Roche in the very next game, and took the set, 6–4. Then he began to move faster and faster to the ball, and to hit it harder and harder, and the third set was his, 6–2, in no time at all. The whole match, in fact, was over in exactly an hour, and the odd thing about it was that Roche had played more than respectable tennis. Everyone had been hoping, naturally, that the first open Wimbledon would be climaxed by a classic match, but if that wasn't to be, we had the next best thing—a classic performance.

This was Laver's third victory in the Wimbledon championship, for he had won in 1961 and 1962 as an amateur. Following the 1962 season, in which he swept the four major championships, he turned professional. Now twenty-nine, he has become a far more assured young man, but in repose he still does not look like much of an athlete. Small and almost scrawny in physique (five eight, a hundred and forty-five), a bandy-legged redhead with a quiet eye, he ranges alongside the husky Adonises who people Australian tennis like the ugly duckling who made good. In action, he doesn't appear to be fast afoot, but he is, and, what is more, he has such wonderful balance that he can recover from a "get" in an instant and be well positioned to return his opponent's next shot. He doesn't appear to be strong, either, but with his supple wrist he generates terrific racket-head velocity. Along with this, he has astonishing control of his speed. For example, against Roche, who is so strong in the forecourt, Laver frequently had to thread the eye of a needle to bring off a passing shot, and time after time he did. Historically, left-handed tennis players have excellent serves, forehands, and overheads, and they volley well off the forehand, but their backhands are weak—a chip instead of a full-bodied stroke. Laver is an exception; his backhand is as solid as his forehand. He plays it just like his forehand, taking the ball on the rise and whipping over it to impart maximum top spin. When he is right, he has only one weakness—the low backhand volley, which is not a very bad weakness to have. In rating the champions since the war, some tennis scholars put Jack Kramer at the top and others put Gonzales or Rosewall there, but a growing number believe that this distinction may properly belong to Laver. I do not know about this, but I do know he is a truly great player, a kind of Ben Hogan of the court. It was appropriate that he was the man to carry off the first open Wimbledon.

IN the ladies' singles, Billie Jean King, from Berkeley, California, won her third straight title. It was a triumph of perseverance more than of brilliance. In the semifinal, her opponent, Ann Jones, of England, took the first set, 6–4, and stood at 5–4 in the second, with her own serve coming up, when she succumbed to Centre Court tension, which, understandably, afflicts the English even more than it does the visitors; she tossed away thirteen straight points, and with them the set and, ultimately, the match. In the final, Mrs. King faced Judy Tegart, a

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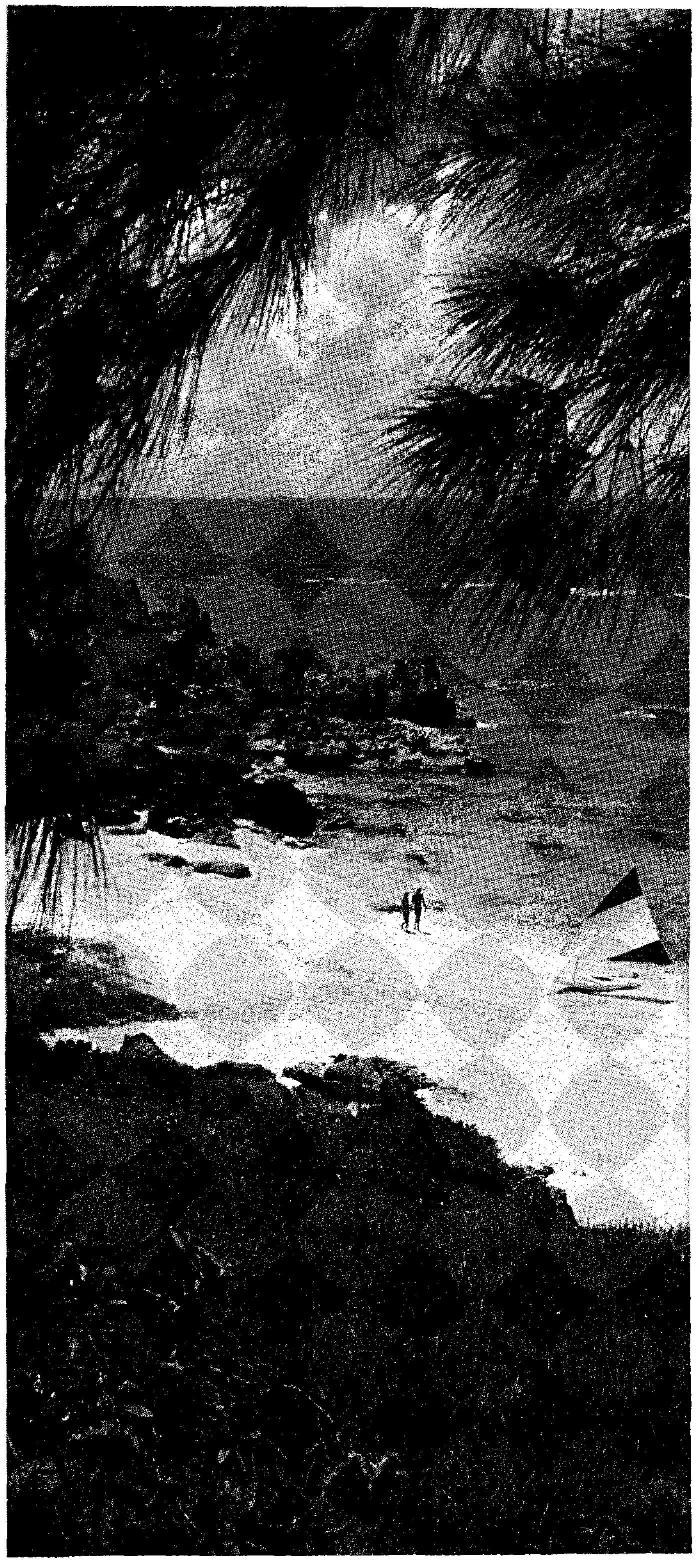

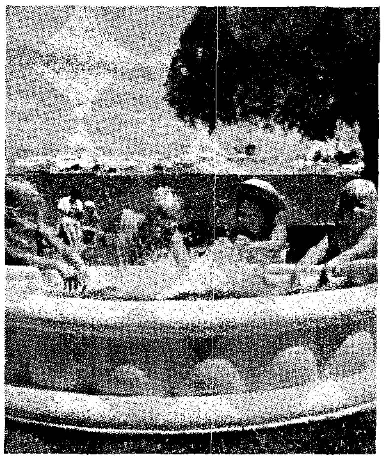

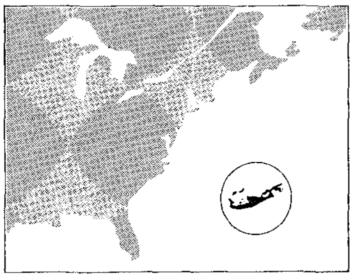

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big, hearty, likable Australian audit clerk who looks more like the canoeing councillor at a girls' summer camp, and who had trained for the championship by giving up beer for a month. In six previous tries, Miss Tegart had never reached the semifinals at Wimbledon, but she made it this time, by upsetting Margaret Smith Court with some beautiful free-hitting tennis. Then she came on even stronger against Nancy Richey and overpowered her. If Miss Tegart had been able to hold that form for a third consecutive match, we might have had a memorable final, but two foot faults called against her early in the match weakened her verve, and what we had instead was just a good scrap. With her surer volleying, Mrs. King was a shade steadier in the clutch, and won, 9–7, 7–5. As for the other titles, the men's doubles went to Roche and Newcombe, the ladies' to Mrs. King and Rosemary Casals, and the mixed to Ken Fletcher and Mrs. Court, who defeated Metreveli and Olga Morozova, the first Russians ever to reach a Wimbledon final.

THOUGH the pros dominated the championships in the end, there is bound to be a good deal of discussion in the weeks ahead about why the amateurs fared so well against them. Was it because the amateurs had nothing to lose and could shoot the works, while the pros were under strain? Was it because the pros had been confined for too many years to playing against the same small set of opponents? Was it because the pros, long accustomed to a short-match format, lacked stamina when carried to five sets? Or was it only that youth must be served? There will be lots of discussion, too, about "registered players"—players not under contract to a promoter or agent who compete for prize money—and whether they are pros or amateurs or simply players, which is how the British L.T.A. views them. It will all come out in the wash. The big thing is that finally, after all these years and all these detours, tournament tennis is where it should be.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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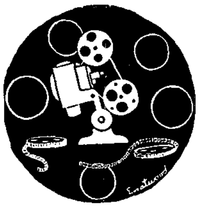

"WHAT happens when one can torture or be tortured? I thought that worlds would crumble, and then I saw that they don't," says the hero of "Young Törless," the first film by a young German director called Volker Schlöndorff. It comes from the Robert Musil novel of 1906, about a case of refined bullying in an upper-class academy in the days of Emperor Franz Josef. Some of Musil's notions about passive responsibility seem very modern, and the Sartre who wrote the introduction to Henri Alleg's account of torture in Algeria—"The Question"—would take his point about the obscure collusion that can exist between persecutor and victim. I suppose it is one of the standard bad dreams of adult life to be asked to give an account of oneself at an imaginary trial. For a child to have to endure it in reality, as a boy does in "Young Törless," is a barbarism that could probably happen only at one of the traditional schools of the privileged. The viciousness of the German-speaking military academies during the period before the First World War has been eloquently written about. There is a racking picture of it in Sybille Bedford's novel "A Legacy," and another in Rilke's short story "The Gym Period." Schlöndorff's film strikes me as more likable, more alert, and less overbearing than the Musil novel, which is sometimes dank and rather a knuckle-rapper about its insights. The movie was made with fine simplicity (in black-and-white, as it needed to be, though I daresay there was a fuss about the decision from the people who put up the money). Schlöndorff has worked as an assistant director with Louis Malle, Jean-Pierre Melville, and Alain Resnais, and his film has a lot of authority. There is an exceptionally absorbing score, by Hans Werner Henze.

The easy victim of the story, called Basini, steals some money to pay back a debt exploited by a languorous tormentor. The theft lays him open, and an élite of wellborn louts decides to make him a slave, enacting musty rituals of mesmerism and performing physical torture on him in an attic decorated with corset advertisements. Törless, the bystander, watches without doing much, and his naïveté makes him spiritually an accomplice in atrocity, just as Basini's puzzled eagerness to please makes him lewdly interesting to terrorize and somewhat to blame. "There are no classes for the beginners in life," said Rilke, with stony truth. For the gulled who haven't yet grasped that most things are immoderately difficult, there aren't any lessons to help. The advanced little despots who do the torturing in "Young Törless" are better placed. Because they were grounded from birth in the idea that life is a power game, worth nothing unless it is won, they are instructed daily by the lesson of one another's society in the techniques of manipulation. Basini is a whey-faced boy who allures them by his capacity for putting up with anything. What begins in him as forbearance dwindles into compliance. His bafflement stamps him a born loser to the oligarchs, and so to be hated. The school is ripe for him. Pretty-faced Nazis in embryo are tired of the minor sports of swallowing worms for bets and killing white mice. The comfortless life of the academy—no women, no music, icy walks, uniforms with scratchy military collars, meals brutalized by the rules of monkishness without the belief, secret lofts full of sadistic talismans where sex and punishment get forever confused—has bred one of the worst ethics the world can ever have known: Fidelity to a losing side is stupid, stupidity is something to kick, and kicking is funny, like poverty. "You know I haven't any money," writes Basini's mother in a letter that some stylish thug reads out for entertainment. Everyone roars obediently, and a wag tops the joke: "Not enough to keep a lover." The nobs of the school make constant wisecracks about sex. When Törless tries to stick up for Basini, who is dizzy after a terrible battering by a gang in a gym, the king of the jungle says, "One of his lovers, eh?" Schlöndorff's film could be seen as a parable about Nazism and guilt by association, but that seems rather a trite idea of it. The most interesting thing about it—very rare in a movie—is the account it gives of the choices of opinion that stylize the architecture of an intellect.

"INSPECTOR CLOUSEAU" is an incredibly bad film, but Alan Arkin is sometimes very funny in it, especially when he doesn't try to be. I can't say "Don't be put off by the beginning"—which is a scene showing Arkin getting soaked on the tarmac of London Airport without his shoes and wagging his big toe at the rain through a hole in his sock, heavily establishing (a) funniness and (b) English weather—for there is a lot more of the same to come. But there are a few bonuses to pick up along the way, like the tips that might enliven an evening in the fixed-grin job of a Playboy Bunny. Arkin has the part of an unemployably inefficient French detective. He is called in by Patrick Cargill, as the Commissioner of Scotland Yard, to help on a big robbery case. The Commissioner takes the step under duress from the Prime Minister and clearly loathes doing it. A sniffy man with a knighthood, he obviously feels a great deal better without blasted foreigners around his neck. The narrative twists of the film go on with remorseless dopey invention, and the physical gags are so full of effort that I started getting twinges of sympathetic rheumatism, but Arkin finds some good things to do. Dropped among the weary, clever, and perfidious English—any one of whom would run rings around him even if only trying to beat him to an ice-cream cone instead of being involved in a high-powered bank robbery—the Inspector is imperturbably confident that he has Albion taped. He knows the idioms inside out, sometimes literally. To a suspect Cockney who says "I don't know nuffink," Monsieur Holmes replies keenly, "He who knows nothing knows something, eh?"

A lot of fine things in film comedy have happened just out of earshot, like some of the great moments in Jacques Tati. Arkin has a beautiful outburst of broken-English muttering in a prison barbershop. The writers—Tom and Frank Waldman—have given him a funny characteristic of overexplanatoriness, and he develops it by the way he phrases his lines. He will appear to have finished some supremely self-evident sentence, and then muster himself for a whole fresh clause of fatuousness. Much of the best rescue work he does for the film is the result of his ear for change of volume. For instance, he has a laborious comic scene in which he is outfitted by the Yard with a tape recorder, gets shy of speaking into it, and then bawls an unabashed song, which I suspect is the place where the film-makers thought the joke was. The funny part actually comes when he has finished yelling and says, very softly, "Song."

"Inspector Clouseau" is the sort of thriller that you can come in on or out of at any time, since the plot seems to have been concocted of used typewriter ribbons and old socks, but I do find the Inspector's character endearing. He has a habit of talking in severe and quite meaningless apothegms. Some of his wisdom sounds like the Book of Ecclesiastes set up by a compositor with drunken creative urges. "There is a time for laughing, and a time for not laughing, and this is not one of them," he says sagely. (Ecclesiastes itself often makes me feel like this.) He is insanely confident with machines, chatting confidingly about "drowning" a bomb as he dips it in water, in the style of some TV cooking demonstrator saying that now she is cutting up our onion as she cuts it. A girl driver has had a car breakdown on the road, and he helps her, looking as much like an expert as possible. "When this is connected in *one of two places*," he says emphatically, waving a wire from God knows where, "it makes the motorcar move." I won't go into the story of the picture, partly because anyone who describes in print even the first ten minutes of a thriller gets so many murder threats from readers, but mostly because giving an account of it would be about as interesting as describing an egg-and-spoon race. But though it makes one angry to see such good actors as Frank Finlay and Barry Foster playing unrewarding straight parts in garbage like this, there are odd things that make one laugh—the plain daftness of the film, sometimes, and Patrick Cargill (the Englishman who played Brando's valet in Chaplin's "A Countess from Hong Kong," and an actor of real wit who always looks as though he had bitten on a lemon), and the lugubrious Arkin himself. Whenever Arkin cools down, his style is technically as delicate as any other comedian's in America.

"FOR LOVE OF IVY," directed by Daniel Mann and written by Robert Alan Aurthur from a story by Sidney Poitier, is an immensely affable and well-calculated conventional comedy that happens to be about race. True to the good-humored, lying nature of middlebrowism in the arts, it carefully removes the sting from every racial accusation uttered in it. The comedy situation shows a white family going down on its knees to a Negro maid—elegantly played by Abbey Lincoln—who wants to quit for something better, which will use her head. The mistress, who keeps telling the maid to call her Doris, pleads that she has never made gravy in her life—a statement that seemed to gratify women of

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every color in the audience—and the hippie son of the well-heeled household decides that what the girl needs is a man. A black man, of course. There is a classic boulevard-comedy joke of reversal, apparently full of audience reassurance all around, in the meeting between the rich hippie and Sidney Poitier as a stylish man running a gambling business outside the law: the hippie offers to get a haircut and a good job if Poitier wants him to. In some ways I suppose I wish the picture could be buried, for it traduces everything happening around us, and the girl's moving sense of the possibility of some better life elsewhere goes for almost nothing because of the context, which is bourgeois to its bootheels; "For Love of Ivy" is practically indistinguishable from the most sedate, snobbish, and cushioned Shaftesbury Avenue or Broadway comedy about the servant problem. But in other ways I suppose I wish just as strongly that the film could be shown free on every broiling street in America, because its benignity is genuine, and it brings the comforting illusion that this long, hot summer of infamous dread doesn't really exist. The film could be called "Away from It All," which occurred to me once as potentially one of the great box-office titles of mid-century show business; and this year, on this subject, who could really blame anyone for welcoming any offer of respite?

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

VACATION TRIP

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a surge of detergent oil,
all that deep chaos,
the relentless accurate fire,
the drive shaft wild to arrive,

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that looming piece of her mind—

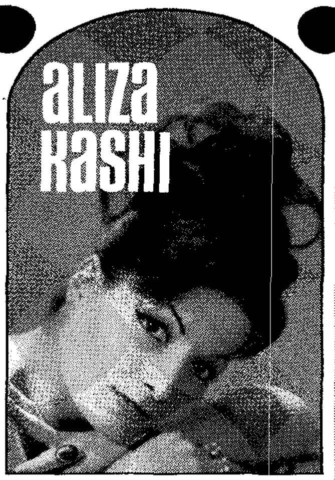
"I wish I hadn't come."

—WILLIAM STAFFORD

•

"Religion is often viewed as a bulwark against premarital sexual permissiveness. But even this is charming, particularly in the Protestant churches," Dr. Ira I. Reiss . . . writes in the Journal of Social Issues.—*Alton Blakeslee in the Miami Herald.*

He's been reading Amy Vanderbilt.



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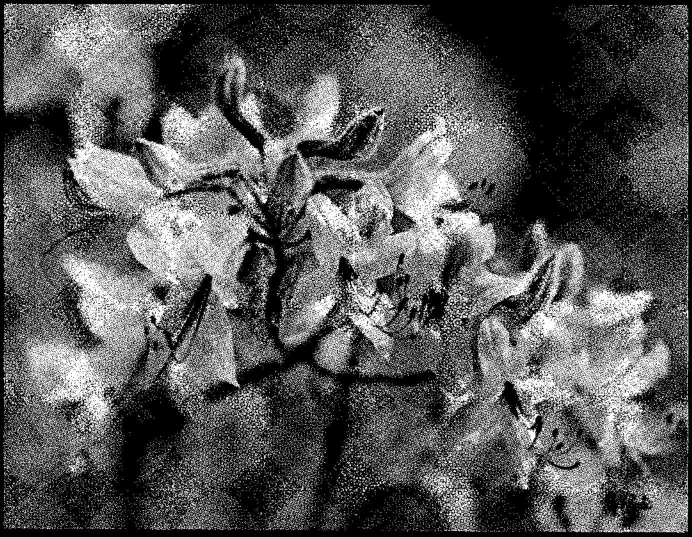
As the artist sees

This year and next Jeannette Klute's exquisite work, as in years gone by, is bringing a joyful peace to the eyes of beholders at one-woman Klute shows in the exhibition halls of 26 lands. She hadn't thought of herself as an artist when she entered our employ in 1940, one of a crew of girls hired to run a color enlarger.



Just as parallels are scarce to the way Miss Klute's career developed, so uncommon is the scientist-artist collaboration with her boss, the director of Photo Technology at Kodak. Ralph M. Evans is himself an unusual director, provided with administrative associates of such high competence that he can function personally as a working scientist despite an official responsibility for 431 other persons' work.

Human color perception is the field Evans has long investigated. Its phenomena underlie the best known part of our business. Chemists to make the dyes in film and psychophysicists to study color stimuli are not enough. Perception is the product of stimuli and circumstance. There is no such thing as brown light, but there *is* orange light. A surface from which orange light enters the eye may look brown if other light enters from nearby at the same time. Brown is greyed orange. "Greyness," a new-found dimension which Evans is currently introducing to color science, can pass through zero and become "fluorence" when a color appears to glow with its own light. The artist's eye, such as Miss Klute possesses, has known since the days of the great painters what the scientists are now slowly learning and systematizing.

Hence the collaboration. Our cold-hearted goal, of course, is to pin down just what happens when a white border degrades a color print even though the colors remain physically unchanged, and we want to know what can or cannot be done to make a convenient color print stimulate and simulate as well as does the transparency or projected slide.

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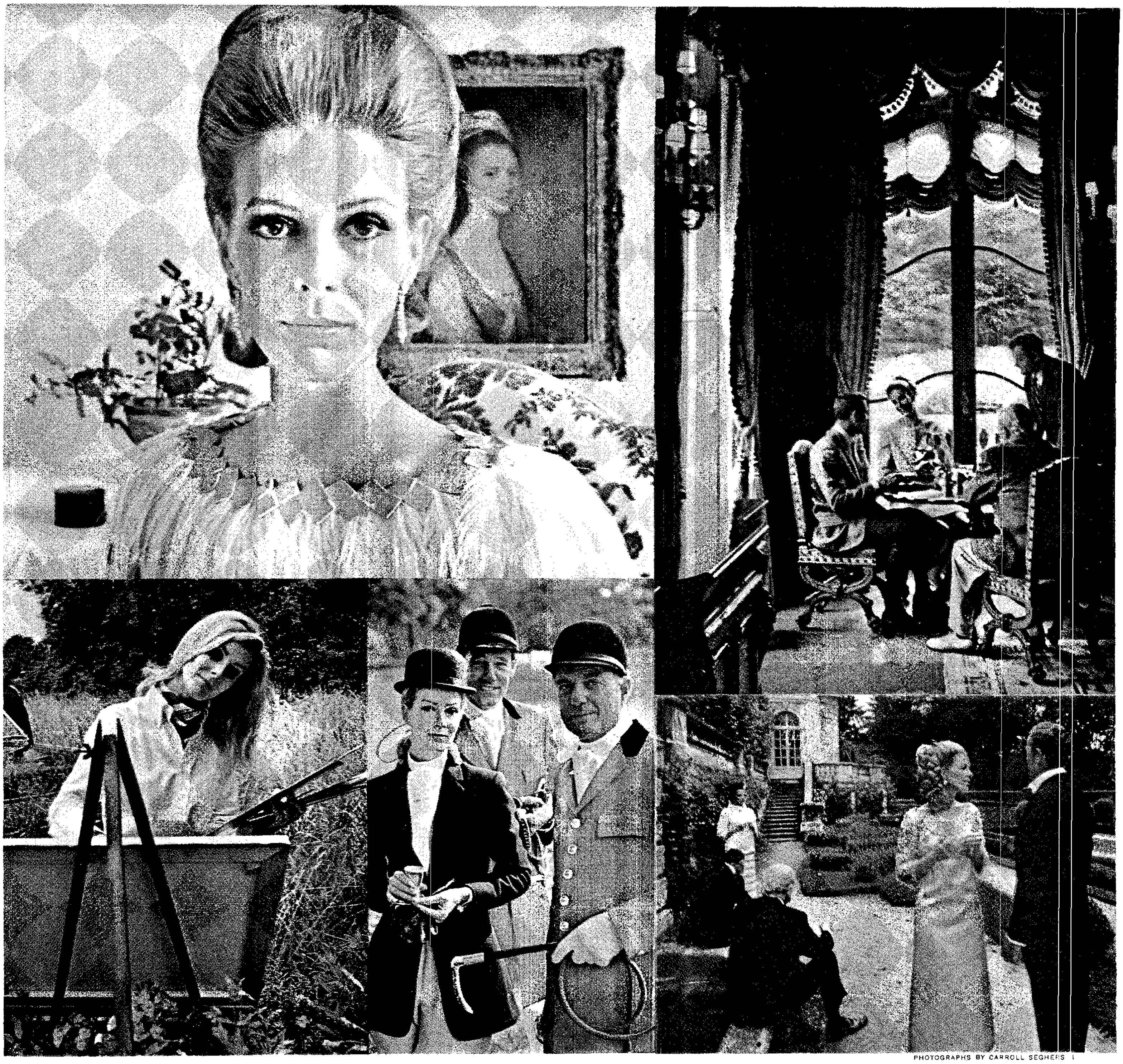

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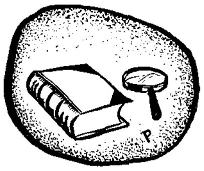
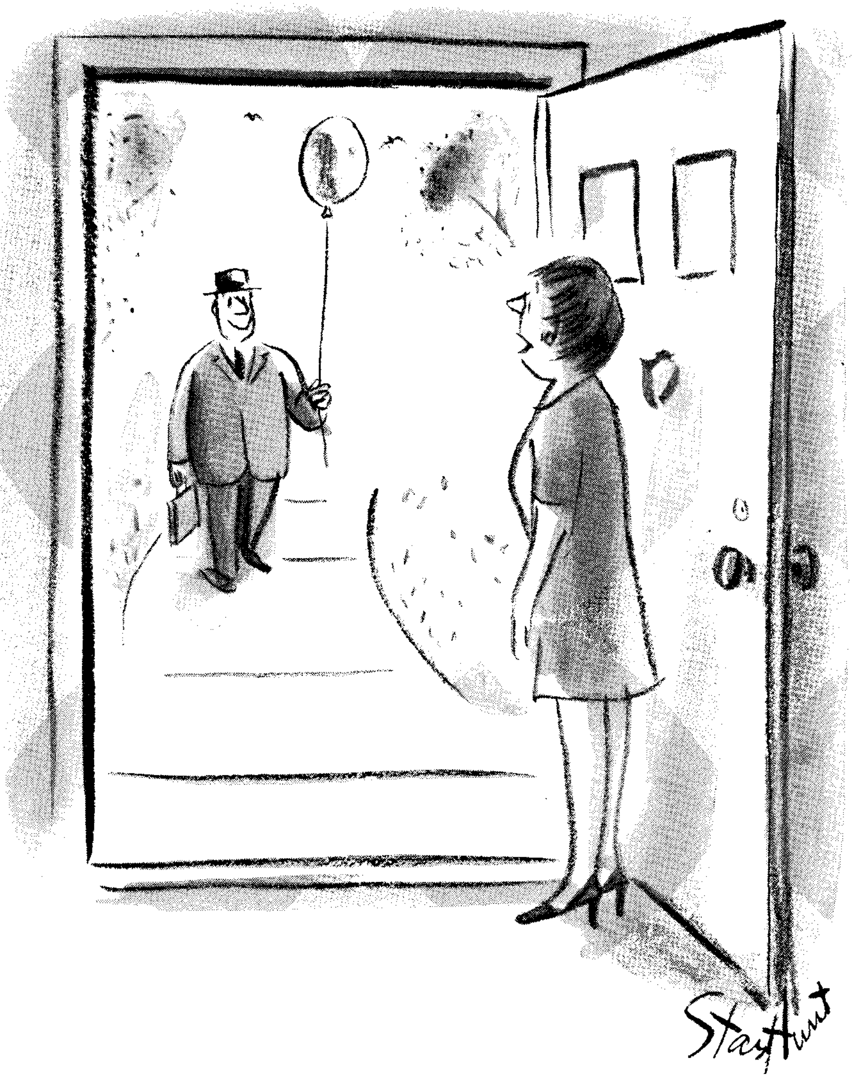


"WHEN at the first I took my pen in hand, that for to write, I did not understand that I at all should make any kind of a book in any kind of mode." Who could resist such an opening sentence? It is as matter-of-fact as "Someone must have been telling lies about Joseph K., for without having done anything wrong he was arrested one fine morning," as innocently captivating as "You don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of 'The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.' " It is the first sentence of "Strike a Blow and Die" (Harvard), written thirty-five years ago by a native of Nyasaland (now Malawi) named George Simeon Mwase—an account of the 1915 rebellion led by John Chilembwe, the first revolutionary in his part of colonial Africa. Chilembwe was born into the Phiri tribe in the eighteen-sixties and educated at a Church of Scotland mission school. A Baptist fundamentalist missionary took him to the United States and got him enrolled at a Negro Baptist seminary in Virginia, where he learned about American slavery and emancipation. Chilembwe returned to Nyasaland in 1900 and set up a mission station with American support. For fourteen years he preached and taught, and acquired a considerable influence and following in the region. But in reaction to a number of things, among them the loss of African lives in the First World War fighting between the British and the Germans in East Africa, he turned sharply against British colonial rule and told his followers that the white settlers were underpaying them, flogging them, and dismissing them at will, and he became especially "excited" when a white planter burned down the prayer houses Chilembwe's congregation had built on the planter's land. In October of 1914, he wrote a letter of complaint to the Nyasaland *Times*, and the censor refused publication. This closing of the only outlet for his grievances seems to have been the precipitating cause of the rebellion. In December, Chilembwe called a meeting of the chiefs and elders, and "they all came to conclusion, that by not answering us on our request, means death on us." In January, Chilembwe told them "about one a Mr. John Brown of America, who after losing his hope, in succeeding the request in writing, to the authority concerned, in regard slave trading, he determinate to strike a blow and lose his own life." Chilembwe assured them that "this case stands the same" and proposed, "Let us then strike a blow and die, for our blood will surely mean something at last."

The conspirators sent out letters to people they trusted, setting 7 P.M. on Saturday the twenty-third of January as the hour of revolt. They organized themselves into "battalions," with captains and majors, and Chilembwe as field marshal. They planned simultaneous assaults on a number of white settlements, and there were to be "thousands" rising. But on Saturday some of the men "broke the promise" and some of the officers "shrinked," so that the army "scattered away and diminished." Fewer than a hundred men rose, nevertheless, and seized several strongholds, getting guns and ammunition, and capturing a number of white women and children, whom they treated chivalrously, as they had been told to do by Chilembwe. They did kill several white planters and cut the head off one of them, also as instructed by Chilembwe. By Monday, government troops were on the move, and within a week the rebels had been scattered or destroyed. Chilembwe was killed in the fighting, and so were many other rebels. Most of those who were captured were executed. "They all died bravely, singing hymns of their Great God when [they] were escorted towards a scaffold for their last time in the world."

Mwase insists that the rebellion was purely symbolic—a voluntary martyrdom to touch the white conscience. He quotes—or, more probably, like Thucydides, composes—Chilembwe's instructions to his army, after prayers, on that Saturday morning:

> You are all patriots as you sit. Patriots mean[s] to die for Amor Patria. This very night you are to go and strike the blow and then die. I do not say that you



"You mean you haven't even been at the office?"

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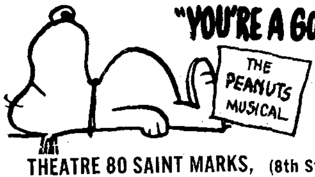

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are going to win the war at all. You have no weapons with you and you are not at all trained military men even. One great thing you must remember is that Omnia Vincit Amor so for love [of] your own country and country men, I now encourage you to go and strike a blow bravely and die.

This is only way to show the whitemen, that the treatment they are treating our men and women was most bad and we have determined to strike a first and a last blow, and then all die by the heavy storm of the whitemen's army. The whitemen will then think, after we are dead, that the treatment they are treating our people is almost [most] bad, and they might change to the better for our people. After we are dead and buried.

In Mwase's view, the rebellion accomplished Chilembwe's aim. "Has the country after John Chilembwe [was] killed and buried won anything which will show to have been won through John Chilembwe?" he asks rhetorically, and answers firmly, "Yes, the country has won the betterment. . . . I am sure, if John Chilembwe was born now and enjoy this newly born Government, certainly, he would have not mobilised troops against it." But there is some evidence in the book that Chilembwe did hope to win. During the rising, he wrote to the German regime in East Africa for assistance; he attempted to sponsor another rebellion in a nearby district; his forces cut telegraph lines to slow the military's communications. Mwase's last words on Chilembwe suddenly lose their certainty on this point:

> I do not know what was Chilembwe's idea, when mobilising troops against his Government. He may perhaps thought to fight the whitemen and become a conqueror himself, as Kalonga his ancestor did, or [he may have] merely [fought] for the Amor Patria. I cannot state which. Because I did not see him personally.

My own guess is that Chilembwe did mean to strike a blow and die, but that he also dreamed of African victory. In the previous century, the tribes of Nyasaland had fought British rule—in the words of the book's editor, "in the end, forlornly"—and this sort of gesture is very much a life-style of Negro Africa in reaction to colonialism. For Chilembwe it was strongly reinforced by the tradition of Christian martyrdom, of "witnessing" with one's blood. We can see it as an American Negro life-style, too, in some of the slave revolts, in the resignation with which Negro leaders, from Malcolm X to Martin Luther King, accept the certainty that they will be killed, in the highly symbolic and quixotic plots of Negro extremists to blow up the Statue of Liberty or the Washington Monument.

Mwase, who died in 1962, is a figure of interest himself. Born about 1880, he was a Tonga who acquired some education and became in turn a postal clerk, a tax clerk, a storekeeper, and a politician. His store went bankrupt, and his career as a tax clerk ended when he spent a year and some months in jail for embezzling taxes. He was a minor leader in the Nyasaland African Congress, but eventually he became alienated from it. The colonial authorities thought him a malcontent, and the tone of his book does suggest an independent spirit. The publication of it is one of those rare moments when we see a classic being born. The manuscript was discovered in the archives of Nyasaland in 1962 by Robert I. Rotberg, a Harvard historian, and his wife. Rotberg has edited it impeccably, with as little alteration as possible (he corrected spellings, for example), and added a long explanatory introduction, footnotes, and an index. The book is valuable for a number of reasons. It gives us the perspective of what Rotberg calls "a member of the indigenous intelligentsia" of Africa on various aspects of colonialism. I would exchange several tomes on race relations for such statements by Mwase as this:

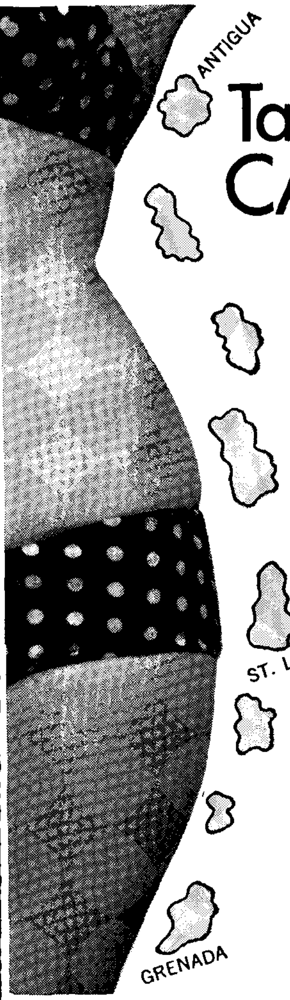
> White people did not like to pay attention to what black people had to say, does not matter important or not, and the latter race feared the former, and compared them as White Hobgoblins from Heaven, even apparitions of under water, while the former also compared the latter as an ape's descendants, yea, even Chimpanzee's family.

When the native experiences discrimination, Mwase says, he "is, indeed, caught with much shame of his colour, and he blames the creator, why he created him of that colour which has no respect or value on the face of the world."

As Brown's assault on Harpers Ferry, however distorted in the telling, inspired Chilembwe, so Chilembwe's story, in Mwase's telling, may inspire others who live under colonial rule. Rotberg inserts as a footnote a letter from a Tonga, politically active in South Africa, who says that he is proud of John Chilembwe and wants to know more about him. In Nyasaland, Rotberg says, "Africans revered him as the most important of their early patriots." Some of Mwase's intention was clearly to inspire whatever native readers of his book he hoped to reach. In a long encomium, along the lines of Parson Weems on Washington, extolling Chilembwe's virtuous character, Mwase calls him "a socialist of both racial and social [which appears to mean that he was sociable with both races]. . . . John was a person of high disposition, a benevolent man." He argues that Chilembwe showed his true patriotism by not staying in America, which "to a Negro was far beyond than any other country on the world, as I am told, where a Negro has a better freedom, as that in America," but returning to his own oppressed land. "He had love towards his country, and the country people." He was also a hero, and brave, because he rose against "a lion at his prey," armed only with "a maize stalk. . . . John was the first and last man to attempt to strike a whiteman with a maize stalk in this country." Mwase's final question is rhetorical: "May I call him a Mr. John Brown of America?"

Mwase's English (it was the third language he learned, and he had probably no more than four years of schooling in it) is everywhere fresh and enchanting. He commences his book with an apology that one would like to see at the beginning of more books: "Therefore anything wrongly written in is due to inadequate of knowledge and not to be taken as an insolent." It is obvious that the great influence on his style is the King James Bible, as when he writes, "Nay, he was never a Chipeta nor an Anguru, even any other tribe." Sometimes he attains a wonderful eloquence, as in describing the fate of the rebels killed by the government troops: "The hyenas played their flesh the whole night."

"Strike a Blow and Die" is not only about Chilembwe's rebellion. Mwase's own title was "A Dialogue of Nyasaland Record of Past Events, Environments & the Present Outlook Within the Protectorate." (Just as Mwase, or so it seems, invented speeches the way Thucydides did, he went through the process of inventing historical writing that Herodotus did.) After he has told the story of the rebellion, the book is devoted to his thoughts on many subjects. He defends Indian storekeepers against his countrymen as "the dearest friend of a native of this country," because they show no color discrimination and because they sell on installment, in violation of the law. He tackles the problem of miscegenation and the responsibility for the resulting child; he urges that white men keep away from native women ("Was it not better for him to tend this edification before the allurement?") but insists that if they do not tend the edification they must take responsibility for the children. He advises Africans not



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to fear prison (the jailers "are like parents to the children"), attacks witchcraft ("If there is anyone who still believes on it, I call him an idiot"), and says that some of "the whiteman's laws are heartily welcomed to, and gratified upon."

Rotberg thinks that Mwase distorts the effect of Chilembwe's rebellion on white opinion (that it frightened instead of shaming) and exaggerates the reforms that resulted. Perhaps. But the Republic of Malawi is now independent, and John Chilembwe is, if not its George Washington, at least its Nathan Hale. As for George Simeon Mwase, he, too, struck a blow when he wrote the manuscript. Who knows what blows with a maize stalk can accomplish? —STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE LATER YEARS: 1945-1962; VOLUME III OF THE DIARIES AND LETTERS OF HAROLD NICOLSON, edited by Nigel Nicolson (Atheneum). This sad volume chronicles illnesses and deaths. Its joys come from the appearance of grandchildren, the creation of new books, and the receipt of honors—not quite enough of the last, unfortunately, to satisfy Nicolson. Right after the war, he made the ultimate hash of his muddled political career by joining the Labour Party, and then by somehow or other giving his new colleagues the impression that he disliked their company. In time, Nicolson surmounted his disappointment and self-pity at losing his seat in Commons and at not receiving a peerage, and, in the book's cheerier passages, his gaiety, warmth, and good descriptions are as valuable and pleasant as ever.

THE VIOLENT FRIEND: THE STORY OF MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, by Margaret Mackay (Doubleday). An attempt at the vindication of a most unusual person—Fanny Osbourne, the American woman who became the wife of Stevenson when she was forty and he was thirty. Always a controversial figure, from her scandalous divorce to marry Stevenson to her long widowhood, she infuriated almost everyone (except, oddly, Henry James). Nevertheless, Mrs. Mackay claims, she protected Stevenson's health and enabled him to write, and in general made him an excellent wife. Despite a rather florid style, this is an interesting and entertaining book, and there are fascinating sidelights on Stevenson's works, such as that the scenery of "Treasure Island" was lifted from the Monterey coast of California. Illustrated.

ROOM 39: A STUDY IN NAVAL INTELLIGENCE, by Donald McLachlan (Atheneum). The author calls this a study rather than a history of British naval intelligence in the Second World War because much British source material is still kept secret; the captured German archives, on the other hand, are open. Mr. McLachlan tells plenty of exciting yarns in illustration of his lively notions. For instance, he regards intelligence as closer to a research discipline than to 007-style banditry, and he thinks that most of it should be done by civilians. (One of the best British naval-intelligence workers was a woman who had learned patience as an archeologist before the war.) He also makes clear the value of an open, trusting society. England's assumption of Englishmen's loyalty seems, on the whole, to have assisted its intelligence, while the Germans' pervasive fear of treason and disloyalty seriously hampered theirs.

THE PROMISE OF SPACE, by Arthur C. Clarke (Harper & Row). This book summarizes the thinking that Mr. Clarke has been doing about the exploration of space for the past thirty years. He was deeply immersed in the possibilities and potentialities of space travel at a time when most people had barely adjusted to the airplane, and he has been well ahead of the pack ever since. His latest book is a delight to read and a mine of information. The subjects range from an exceedingly lucid description of how a rocket actually works to a discussion of whether or not it is possible to travel faster than the speed of light. Mr. Clarke feels that space is the next frontier—the Far West of an earlier generation—and that without it our civilization will stagnate and turn in on itself.

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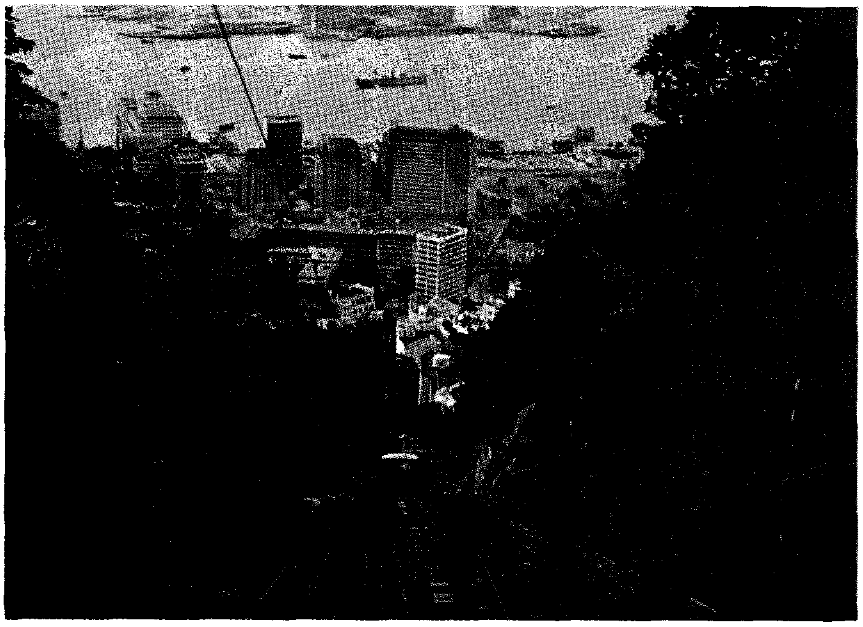
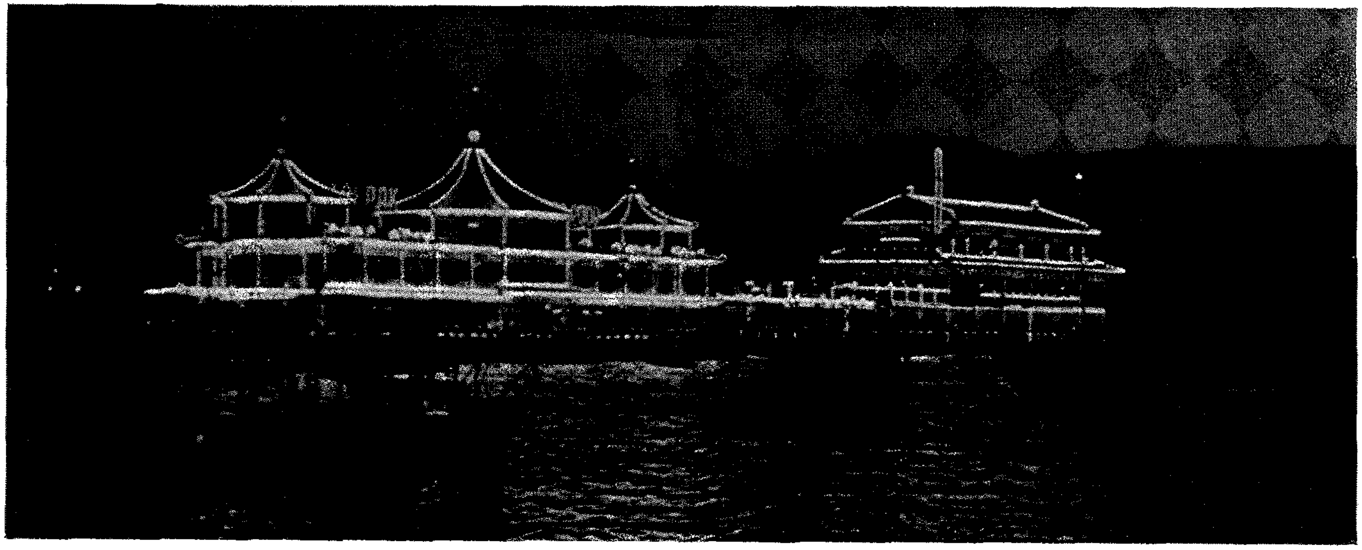
WESTPORT—Edwin F. Spofford, 49, of Heritage apartments, Woodbury, was arrested yesterday by town police on a charge of embezzlement by agent in conjunction with the settlement of the estate of the late May P. Stompkins, of this town.

Police said a chicken, given by Spofford to the attorney for the estate, which represented money he had received for the sale of a portion of the estate, proved to be worthless.—*Bridgeport Post.*

Just couldn't lay those golden eggs.





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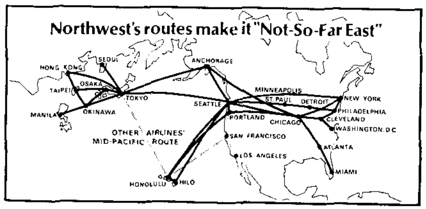
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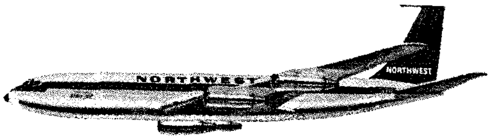
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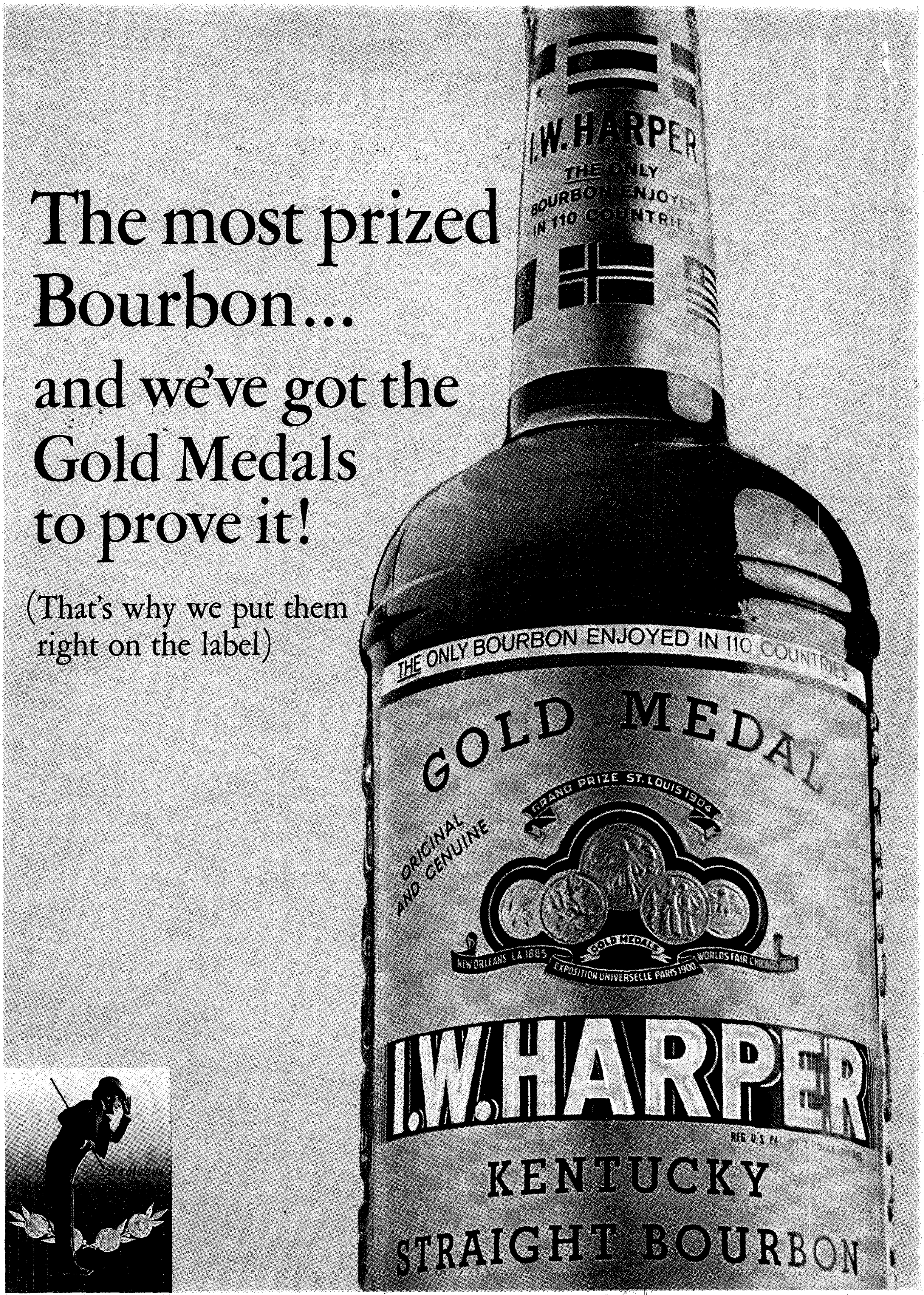
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